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THE WATCHWORD

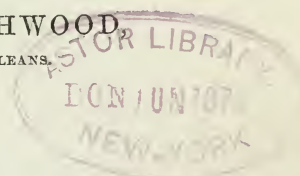
OF

NEW ORLEANS.

BY

MARION SOUTHWOOD,

A LADY OF NEW ORLEANS.



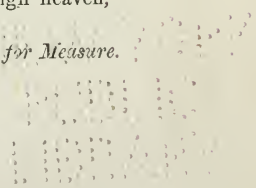
"Man, proud man!

Dress'd in a little brief authority,

Plays such fantastic tricks, before high heaven,

As make the angels weep."

Measure for Measure.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY M. DOOLADY, 448 BROOME STREET.

1867.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866,
By MARION SOUTHWOOD,
In the United States District Court, District of Louisiana.

TO THE
“EUROPEAN BRIGADE” AND FOREIGN CONSULS,
WHO ASSISTED SO MATERIALLY
IN PRESERVING ORDER, AND IN PROTECTING THE
CITY OF NEW ORLEANS,
WHEN THREATENED WITH BOMBARDMENT,

This Book

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHORESS.

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INTRODUCTION.

WELL, I never imagined that I should become an authoress. 'Tis the first time, and, I am fully persuaded in my own mind, it will be the last, that my name will appear before the public; but I have been waiting, patiently waiting, a long time for some one to write a work which might be handed down to future generations, and kept as a record of the dire events of the war, during our season of affliction in New Orleans, while we were blockaded, and while General Butler was "Commander-in-chief of the Department of the Gulf," and also of his successor in command.

No such work has appeared, to my knowledge, except in burlesque—most likely because the hearts of the people were too deeply bowed down and crushed by oppression to undertake the task, or, perhaps, most persons wish to draw a veil over our misfortunes.

Others are so perfectly sick of hearing of the war, that they turn with disgust from the subject. Not so with me. When I hear the "nations afar off" praising the culprit who robbed us of our homes, our comforts, our good name, and every thing which makes life enviable, my blood boils within my veins, I seize my pen, and although but a meagre sketch

in comparison with what another might indite, yet it is but right to let the world know some of the atrocities we were subjected to, and how our Southern friends were treated.

“ Truth is stranger than fiction.”

What we have seen and endured we can describe. I do not pretend to give a graphic description of the war; that has been done by authors who can be relied upon.

I am only “ a looker-on—here—in Vienna.”

Some letters and items are added, to endeavor to make the work agreeable as well as useful.

MARION SOUTHWOOD.

BEAUTY AND BOOTY.

CHAPTER I.

WE had heard that Sumter had *fallen*! It was the first time that we could realize that *war* had commenced.

We had heard of the battle of Manassas, where our dear boys so distinguished themselves; of the fights at Bull's Run; at Big Bethel, when General B. F. Butler was *not* commander-in-chief, and where he became *suddenly* indisposed and had to leave; of Little Bethel; of Fredericksburg, where fifteen thousand were slain; and of the disasters in the swamps of the Chickahominy; but supposed that *we*, so far removed from the scene of action, could not possibly be reached, especially when we had the noble, heroic General Lovell, luxuriating at the St. Charles Hotel, to guard our interests, who assured us that the invading foe "could be repulsed with five thousand men, and he had ten thousand men at his disposal!" So we were lulled to rest, occupying our time in fitting out our relatives and friends, and endeavoring to make all comfortable, in case of an emergency.

The ladies of the city behaved most nobly. One seemed to vie with another which should be foremost in benefitting those who had left for the war; most of them willing to relinquish many of their comforts for the public good. Others disposed of their jewelry at a sacrifice for that laudable purpose.

A "bazaar" was opened at the St. Louis Hotel, where a

magnificent suite of rooms was tendered by Mr. O. E. Hall, the owner of the building, gratuitously, for the reception of articles.

It was gotten up by the *elite* of the city, upon a most elaborate scale.

All surplus jewelry, vases, clocks, watches, pianos, furniture, Sevres china, coal, groceries; in fact, every thing which could be thought of, was sent as an offering.

The ladies acted as saleswomen. They decorated the halls exquisitely with flowers, flags, etc., and one could almost imagine they were treading upon enchanted ground.

The proceeds amounted to upwards of \$60,000, and this money was expended judiciously in purchasing cloth and other necessities, and having them made up into clothing, thus giving occupation to hundreds of poor people—the ladies cutting out the garments and distributing them. Sometimes we were aroused to fearing what *might* happen to us, by seeing the remains of those who were killed in battle, or wounded, brought home.

When the remains of Colonel C. Dreux—so young, so brave!—were brought to the city for interment, the whole city sympathized, as his immense funeral testified.

When General A. I. Johnson's remains arrived, many tears were shed that one so beloved, so heroic, should have met with such a sad fate. Alas, how his tomb was desecrated in after-times! Coffin taken out of the tomb, broken open, and left lying upon the ground several days, pilfered of his sword and other articles; and all this was done upon the *suspicion* that gold coin or fire-arms might have been buried with the mighty warrior.

O Shame, where is thy blush? that "man, proud man," should thus disturb the hallowed ashes of the dead!

We were still sleeping upon our oars. Our young men had almost all departed; not the idle, poor, or dissolute, but young gentlemen to the "manor born," had left friends,

fortune, all, and gone, with knapsacks upon their backs, to fight for their homes and rights, as they found those in whom they trusted had proved unworthy.

The address of the Rev. Dr. Palmer, from Columbia, South Carolina, now in this city, and one of the most eloquent of our divines, was extremely beautiful; delivered as his *parting* address to the first company of the Washington Artillery, from the steps of the City Hall, prior to their departure for the seat of war.

The street and vicinity were densely crowded at the time.

We are pleased to be able to give a portion of the discourse.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY: At the sound of the bugle you are here, within one short hour, to bid adieu to cherished homes, and soon to encounter the perils of battle on a distant field. It is fitting that here, in the heart of this great city—here, beneath the shadow of this hall, over which floats the flag of Louisiana’s sovereignty and independence—you should receive a public and a tender farewell. It is fitting that Religion herself should, with gentle voice, whisper her benediction upon your flag and your cause. Soldiers! history reads to us of wars which have been baptized as holy; but she enters upon her records none that is holier than this in which you have embarked. It is a war of defence against wicked and cruel aggression; a war of civilization against a ruthless barbarism which would dishonor the dark ages; a war of religion against a blind and bloody fanaticism. It is a war for your homes and your firesides—for your wives and your children—for the land which the Lord has given us for a heritage. It is a war for the maintenance of the broadest principle for which a free people can contend—the right of self-government.

“Eighty-five years ago our fathers fought in defence of the chartered right of Englishmen, that taxation and representation are correlative. We, their sons, contend to-day

for the great American principle that all just government derives its power from the will of the governed. It is the corner-stone of the great temple which, on this continent, has been reared to civil freedom; and its denial leads, as the events of the past two months have clearly shown, to despotism the most absolute and intolerable—a despotism more grinding than that of the Turk or Russian, because it is the despotism of the mob, unregulated by principle or precedent, drifting at the will of an unscrupulous and irresponsible majority. The alternative which the North has laid before her people is the subjugation of the South, or what they are pleased to call absolute anarchy. The alternative before us is, the independence of the South, or a despotism which will put its iron heel upon all that the human heart can hold dear. This mighty issue is to be submitted to the ordeal of battle, with the nations of the earth as spectators, and with the God of heaven as umpire. The theatre appointed for the struggle is the soil of Virginia, beneath the shadow of her own Alleghanies.

“Comprehending the import of this great controversy from the first, Virginia sought to stand between the combatants, and pleaded for such an adjustment as both the civilization and the religion of the age demanded. When this became hopeless, obeying the instincts of that nature which has ever made her the mother of statesmen and of States, she has opened her broad bosom to the blows of a tyrant’s hand. Upon such a theatre, with such an issue pending before such a tribunal, we have no doubt of the part which will be assigned you to play; and when we hear the thunders of your cannon echoing from the mountain passes of Virginia, we will understand that you mean, in the language of Cromwell at the Castle of Drogheda, ‘to cut this war to the heart.’

“It only remains, soldiers, to invoke the blessing of Almighty God upon your honored flag. It waves in brave

hands, over the gallant defenders of a holy cause. It will be found in the thickest of the fight, and the principles which it represents you will defend to 'the last of your breath and of your blood.' May victory perch upon its staff in the hour of battle, and peace—an honorable peace—be wrapped within its folds when you shall return.

"It is little to say to you that you will be remembered. And should the frequent fate of the soldier befall you in a soldier's death, you shall find your graves in thousands of hearts, and the pen of history shall write the story of your martyrdom. Soldiers, farewell! and may the Lord of Hosts be round about you as a wall of fire, and shield your heads in the day of battle!"

His advice to the fifth company of the Washington Artillery was also admirable. The new corps attended divine service in a body, dressed in their uniforms, ready to depart. Dr. Palmer took his text for the occasion from "chapter iii. verse 14 of the Gospel according to St. Luke: 'And the soldiers likewise demanded of him, saying, And what shall we do? And he said unto them, Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely, and be content with your wages.' This was a part of the teaching of St. John the Baptist, the last of the Hebrew prophets, who foretold the coming of the Messiah. Among those who, listening to his prophecy, and being warned to repent, were the people, the publicans, and the soldiers, all asking what they should do. And the text comprises his response to the soldiers."

Dr. Palmer's exposition of the mission and duties of the Christian soldier was most perspicuous, impressive, and ingenious. That portion of it expository of the last of John's exhortations, "and be content with your wages," most forcibly impressed upon those to whom it was addressed the duty of subordination to those in command.

Scarcely a dry eye was to be seen when he finished by pronouncing the blessing upon them.

CHAPTER II.

“Shoulder’d his crutch,
And show’d how fields were won.”

THE old gentlemen were organized into a battalion for a “home guard”—“*a defence of the city*”—and they certainly succeeded so far as to allay our fears, and to keep us from feeling that *we* were not deserted in our hour of need.

They were a fine-looking set of men—the dress of the “Confederate Guards” was so becoming! Gray uniforms, trimmed with black braid, gray kepis, white gloves; no shirt-collar to be seen; boots well blacked.

Their gilt buttons (although none could be found having the “*Pelican*” upon them, and the *Eagle* had to be substituted) looked remarkably well. It made no difference as to the *birds*, as no *fighting* was done, and they could not be mistaken for Yankees.

Their Springfield muskets *glistened* in the sun. They were not very expert upon the double-quick; and some, when in camp, suffered from gout, neuralgia, etc., most exceedingly.

Their tents, in La Fayette Square, were beautiful to behold. They dined and *toasted* there.

The ladies visited them, and they went through the drill with great *eclat*.

Passing round the tents, demijohns of *rain-water* could be seen standing under cover. The Mississippi water was too muddy to be used.

How different must have been the feelings of those whose description was given in a paragraph taken from the Providence Post, New York. We give it *verbatim* :

"A class of men, who still remain in this city, have been seized very suddenly with old age and other infectious diseases. They were young enough, and 'wide-awake' enough, too, in 1860. Now, they are short-sighted, and squint-eyed, and deaf, knock-kneed, and spavined, etc., and older than the everlasting hills."

What a sorry set they must have been! The ladies could not have counted much upon *their* gallantry in time of need.

While we were thus preparing for home defence, a rumor arose that the forts had been attacked—Fort St. Philip and Fort Jackson. Still, we felt *safe*, as we had been assured, time and again, that the forts could *never be passed*! "they would guard the city;" that Commodore Hollins had fire-ships which would annihilate any fleet; that General Lovell would meet the foe, etc. The Commodore was *feted*, and the General dashed around the St. Charles Hotel in grand style. The military were now in full display, running to and fro. For several days we were in a state of great anxiety. At length the startling news was brought us that the forts *were* passed, and the fleet was approaching the city. Too bad, after all the *promises* to the contrary! We felt how *cruelly* we have been deceived. How had all the grand speeches, loud huzzahs, nightly drills, and magnificent parades, showy flags and splendid music, benefitted us? We had our own thoughts upon the subject. Some thought that if the United States had not had so much money at its disposal, the forts would *not* have been passed.

Our men fought bravely, but "there was something rotten in the state of Denmark." This was but a poor consolation. We heard that doleful cry, that our city *would be surrendered*! Could it be possible? The whole city was in the greatest commotion—some preparing to leave, riding around, bidding a hasty farewell—others sending away their plate, jewelry, etc., in boxes, for safe keeping, and to foreign

parts. All busy with that momentous question, "What am I to do?" Concluding, after all, the best thing to do was to do nothing, but wait and see what was in store for them.

So the day waned. Every thing was now quiet. There was a calm, a subdued silence—the calm before the storm.

It was hard, we must allow, to have the day slide by, and see the night set in, without any hope of relief.

So much had been anticipated—we had so many golden hopes frustrated—that we felt as though we would never wish to hope again.



CHAPTER III.

THE morning of the 25th of April found the city in a great state of trepidation.

The bell of Christ Church—our alarm-bell, fire-bell, church bell, all in one—struck twelve times. This was the alarm signal. Every one was on the *qui vive*—all rushed from their houses to hear the news. *That* was the knell which aroused us from our confiding lethargy.

The fleet commanded by Captain Farragut had arrived, and lay in the river opposite the city. Nothing could exceed the grim ugliness of its appearance—all battered and torn, with long strips of board off the sides of the vessels; time-stained and blackened with smoke and dirt; looking as though they had been shot at and *not* missed.

This never-to-be-forgotten day was damp, drizzling, and dismal. In the morning it had rained heavily. The flower district, in which we resided, seemed to partake of the sadness of the elements. All was gloomy and dull—drums beating, soldiers running to and fro. All was wild consternation.

Ladies were standing, without their bonnets, on their banquettes or galleries, waiting to hear, and fearing to know, the worst that was to befall them: Their husbands, brothers, friends—those who had not gone to the war—were engaged down town on *especial business*.

Proceeding through the streets, negroes and poverty-stricken wretches were met with baskets, buckets, pans, and wheelbarrows, filled with sugar, taken from the hogsheads which had been opened and thrown to the winds.

Molasses was running in the gutters, like water. Hundreds of barrels had been opened, rather than let the dreaded Yankees get possession of them. The levee presented a frightful appearance. Thousands of persons, of all nations and various colors, were collected, with sombre looks and determined faces, to look upon the scene.

Ever and anon you could see a blue-coated soldier walking around, *apparently* unconcerned.

Masses of black smoke were issuing from the immense quantity of cotton which was burning upon the wharves; the plank flooring black and slippery with cinders and water.

Steamboats on the river were in flames. The great gunboat Louisiana, which always was to be for the "defence of the city," but never finished, had been set on fire and drifted down the Mississippi, where it lay burning to the water's edge. It was a magnificent, but awful sight.

In the midst of all, lying in front of the city, was the Federal fleet, quietly threatening the city with bombardment, in case it would not surrender, which made us feel somewhat *uncomfortable*. We have since concluded that, had it not been for the kindness and high-toned independence of the French, English, and Spanish battalions—"The European Brigade"—we, some 50,000 women and children, would have had to seek a shelter in the swamps of Louisiana, at that time submerged by water; as the ladies and

children were obliged to do when the victors—the Yankees—bombaraded Columbia, South Carolina, leaving it a mass of ruins; and they fleeing to the swamps and forests without food or raiment.

This was *civilized* warfare! Now, the city was blockaded. During this state of things, the merchants closed their stores, and, in many instances, kept them closed. The principal hotels were closed. The telegraph offices were also closed.

The Post-office remained open, but guarded by marines from the fleet.

The river travel and business was entirely stopped, and the cars had ceased running on the Jackson Railroad for several days.

As a natural consequence, the markets were very meagrely furnished; and to provide regular supplies of food for such a large population, required all the wisdom of those who had our welfare in their keeping, as the ordinary intercourse was broken between the city and country. Beef, such as could be obtained, was selling at thirty-five and forty cents per pound, and flour at \$30 per barrel, and every thing else in proportion.

Captain Farragut's first request was for the *surrender* of the city.

We give the entire correspondence, as it appeared in the daily papers.

DEMAND FOR A SURRENDER OF THE CITY.

As a matter of history, and that our readers may fully understand the position assumed by the city authorities, we give below, in their regular order, the messages of the Mayor to the Common Council, the action of that body in joint session, the Mayor's replies to the several communications received from the officer in command of the fleet before the city, also those communications.

The following is the Mayor's Message communicating to the Common Council the demand made for the surrender of the city by Captain Farragut, commander of the Federal fleet:

MAYOR'S MESSAGE.

CITY HALL, April 25, 1862.

HONORABLE COMMON COUNCIL:

GENTLEMEN—At half-past 1 o'clock P. M. to-day I was waited on by Captain Baily, second in command of the Federal fleet now lying in front of the city, bearing a demand from Flag-Officer Farragut for the unconditional surrender of the city of New Orleans, and the hoisting of the United States flag on the Custom-house, Post-office, and Mint.

He also demanded that the Louisiana flag be hauled down from the City Hall. I replied that Gen. Lovell was in command here, and that I was without authority to act in military matters.

Gen. Lovell was then sent for, and to him, after stating that his mission was to the Mayor and Council, Capt. Baily addressed his demands.

Gen. Lovell refused to surrender the city, or his forces, or any portion of them; but accompanied his refusal with the statement that he should evacuate the city, withdraw his troops, and then leave the civil authorities to act as they might deem proper.

It is proper here to state that, in reply to the demand to haul down the flag from the City Hall, I returned an unqualified refusal.

I am now in momentary expectation of receiving a second peremptory demand for the surrender of the city. I solicit your advice in this emergency. My own opinion is that, as a civil magistrate, possessed of no military power, I am incompetent to perform a military act, such as the surrender of the city to a hostile force; that it would be proper to say,

in reply to a demand of that character, that we are without military protection; that the troops have withdrawn from the city; that we are, consequently, incapable of making any resistance; and that, therefore, we can offer no obstruction to the occupation of the place by the enemy; that the Custom-house, Post-office, and Mint are the property of the Confederate Government; and that we have no control over them; and that all acts involving a transfer of authority be performed by the invading forces themselves; that we yield to physical force alone; and that we maintain our allegiance to the Government of the Confederate States.

Beyond this, a due respect for our dignity, our rights, and the flag of our country, does not, I think, permit us to go.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

The following is the action of the two Boards of the Common Council, in joint session, in reference to the subject-matter of the Mayor's Message:

The Common Council of the city of New Orleans having been advised by the military authorities that the city is indefensible, declare that no resistance will be made to the forces of the United States.

Resolved, That the sentiments expressed in the Message of his Honor the Mayor to the Common Council are in perfect accordance with the sentiments entertained by these councils, and by the entire population of this metropolis; and that the Mayor be respectfully requested to act in the spirit manifested by the Message.

S. P. DELABARRE,

President of the Board of Aldermen.

J. MAGIONI,

President of the Board of Ass't Aldermen.

Approved April 26, 1862.

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The following is the Mayor's reply to the first demand for a surrender of the city, which was made on the 25th ult. :

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, April 26, 1862.

To Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT, U. S. Flag-Ship Hartford :

SIR—In pursuance of the resolution which he thought proper to take, out of regard for the lives of the women and children who still crowd this great metropolis, Gen. Lovell has evacuated it with his troops, and restored back to me the administration of its government and the custody of its honor.

I have, in concert with the city fathers, considered the demand you made of me on yesterday, of an unconditional surrender of the city, coupled with a requisition to hoist up the flag of the United States on the public edifices, and to haul down that which still floats to the breeze from the dome of this hall; and it becomes my duty to transmit to you the answer which the universal sentiment of my constituency, no less than the promptings of my own heart, dictate to me on this sad and solemn occasion.

The city is without means of defence, and utterly destitute of the force and material that might enable it to resist the overpowering armament displayed in sight of it.

I am no military man, and possess no authority beyond that of executing the municipal laws of the city of New Orleans.

It would be presumptuous in me to attempt to lead an army to the field, if I had one at my command, and I know still less how to surrender an undefended place, held as this is, at the mercy of your gunners, and mouth of your mortars.

To surrender such a place were an idle and unmeaning

ceremony. The city is yours by the power of brutal force, and not by any choice or consent of its inhabitants. It is for you to determine what shall be the fate that awaits her.

As to the hoisting of any flag than the flag of our own adoption and allegiance, let me say to you, sir, that the man lives not in our midst whose hand and heart would not be palsied at the mere thought of such an act; nor could I find in my entire constituency so wretched and desperate a renegade as would dare to profane with his hand the sacred emblem of our aspirations.

Sir, you have manifested sentiments which would become one engaged in a better cause than that to which you have devoted your sword. I doubt not but that they spring from a noble though deluded nature, and I know how to appreciate the emotions which inspired them.

You will have a gallant people to administer during your occupation of this city—a people sensitive of all that can in the least affect its dignity and self-respect. Pray, sir, do not allow them to be insulted by the interference of such as have rendered themselves odious and contemptible by their dastardly desertion of the mighty struggle in which we are engaged, nor of such as might remind them too painfully that they are the conquered and you the conquerors.

Peace and order may be preserved without a resort to measures which could not fail to wound their susceptibilities and fire up their passions.

The obligations which I shall assume in their name shall be religiously complied with.

You may trust their honor, though you ought not to count on their submission to unmerited wrong.

In conclusion, I beg you to understand that the people of New Orleans, while unable, at this moment, to prevent you from occupying this city, do not transfer their allegiance from the government of their choice to one which they have

deliberately repudiated, and that they yield simply that obedience which the conqueror is enabled to extort from the conquered.

Since writing the above, which is an answer to your verbal communication of yesterday, I have received a written communication, to which I shall reply before 12 o'clock, if possible to prepare an answer in that time.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

The following is the letter referred to by the Mayor in the above communication :

UNITED STATES FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,
Mississippi River, off New Orleans, April 26, 1862.

TO HIS HONOR THE MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS :

SIR—Upon my arrival before your city I had the honor to send to your Honor Captain Baily, of the United States Navy, the second in command of this expedition, to demand of you the surrender of New Orleans to me, as the representative of the Government of the United States. Captain Baily reported to me the result of his interview with yourself and the military authorities.

It must occur to your Honor that it is not within the province of a naval officer to assume the duties of a military commandant.

I came here to reduce New Orleans to obedience to the laws of, and to vindicate the offended majesty of the Government of the United States.

The rights of persons and property shall be secure.

I therefore demand of you, as its representative, the unqualified surrender of the city, and that the emblem of the sovereignty of the United States shall be hoisted over the City Hall, Mint, and Custom-house, by meridian this day, and that all flags or other emblems of sovereignty,

other than those of the United States, shall be removed from all the public buildings by that hour.

I particularly request that you shall exercise your authority to quell disturbances, restore order, and to call upon all the good people of New Orleans to return at once to their vocations; and I particularly demand that no person shall be molested in person or property for the profession of sentiments of loyalty to their government.

I shall speedily and severely punish any person or persons who shall commit such outrages as were witnessed yesterday—armed men firing upon helpless men, women, and children, for giving expression to their pleasure at witnessing the old flag.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

The Common Council was convened in joint session, on the 27th, when the Mayor sent to that body the following message, accompanying the above communication from the Commander of the Federal fleet:

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, April 28, 1862.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COMMON COUNCIL:

I herewith transmit to you a communication from Flag-Officer Farragut, commanding the United States fleet now lying in front of this city. I have informed the officer bearing the communication that I would lay it before you, and return such answer as the city authorities might deem proper to be made.

In the mean time, permit me to suggest that Flag-Officer Farragut appears to have misunderstood the city of New Orleans. He has been distinctly informed that, at this moment, the city has no power to impede the exercise of

such acts of forcible authority as the commander of the United States naval forces may choose to exercise; and that, therefore, no resistance could be offered to the occupation of the city by the United States forces. If it is deemed necessary to remove the flag now floating from this building, or to raise United States flags on others, the power which threatens the destruction of our city is certainly capable of performing those acts. New Orleans is not now a military post; there is no military commander within its limits; it is like an unoccupied fortress, of which an assailant may at any moment take possession. But I do not believe that the constituency represented by you or by me embraces one loyal citizen who would be willing to incur the odium of tearing down the symbol representing the State authority to which New Orleans owes her municipal existence. I am deeply sensible of the distress which would be brought upon our community by a consummation of the inhuman threat of the United States commander; but I cannot conceive that those who so recently declared themselves to be animated by a Christian spirit, and by a regard for the rights of private property, would venture to incur for themselves and the government they represent, the universal execration of the civilized world, by attempting to achieve, through a wanton destruction of life and property, that which they can accomplish without bloodshed, and without a resort to those hostile measures which the law of nations condemns and execrates, when employed upon the defenceless women and children of an unresisting city.

Very respectfully,

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

After considering the above message and communication, the Common Council, in joint session, adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the views communicated by his Honor the Mayor to the Common Council, respecting the answer which it behooves the city of New Orleans to return to the ultimatum of Flag-Officer Farragut, meet the unreserved approbation of this Council, and embody their own views and sentiments, and the Mayor is therefore respectfully requested to act accordingly.

S. P. DELABARRE,

President pro tem. of Board of Aldermen.

J. MAGIONI,

President Board of Asst. Aldermen.

Approved, April 28, 1862.

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

A true copy,

M. A. BAKER, Secretary to Mayor.

The following is Captain Farragut's reply to the Mayor's communication of the 26th ult.:

U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

At anchor off the City of New Orleans, April 28, 1862.

TO HIS HONOR THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF
NEW ORLEANS:

Your communication of the 26th inst. has been received, together with that of the City Council.

I deeply regret to see, both by their contents and the continued display of the flag of Louisiana on the Court-house, a determination on the part of the city authorities not to haul it down. Moreover, when my officers and men were sent on shore to communicate with the authorities, and to hoist the United States flag on the Custom-house, with the strictest order not to use their arms unless assailed, they were insulted in the grossest manner; and the flag which had been hoisted by my order on the Mint, was pulled down and dragged through the streets.

All of which go to show that the fire of this fleet may be drawn upon the city at any moment, and in such an event the levee would in all probability be cut by the shells, and an amount of distress ensue to the innocent population which I have heretofore endeavored to assure you that I desired by all means to avoid.

The election is therefore with you. But it becomes my duty to notify you to remove the women and children from the city within forty-eight hours, if *I have rightly understood* your determination.

Very respectfully, your obedient serv't,

(Signed)

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

After having considered the above communication, the Council declared its determination not to recede from the position it had requested the Mayor to assume in his previous communication addressed to Flag-Officer Farragut. The joint session then adjourned to meet again this morning at ten o'clock, to await a reply to the Mayor's answer to the above communication.

The following is the Mayor's reply to Captain Farragut's communication of the 28th ult.:

CITY HALL, NEW ORLEANS, April 29, 1862.

To Flag-Officer D. G. FARRAGUT, U. S. Flag-Ship Hartford:

SIR—Your communication is the first intimation I ever had that it was by "your strict orders" that the United States flag was attempted to be hoisted upon certain of our public edifices, by officers sent on shore to communicate with the authorities. The officers who approached me in your name, disclosed no such order, and intimated no such design, on your part; nor could I have for a moment entertained the remotest suspicion that they could have been invested with such powers to enter on such an errand, while the nego-

tiations for a surrender between you and the city authorities were still pending. The interference of any one under your command, as long as these negotiations were not brought to a close, could not be viewed by me otherwise than as a flagrant violation of those courtesies, if not the absolute rights, which prevail between belligerents under such circumstances. My views and my sentiments, with reference to such conduct, remain unchanged.

You now renew the demands, made in your former communication, and you insist on their being complied with, unconditionally, under a threat of bombardment within forty-eight hours; and you notify me to remove the women and children from the city that they may be protected from your shells.

Sir, you cannot but know, that there is no possible exit from this city for a population which still exceeds, in numbers, one hundred and forty thousand, and you must, therefore, be aware of the utter inanity of such a notification. Our women and children cannot escape from your shells, if it be your pleasure to murder them on a mere question of etiquette. But, if they could, there are but few among them who would consent to desert their families and their homes, and the graves of their relatives in so awful a moment; they would bravely stand the sight of your shells rolling over the bones of those who were once dear to them, and would deem that they died not ingloriously by the side of the tombs erected by their piety to the memory of departed relatives.

You are not satisfied with the peaceable possession of an undefended city, opposing no resistance to your guns, because of its bearing its doom with some manliness and dignity; and you wish to humble and disgrace us by the performance of an act against which our nature rebels. This satisfaction you cannot expect to obtain at our hands.

We will stand your bombardment, unarmed and undefended as we are. The civil world will consign to indelible

infamy the heart that will conceive the deed and the hand that will dare to consummate it.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

The following communication was received from Flag-Officer Farragut on the morning of the 30th :

U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

At anchor off the City of New Orleans, April 29, 1862.

TO HIS HONOR THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF NEW ORLEANS :

GENTLEMEN—The Forts St. Philip and Jackson having surrendered, and all the military defences of the city being either capitulated or abandoned, you are required, as the sole representative of any supposed authority in the city, to haul down and suppress every ensign and symbol of government, whether State or Confederate, except that of the United States. I am now about to raise the flag of the United States upon the Custom-house, and you will see that it is respected with all the civil power of the city.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

The following message from the Mayor was received by the Common Council, at an adjourned session held on the 30th ult.:

CITY HALL, April 30.

TO THE COMMON COUNCIL :

GENTLEMEN—Since your last meeting, events have occurred which will occupy a conspicuous place in the history of the country and of the age. It is unnecessary for me more than briefly to recapitulate them. They are sufficiently well known from the publicity which has attended them and

the reports of the public press. It is enough for me to state that, yesterday morning, the answer you had agreed upon to Flag-Officer Farragut's demand of the day before, was transmitted to him through the hands of my secretary, Mr. Baker, who was accompanied by Messrs. Soulé and McClellan. The result of the interview of Mr. Baker with the United States commander, was that the latter abandoned his purpose of bombarding the city, and signified his intention of removing the flag from this building by means of his own force. Accordingly, at 12 o'clock, Captain Bell, accompanied by an escort of United States marines, with two cannon, came to the City Hall, and the flag was then taken down by the United States officer. Thus, the position assumed by New Orleans has been fully sustained.

I am glad to say the peace of the city has been preserved during the excitement of the last few days, as far as it was in my power to effect that object. The violations of public order have been few in number and slight in character. This is owing to the valuable services rendered by the European Brigade, Paul Juge fils general commanding, and the zeal and energy of the ordinary police force. It is still, and will for some days be necessary to continue these efforts for the preservation of public tranquillity, and I would therefore request you to authorize or suggest some arrangements by which the services of the European Brigade may be for the present retained. I have been compelled to increase the number of police, in order to meet the demands made upon me within the last few days, and such increase I am confident ought to be maintained. I hope you will make some provision for the excess of expenditure over the amount provided for in the budget, thus demanded by the public necessities. I would likewise suggest that such action as may seem expedient be taken for the relief of those of our population who are now in a suffering condition for the want of the ordinary necessities of life.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

The following letters, which were laid before the Council in joint session on the 1st instant, make the history of the demand for the surrender of New Orleans complete :

MAYORALTY OF NEW ORLEANS,
City Hall, May 1, 1862.

TO THE COMMON COUNCIL IN JOINT SESSION :

GENTLEMEN—I herewith lay before you a copy of a communication received yesterday from Flag-Officer Farragut. You will observe that the note intimates a misinterpretation, on the part of the city authorities, of Flag-Officer Farragut's previous communication. I venture to say, gentlemen, that no reasoning mind can fail to place on the note of Monday, the 28th inst., the interpretation attached to it by the people of this city. The notification to remove our women and children within forty-eight hours, in case we adhere to our resolution not to haul down our flag, can be construed in no other way than as a threat to bombard the city. The meaning was plain, not only to us, but to the consuls of the foreign nations residing here. But in so clear a case argument is superfluous.

Flag-Officer Farragut informs us that, in consequence of the offensive nature of our answer to his threat, he declines further communication with us, and shall, on the arrival of General Butler, hand the city over to his charge. He certainly should be conscious that the city of New Orleans sought no communication with him or his forces, and that the cessation of intercourse, while it depended entirely on his will, could not fail to be quite as agreeable to us as to him. It would add still further to our gratification should General Butler find it equally unpleasant to hold communication with the city.

Respectfully,

(Signed)

JOHN T. MONROE, Mayor.

U. S. FLAG-SHIP HARTFORD,

At anchor off the City of New Orleans, April 30, 1862.

TO HIS HONOR THE MAYOR AND CITY COUNCIL OF NEW ORLEANS :

GENTLEMEN—I informed you in my communication of 28th of April, that your determination, as I understood it, was not to haul down the flag of Louisiana on the City Hall, and that my officers and men were treated with insult and rudeness when they landed, even with a flag of truce, to communicate with the authorities, etc., and that if such was to be the determined course of the people, the fire of the vessels might at any moment be drawn upon the city.

This you have thought proper to construe into a determination on my part to murder your women and children, and made your letter so offensive, that it will terminate our intercourse; and so soon as General Butler arrives with his forces, I shall turn over the charge of the city to him, and resume my naval duties.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

D. G. FARRAGUT,

Flag-Officer Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

THE FRENCH CONSUL'S PROTEST.

We have been shown a copy of what purports to be the protest of the commandant of l'Aviso-à-vapeur de Milan, the French sloop now in our port, addressed to Commodore Farragut, of the United States squadron, against the threat of bombardment of this city. It is in the following terms:

COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES SQUADRON, NOW IN THE PORT
OF NEW ORLEANS :

SIR—Sent by my government to protect the persons and property of its citizens, who are here to the number of thirty thousand, I regret to learn at this moment that you have accorded a delay of forty-eight hours for the evacuation of the city by the women and children. I venture to

Observe to you that this short delay is ridiculous, and, in the name of my government, I oppose it. If it is your resolution to bombard the city, do it; but I wish to state that you will have to account for this barbarous act to the power which I represent. In any event, I demand sixty days for the evacuation.

DE CLOUET,

Commandant of the steamer Milan, opposite the
City of New Orleans.

We were cheered by one of the editors of a daily paper making the following remarks. It described our situation well :

FALLEN, BUT NOT DISGRACED.

“Let us not be humiliated. New Orleans has borne herself in this great struggle as became the renown of her people. She has fought, singly and alone, with her own resources, and those of a small State, with less than a half million of population, the naval and military power of a great nation of twenty millions of people, and with vast military resources. She has kept that hostile nation at bay for more than twelve months. She has only yielded now to an overwhelming power. Her only protection, the forts below the city, have held out for ten days against a hostile squadron bearing over three hundred guns, including mortars of unusual calibre, and against a land and naval force of many thousands. It was only when the small garrison of these forts were worn out and exhausted by the constant toil and sleeplessness of an uninterrupted bombardment of ten days that they succumbed. When the United States squadron succeeded stealthily in passing the forts, they were met by a small and weak squadron of gunboats, which grappled their huge ships, and fought until they were sunk or blown up. The success of the hostile squadron in passing the forts left the city at their mercy. The surface of the Mississippi, now at its high-

est stage, gave their four large frigates, carrying over one hundred large guns, and their ten smaller ships, bearing as many more, complete range of our streets and houses. It was folly long to resist such a power. Our troops had left the city. There only remained the foreign brigades, the non-combatants, the women and children. The demeanor of these was noble and heroic beyond all example.

“When on a point of etiquette to them, but a point of honor to us, the city was menaced with a bombardment, there was no panic, no hesitation, no fear. Awful as the consequences would have been in such a city, with no place of retreat, save to the swamps, the people cheerfully awaited the fate with which they were threatened. If the men had dared to yield the point of honor, the women would have scourged them from the city. But there was no yielding. The civil authorities were worthy of the people. No flag was lowered by them—none hoisted but that which the enemy alone could by his physical force raise. The invader met no friend, no ally, no sympathizer among us. The people presented their breasts to his guns and bayonets in a solid phalanx. Thus far, we can honestly say, that, except in the inconsistent, unauthorized, and cruel demand of the commanding officer of the fleet, relative to the State flag, and in the event of refusal the menace to bombard the city, the enemy has borne himself with dignity and propriety. The terms yielded to the gallant garrison of our forts were honorable. The officers retired on their parole with their side-arms. The highest tributes were paid by the enemy to the heroism of the defence.

“The United States flag waves over the city. It is the flag of the conqueror. Its presence has made doubly dear the standard which it has displaced. That will be embalmed in the hearts and memories of this people.

“This sad fate has come upon our city from no fault of our people and authorities. Louisiana was left alone to de-

and this great city. The forts were prepared, armed, and defended exclusively by the troops of this State—the river by hastily constructed gunboats, manned by our own volunteers. The Government at Richmond gave us little aid, and, indeed, embarrassed us by the aid which it attempted to give. The defences would have been stronger and more formidable if a Confederate naval officer had never had command in our river. The lack of energy and earnestness on the part of the agents of the Confederate Government deprived us of the most powerful of our resources for defence. Indeed, had not our resources been drained for the defences of other and far less important portions of the Confederacy, Louisiana would have had ample means for the maintenance of her own integrity. But we had already nearly exhausted our military resources to protect distant sections of our Confederacy.

“There is another source of consolation to us. All the great cities of the world have been subjected to the humiliation which we are now passing through. Paris, Vienna, Moscow, London, Madrid, Antwerp, and all the great capitals of Europe, have in turn been occupied by hostile armies. So, too, in our own country, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Charleston, and Savannah, have had to succumb to invaders. There is no disgrace or dishonor in this. The only disgrace and dishonor that can come to us will be when we surrender the convictions of our minds, the loyalty of our hearts, and the duties of our conscience. The physical victory has been won by the invader; it is for us to see that the moral victory is ours.”

CHAPTER IV.

So the days passed by until the 1st of May, when the cry arose that "Picayune Butler" had come to town.

One of his adherents gives the following description of the latter part of their voyage from the North:

"The troops had a joyful trip up the river, among the verdant sugar-fields, welcomed, as the fleet had been, by capering negroes.

"The transport Mississippi, with her old complement of fourteen hundred men, and Mrs. Butler on the quarter-deck, hove in sight of the forts at sunset, on the last day of April.

"It was an animated and glorious scene, illumined by the setting sun; one of those intoxicating moments which repay soldiers for months of fatigue and waiting.

"At noon on the 1st of May, the Mississippi lay alongside the levee at New Orleans."

What a delightful time they must have had, to be sure, and to think their golden dreams were so soon to be realized;—their thieving propensities gratified in this El Dorado of America! To imagine that creatures, such as are seldom seen, unless paying a visit to the penitentiary, should be turned loose upon a wealthy, refined, and enlightened community! Oh, such looking *objects* as they were! with old *light-blue* slouched hats, and clothes to match—looking as though they had slept in them, and water was scarce; their daguerreotypes should have been taken, and sent to Barnum's Museum.

We have honored them too much by noticing them. We expected to have seen a grand cortege passing from the Mississippi through the streets; but, "as usual," were disappointed.

There was a perfect *rush* to see this awful representative of human authority. The noise was deafening. We waited a long time; hour after hour passed away, many anxious eyes looked long and anxiously to catch the first glimpse; those on horseback rode from street to street with desperation; others ran with all speed from corner to corner to obtain a sight.

The crowd which had been disappointed at one section, came pouring in from another quarter.

At length, when anxiety was at its height, a stir among the multitude advised us that the Butler troop was approaching. Then came the tumult, noise, and discord of every kind. "Shouts, laughs, and screams, came revelling in the wind!"

First to be seen was a great parade of military. Then General Butler, with a row of soldiery each side of him, closed in the rear with soldiery, and a band playing "The Star-spangled Banner." Butler's staff, of course, accompanied him.

Men, women, and children, of all ages, ran along the sidewalks; negro women, with torn clothes and slipshod shoes, a head-handkerchief and basket, jostled against her neighbor dressed in broadcloth, with a stove-pipe hat: all went splashing through the mud together, one elbowing the other to get the first sight; cake-stands were overturned, and tin coffee-pots, with their contents, rolled into the gutters.

It was a scene which will not soon be forgotten; all seemed to be fearful that it would be the only chance they might have of seeing "Picayune Butler."

Had he been mounted, there would not have been so much elbowing and crowding; but, at that time, horses were not a "military necessity."

Some, in hopes of having a better view, had gone on in advance; so the corners of the streets were crowded before the *Caravan* arrived.

As soon, however, as they saw Butler, and the triumphant and pompous strut of the Yankees, and heard the music, the indignation of the *canaille* knew no bounds; they knew no language too gross to accost him with; the newsboy's screams were music to *their* tongues; every epithet which could be applied to the vilest was heaped upon him, and this ended only when he was safely ensconced in the Custom-house.

Leaving the place well guarded, he that night returned to the Mississippi, as his wife was there.

The next day, he took possession of the St. Charles Hotel as his headquarters; he was inducted into authority as Military Governor of New Orleans, through the agency of five frigates, ten gunboats, and some dozen or so of mortar vessels and other craft, the strongest of which were lying in our port, with their enormous batteries bearing upon our city.

This valiant man had cannon placed upon the portico of the hotel—their mouths opening upon St. Charles Street; others were reversed, with their mouths opening into the chamber of state, where he sat! Cannon were placed at the corners and around the building, so as to be ready at any moment, upon one of his *signals* being given, to fire upon intruders.

Sentinels marched with bayonets pointing to heaven, in front and around the square.

The general, no doubt, breathed freely, not fearing intrusion; his *vanity* was gratified, as the darkies looked on and admired the man who was "Massa Abe. Linkum's" friend.

While all was very pleasant in-doors, the mob was playing sad havoc outside. It was a difficult matter to restrain it: if it could only have gotten hold of "Picayune," he would not have troubled any one for any length of time.

His staff, his wife, and her hair-dresser (whom report says that "Mrs. Lovell" left behind), *all* thought they had very

comfortable quarters, although rather large for so small a family.

His first act, after resting "*a spell*," was to issue a proclamation, which he had written no doubt before his arrival, and send it to the office of the True Delta newspaper, to be published as a handbill. This the editor refused to have done.

Butler ordered the office to be closed—sent a file of soldiers, with "bayonets," who drew up before the building; some of them, printers by trade, went into the office, and finding the type, paper, etc., therein, used them for printing the proclamation as a "military necessity." After finishing off several copies, they departed.

A few days after the proprietor was *allowed* to have his office opened again.

This was the first *tyrannical* act, although, perhaps, obliging them to open the St. Charles Hotel for his benefit might be called the first.

THE PROCLAMATION.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
NEW ORLEANS, May 1, 1862.

The city of New Orleans and its environs, with all its interior and exterior defences, having been surrendered to the combined naval and land forces of the United States, and having been evacuated by the rebel forces in whose possession they lately were, and being now in occupation of the forces of the United States, who have come to restore order, maintain public tranquillity, enforce peace and quiet under the laws and constitution of the United States, the Major-General commanding the forces of the United States in the Department of the Gulf, hereby makes known and proclaims the object and purposes of the Government of the United States in thus taking possession of the city of New Orleans and the State of Louisiana, and the rules and regu-

lations by which the laws of the United States will be for the present and during a state of war, enforced and maintained, for the plain guidance of all good citizens of the United States, as well as others who may heretofore have been in rebellion against their authority.

Thrice, before, has the city of New Orleans been rescued from the hand of a foreign government, and still more calamitous domestic insurrection by the money and arms of the United States. It has, of late, been under the military control of the rebel forces claiming to be the peculiar friends of its citizens; and at each time, in the judgment of the commander of the military forces holding it, it has been found necessary to preserve order and maintain quiet by the administration of law martial. Even during the interim from its evacuation by the rebel soldiers, and its actual possession by the soldiers of the United States, the civil authorities of the city have found it necessary to call for the intervention of an armed body known as the "European Legion," to preserve public tranquillity. The Commanding General, therefore, will cause the city to be governed until the restoration of municipal authority, and his further orders, by the law martial; a measure for which it would seem the previous recital furnishes sufficient precedents.

All persons in arms against the United States are required to surrender themselves with their arms, equipments, and munitions of war. The body known as the "European Legion," not being understood to be in arms against the United States, but organized to protect the lives and property of the citizens, are invited still to co-operate with the forces of the United States to that end; and, so acting, will not be included in the terms of this order, but will report to these headquarters.

All flags, ensigns, and devices, tending to uphold any authority whatever, save the flag of the United States and the flags of foreign consulates, must not be exhibited, but sup-

pressed. The American ensign, the emblem of the United States, must be treated with the utmost deference and respect by all persons, under pain of severe punishment.

All persons well disposed towards the Government of the United States who shall renew their oath of allegiance, will receive the safeguard and protection in their persons and property of the armies of the United States, the violation of which by any person is punishable with death.

All persons still holding allegiance to the Confederate States will be deemed rebels against the Government of the United States, and regarded and treated as enemies thereof.

All foreigners not naturalized and claiming allegiance to their respective governments, and not having made oath of allegiance to the supposed Government of the Confederate States, will be protected in their persons and property as heretofore under the laws of the United States.

All persons who may heretofore have given their adherence to the supposed Government of the Confederate States, or have been in their service, who shall lay down and deliver up their arms and return to peaceful occupations, and preserve quiet and order, holding no further correspondence nor giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States, will not be disturbed either in person or property, except so far, under the orders of the Commanding General, as the exigencies of the public service may render necessary.

The keepers of all public property, whether State, National, or Confederate, such as collections of art, libraries, museums, as well as all public buildings, all munitions of war, and armed vessels, will at once make full return thereof to these headquarters; all manufacturers of arms and munitions of war will report to these headquarters their kind and places of business.

All rights of property, of whatever kind, will be

held inviolate, subject only to the laws of the United States.

All inhabitants are enjoined to pursue their usual avocations; all shops and places of business and amusement, are to be kept open in the accustomed manner, and services to be had in churches and religious houses, as in times of profound peace.

Keepers of all public houses, coffee-houses, and drinking saloons, are to report their names and numbers to the office of the Provost-Marshal, will there receive license and be held responsible for all disorders and disturbance of the peace arising in their respective places.

A sufficient force will be kept in the city to preserve order and maintain the laws.

The killing of an American soldier by any disorderly person or mob, is simply assassination and murder, and not war, and will be so regarded and punished.

The owner of any house or building in or from which such murder shall be committed will be held responsible therefor, and the house be liable to be destroyed by the military authority.

All disorders and disturbances of the peace done by combination and numbers, and crimes of an aggravated nature interfering with forces or laws of the United States, will be referred to a military court for trial and punishment; other misdemeanors will be subject to the municipal authority if it chooses to act. Civil causes between party and party will be referred to the ordinary tribunals. The levy and collection of all taxes, save those imposed by the laws of the United States, are suppressed, except those for keeping in repair and lighting the streets, and for sanitary purposes. Those are to be collected in the usual manner.

The circulation of Confederate bonds, evidences of debt, except notes in the similitude of bank-notes issued by the Confederate States or scrip, or any trade in the same, is

strictly forbidden. It having been represented to the Commanding General, by the civil authorities, that these Confederate notes, in the form of bank-notes, are, in a great measure, the only substitute for money which the people have been allowed to have, and that great distress would ensue among the poorer classes if the circulation of such notes were suppressed, such circulation will be permitted so long as any one may be inconsiderate enough to receive them, till further orders.

No publications, either by newspaper, pamphlet, or hand-bill, giving accounts of the movements of soldiers of the United States within this department, reflecting in any way upon the United States or its officers, or tending in any way to influence the public mind against the Government of the United States, will be permitted; and all articles of war news, or editorial comments, or correspondence, making comments upon the movements of the armies of the United States, or the rebels, must be submitted to the examination of an officer who will be detailed for that purpose from these headquarters.

The transmission of all communications by telegraph will be under the charge of an officer from these headquarters.

The armies of the United States came here not to destroy, but to make good, to restore order out of chaos, and the government of laws in place of the passions of men; to this end, therefore, the efforts of all well-disposed persons are invited to have every species of disorder quelled, and if any soldier of the United States should so far forget his duty or his flag, as to commit any outrage upon any person or property, the Commanding General requests that his name be instantly reported to the provost guard, so that he may be punished, and his wrongful act redressed.

The municipal authority, so far as the police of the city and crimes are concerned, to the extent before indicated, is hereby suspended.

All assemblages of persons in the streets, either by day or by night, tend to disorder, and are forbidden.

The various companies composing the Fire Department in New Orleans will be permitted to retain their organizations, and are to report to the office of the Provost-Marshal, so that they may be known and not interfered with in their duties.

And, finally, it may be sufficient to add, without further enumeration, that all the requirements of martial law will be imposed so long as, in the judgment of the United States authorities, it may be necessary. And while it is the desire of these authorities to exercise this government mildly and after the usages of the past, it must not be supposed that it will not be vigorously and firmly administered as occasion calls.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.



CHAPTER V.

AFTER Mr. Butler had become domesticated in the St. Charles Hotel, the following items appeared in the papers. We give them in full:

THE LAST FORTY-FOUR HOURS.

We give to-day, for the benefit of those among our citizens who may yet be ignorant of the real state of affairs—and we have reason to believe that the number is not very limited—a brief history of what has occurred in the city since Friday last. On the morning of that day, Federal sentries having been placed at each entrance to the City

Hall, Captain French, General Butler's Provost-Marshal, proceeded to the Mayor's parlor, where he met the magistrate, and informed him that the General would soon issue a proclamation, and wished to have an interview with him and General Paul Juge. The latter was sent for, and promptly answered to the invitation. His honor, after warmly thanking him for the valuable services he and his command had rendered New Orleans, for the zeal and devotion they had brought to the discharge of their faithful and onerous duties, requested him not to disband his brigades, until order was completely restored, and no fear entertained for life and property. General Juge returned his thanks for the compliment paid to himself and his soldiers, and added that the latter were tired down; but would remain under arms, if an arrangement to which the Mayor had previously alluded, could be concluded in a few hours. That, furthermore, General Butler had taken possession of the city, and was responsible, he thought, for the preservation of good order.

The Mayor subsequently had an interview, at the Federal headquarters, with General Butler, who declared that he had only come here to restore New Orleans and Louisiana to the Union; that he had no desire to resort to hard measures, but to be conciliatory, as far as possible; that he was willing to facilitate, as far as he could, the transit of provisions to the city, and wished the Mayor's co-operation in the government of the city. This proposition was declined by his honor, as was also that to co-operate with the Provost-Marshal, and a third proposition, that the police should report directly to the Federal headquarters. It was finally agreed that the Mayor and Common Council should meet General Butler in the evening. At the appointed time, the views of the authorities as to the terms on which they would continue to administer the affairs of the city were made known to the Federal commander through

Pierre Soulé. A third interview was fixed for Saturday, and the result is that the Mayor and the Council remain perfectly untrammelled—free to act as formerly, as far as municipal affairs are concerned; but the right to deal with parties charged with political offences, or interference with the military power, belongs exclusively to the Federal Provost-Marshal. We understand that other important matters, including the supply of provisions, were also satisfactorily settled.

On Saturday morning, General Butler's proclamation, for the printing of which the job office of the True Delta had been seized, made its appearance on our streets, and was attentively and anxiously read by those who were lucky enough to procure copies. As to its effect on the public mind, we have nothing to say. It was followed by the two subjoined notices, which we give as they appeared in yesterday morning's True Delta:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 17.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 2, 1862.

The proprietor of the New Orleans True Delta, having refused to print the proclamation of the Major-General Commanding this Department, the publication of that paper is suspended until further orders. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 18.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 3, 1862.

General Orders No. 17, current series, from these headquarters, suppressing the publication of the True Delta newspaper, is hereby revoked, and its publication, under the limitations expressed in the proclamation of the 1st instant, is permitted.

The Commanding General—having demonstrated the ability of his officers and soldiers to do every thing deemed necessary for the success of his plans, without any aid from any citizen of New Orleans, will show the uselessness of armless and unavailing opposition by the people—desires to interfere no further with that press. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

THE EUROPEAN BRIGADE.

We are gratified to learn that the public-spirited gentlemen composing this brigade, who have been protecting the homes and property of our citizens during the past four days, yielding to the solicitations of a large number of our most respectable citizens, have consented to continue to perform this duty for a few days longer, although it had been their intention to retire the moment the United States authorities took possession of the city.

In thus continuing to perform so severe and disagreeable a duty, these gentlemen are doing us a service which cannot be over-estimated by all who love order and desire that the fair fame of the city may remain unsullied, and we hope that no man, be he ever so much under the influence of the excitements of the day, will fail to bear it in mind.

THE EUROPEAN AND FRENCH BRIGADES.

After having, for several days and nights, during a time of great excitement, contributed very largely to the protection of life and property, and thus rendered services of inestimable value to the city, of which a grateful people will cherish the remembrance, these brigades, composed entirely of foreign residents, were disbanded on Friday evening—the necessity for their further services being obviated by the changed condition of affairs. As their commanding general

justly says, their "mission is accomplished," and their "conduct has been most meritorious."

TO OUR READERS.

Many of our old friends and patrons, doubtless, look to us for advice and counsel, in this hour of humiliation and sorrow. They may, also, look to us for an expression of the eternal enmity which animates their hearts, and the hearts of every citizen of our beloved city, to those who have invaded and conquered us; and not always finding on the small sheet we publish matter exactly suited to their tastes, will sorrowfully conclude that we have lost the interest and zeal which have always characterized our labors in their behalf.

If such should be the fact, and our readers really experience the dissatisfaction we mention, we will undeceive them at once. We have lost none of our former interest in our fellow-citizens, nor in their concern, and are prepared to do all that our moderate ability will allow, as well now as of yore. But, in common with the other journals of the city, we are environed by difficulties which cramp our abilities and nullify our good intentions.—*Daily Crescent*, May 3, 1862.

HON. PIERRE SOULÉ.

By some oversight, we have neglected until this time, to accord to our distinguished fellow-citizen, Pierre Soulé, the just meed of praise which has been so eminently his due, for services ably and efficiently rendered in our present troubles. As the adviser of the Mayor and Council; as the medium, with his mighty force of letters, between them and the Federal naval commander; as the orator of the people, urging them to mildness and forbearance, yet transcendent dignity and honor. In all these capacities he has been the "head and front" of a people bowed in affliction; but not of despair,

and whose wise and fearless action will be admired to the "latest syllable of recorded time." No pen can over-estimate his worth, no words sufficiently recount his lofty patriotism.—*Tuesday morning, May 6, 1862.*

PERSONAL.

We learn that the ex-Minister, ex-United States Senator, and late Provost-Marshal of this city, Mr. Pierre Soulé, has been arrested on a high political charge, and that he will probably go North in the course of a few days.

HON. PIERRE SOULÉ AND SHERIFF MAZUREAU IN NEW YORK.

The arrival of Mr. Pierre Soulé in this city as a prisoner, and at the same time passenger, on board the Ocean Queen, created considerable interest; and all kinds of inquiries were made everywhere, to know how he had come, where he was going, and what was to be done with him. The captain says that the conduct of Mr. Soulé was exceedingly orderly and quiet during the whole passage. He was by no means cast down or dispirited, but conversed freely with any person who felt disposed to address him, at the same time being careful to avoid any conversation of a political nature. He was treated in the same way as all the other passengers on board, no distinction whatever being made. It was the special order of General Butler, previous to his embarkation. Mr. Soulé came on board the Ocean Queen, at New Orleans, without any guard or protection, and was perfectly unknown to the other passengers on board, so quiet and gentlemanly was his conduct. He was immediately followed by the gentlemen selected by General Butler to deliver him over to the United States authorities in this city.

On the arrival of the steamer in the harbor, a tug was immediately sent alongside by the United States Quarter-

master (Mr. Tompkins), for the purpose of conveying the prisoner to the United States Marshal's office; and, indeed, his presence on board was kept so secret, and so reserved was he in his general conversation, that it was only on leaving the vessel that the majority of those on board discovered who was the gentleman with the long, gray beard.

When the news of the arrival of Mr. Soulé reached the city, yesterday morning, quite a large number of citizens assembled on pier No. 4—the dock at which the Ocean Queen generally lies—and so great was the anxiety to see him, that hundreds loitered about the pier for the whole day; but, as night came on, it became evident they would be disappointed, as the vessel still lay riding at her moorings in the stream. The disappointment among the curious crowd, when it was ascertained that Soulé had left the vessel in charge of the United States Marshal, was evinced on every countenance.

All access to or communication with the distinguished gentlemen is strictly forbidden. At about one o'clock the party arrived at the Marshal's office. There was a great concourse of persons present, anxious to see these notabilities. Mr. Soulé was attended by a colored servant, who, with hat in hand, was as reverential to his master as ever "Jeames" was to his lordship of Berkley Square.

No one was allowed to converse with the distinguished Southern prisoners. They were locked in the Marshal's inner office, in the care of two aids; but, from a furtive glance, we were able to see that time, or the cares of this distracted country, had whitened his once dark hair. Mr. Soulé appears to be about sixty-five years of age, with the keen eye of Daniel Webster, a head like the first Napoleon, and a figure midway between the rotundity of both.

The charges under which General Butler ordered the arrest of Senator Soulé, in New Orleans, were: That he was a leader of a secret society, known as the "Southern

Independent Association," of which each member was solemnly sworn to oppose, at the cost of his life, if necessary, the reconstruction of the Union; the second charge is that Mr. Soulé is the author of the letter sent by the late Mayor of New Orleans to Commodore Farragut, and that he was the principal supporter of the rebellion in that city.

Upon the arrival of Marshal Murray, he telegraphed to Washington for instructions as to where the prisoners of war should be sent—he not having had any official instructions. The telegram was sent at ten minutes to three o'clock; but at the closing of the Marshal's office, at half-past five o'clock, no reply had been received. In the meantime, Messrs. Soulé and Mazureau were provided with accommodations at the Astor House for the night.

June 19.—Pierre Soulé and his fellow-prisoner of war, Adolphe Mazureau, remained at the Astor House all last night. Mr. Soulé suffered intensely from neuralgia, but was much better in the morning.

No answer to the telegraphic despatch of yesterday having been received—in consequence, it is supposed, of the non-arrival of Secretary Seward in Washington—Marshal Murray despatched another telegram this morning. In reply to which, he received directions from Secretary Stanton to transmit the prisoners who had been delivered to him by Major Kinsman to Fort Lafayette, "until further orders."

The Marshal immediately sent for a carriage, to convey the Southern gentlemen to their destination.—*New York Herald.*

Seizing the printing offices and suppressing the papers were among Butler's first beneficent acts.

The Crescent was closed because the owner was a rebel. Butler also confiscated his estate, valued at \$150,000, for the same cause.

The Crescent made a dying speech:

"That no event of the war has so discomfited and chagrined the Yankees as the evacuation of Manasses; the secret of their indignation consisting in the fact that they were outwitted—and "to *outwit* a *Yankee* is an offense for which he never forgives you."

The Bee, one of our oldest and best papers, French and English, he allowed to continue for a short time; but it happened to print something about "burning cotton" which did not please him; so he suppressed it, and clutching his fist, he swaggered across the room, exclaiming, "There! I've nailed it to the wall."

There is a very good caricature of this transaction to be seen in the picture shops, and, by the way, his *likeness* is excellent.

The Picayune, another old *family* paper, bothered him a good deal; he could not *understand* it—it puzzled him. At last, however, he concluded it was *not loyal*; so he suppressed that also.

Having done all that human instinct could devise to trouble and annoy, he allowed them again to publish their papers. What kindly feelings they must have towards him. With Christian charity, they may forgive him.

The press was trammelled equally with the people.

"Articles in reference to the civil law were prohibited from being written." "No editorial comments to be made on the movements of the different armies." "No statements of war news allowed," without submitting everything of the sort to the examination of an *officer* detailed for that purpose." So the ordinary functions of the press were nearly suspended, and it was reduced to a mere compendium of local news, with notices of public health, the police government of the city, and the like; diversified by anecdote, fiction, and literary, artistic and theatrical criticism. Indeed, one of the journals came boldly out: "There are a great many things occurring in and around the city, accounts of

which would be of interest to our readers, but, the fact is, we find it so difficult to discriminate between that which is and that which is not contraband intelligence, that we are under the necessity of disappointing them. It is not a matter of choice, but one of necessity, as our limits are somewhat circumscribed."

Why did they not amuse their readers with some of Butler's "jokes?" Here is one :

"The hand that cuts your bread can cut your throat." Another :

"With one whistle from that Custom-House I can command the city." Here is a pungent, delicate one :

When he found that quantities of quinine had been taken into the Confederacy for the sick soldiers, he remarked that the women were the "d——est set" he ever saw. They even concealed quinine in the underclothes of their babies.

The boast which he had made, that "he had a *spy* behind the chair of every rebel head of a family," showed that no lofty ideas had ever been nurtured by him. Such language, carried into effect, chilled all our better feelings.

Some call him "*a beast*"—his habits might be called *bestial*—but he is *not* a beast.

He has a *soul*, which beasts have not, and when "all will stand at the judgment-seat of God, to answer for deeds done in the body"—whether for good or evil—"may we be there to see!"

Scarcely a day passed that some such piece as the following did not appear in the papers :

"It has been intimated to the press that no discussion will be allowed of the right or justice of the proclamations issued by the United States General commanding in this city; that General Butler, as he expressed it, considers himself and the Pope of Rome as the only infallible rulers on the globe. We are, therefore, debarred from the usual, and hitherto regarded valuable privilege of discussing the policy

or wisdom of his edicts. General Butler further astounded the conductors of the press, by saying that he had a great desire to hear an argument on the affirmative of the proposition whether the printing press, the post-office, or the telegraph had ever benefited mankind. Considering the claim to high literary and scientific development of the people whom General Butler represents—his vicinity to the Athens of America—and the frequent opportunities he must have had for the discussion of this question among that ingenious people, who are wont to debate every subject, sacred or profane, with unbounded freedom, not to say licentiousness, we can only express our surprise that he should not have had an opportunity of hearing this proposition debated, when it could be done, under much more favorable circumstances than it can be in a community over which he claims to possess an ‘infallible’ control. We are certainly not in a condition to present the merits of the affirmative of a proposition upon which an ‘infallible judge’ evinces so decided an inclination towards the negative. We could hardly expect to achieve a greater triumph than that of the lawyer, who argued the defendant’s side of a certain case before a Dutch magistrate, and was indignantly stopped with the remark that the only effect of his argument was to confuse a very plain case—that the judge had made up his mind, and the lawyer was guilty of a contempt of court in seeking to undermine his fixed opinion. We do not, therefore, intend to make ourselves liable for contempt, by questioning ‘the infallibility’ of General Butler. But we think we may, without touching upon his exalted powers and attributes, exercise the small right of seeking further information—of inquiring as to the scope, meaning, and full intent of his edicts.”

We endeavored, and determined that we *would* keep in a good humor; but how was it possible? We determined to move along quietly; but were sorely tried.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT two months after the occupation of the city by the Union army, the following sketch was taken of it, July 3d, 1862:

GENERAL HEALTH.

We are now near the middle of summer, and the sanitary condition of the city has probably never been better at this season of the year. The general health, indeed, appears to be improving as the season progresses, for the mortuary report of last week shows a considerable decrease of mortality from that of the week preceding. This is a gratifying indication, in face of the fact that we have a large number of unacclimated persons among us, and a greater than usual proportion of our population remains here from inability to get away. The condition of things is due partly to the arrangements made by the Commanding General for cleansing the streets, partly to the strict quarantine regulations, and, in a measure, perhaps, to atmospheric conditions.

THE WEATHER.

The temperature of the atmosphere has been at the highest point for some weeks, the thermometer ranging from eighty-eight to ninety-five in the shade in some localities; but we have had compensating breezes, and latterly some refreshing and drenching rains, accompanied with sheet lightning, that has relieved the atmosphere of much of its superfluous caloric.

THE FOOD QUESTION.

There is no denying the fact that people here are reduced to the utmost straits to procure a sufficient supply of

wholesome food. Flour is at a fabulous price—a quantity having been sold at over thirty dollars per barrel, and but little to be had at that. We know of numerous families who, before the war, lived comfortably and even luxuriously on the rents of property, who have not had a loaf of wheat bread for weeks past. These manage to eke out a subsistence by means of corn meal, potatoes—which are scarce and high—and other articles. The laboring poor cannot, in some instances, get any thing, and this class daily besiege the office of the United States Commissary of Subsistence for charity. From this source as much has been done for them as practicable, but the relief is but temporary, and cannot be general. Some assistance has been afforded this class of people through means adopted by the military authorities. About two thousand laborers have been employed in cleaning the streets and making city improvements, and this feeds perhaps ten thousand people. The merchants and men of wealth do nothing for the poorer class, but lay back in cushioned seats and enjoy the hoarded wealth amassed by means of speculations and war contracts.

TRADES AND PROFESSIONS.

Lawyers and mechanics are doing nothing, or next to nothing, and have to live on their little means saved during seasons of prosperity: when this resource fails, they are reduced to the alternatives of borrowing or selling their small properties. There are no buildings being erected, nor any repairs being made, and houses and fences go to wreck in consequence. The courts are all closed, and judges, lawyers, sheriffs, clerks, &c., can dream only of salaries and fees. The Supreme Court does not sit, and the judges receive no pay, for the State Treasurer, who has the disbursing of their salaries, has gone off with the Governor—and where he keeps his court is not known to the wisest.

MERCHANTS.

These drive only a small business, of a retail character, and their sales are confined mostly to goods of prime necessity; for all articles of luxury are dispensed with, for lack of means in the consumer to purchase them. Wholesale houses do no business; for the country trade is entirely shut off, and the city business amounts to almost nothing. On Poydras, Tchoupitoulas, Magazine, and Levee Streets, the principal marts of produce, the stores are mostly shut, and the owners of the buildings do not take the trouble to put "to let" on their doors, for there is no one to rent them. In these streets the grass is growing in many places, and the whole district bears the deserted air of death and desolation, as in the sorrowful days when the yellow scourge was upon us.

THE LEVEE.

Here, where formerly all was life, bustle, and animation, nothing is doing, and embryo crops of oats are springing up through the wharves. Formerly the wharves were piled with cotton and the products of the great West, but now not a bale is visible, and only now and then a solitary vehicle is to be seen, engaged, perhaps, in doing some small services in the way of transporting Government stores. The place looks as if it had been swept by a plague, such is its bare and deserted appearance.

HOTELS, ETC.

New Orleans, at present, is without a hotel. The St. Charles is occupied exclusively by General Butler and staff. Sentinels march in front and around it—heavy cannon are placed on the banquette before it. The City and St. Louis Hotels are closed, and the St. James is a hospital for Federal soldiers. The Custom-House is occupied by a regiment of

Federal soldiers. Lafayette Square is an encampment for another regiment, and the Mint is similarly occupied.

The United States military authorities are occupying the most central buildings in the city for their hospitals and barracks. A boarding-house on Poydras Street, the Lyceum Hall, in the City Hall, the upper rooms of Judson's offices, corner of Camp and Canal Streets, Odd Fellows' Hall, and lastly, we hear, the St. James Hotel, on Magazine Street, have been taken possession of for the several uses indicated. The Custom-House, in its unfinished state, is also occupied by one or two regiments.

New Orleans enjoys a marked advantage over many other cities in the delicious southern breezes which spring up towards sundown, and revive the languid and exhausted frames of its citizens. In New York, Boston, and sundry western cities, there are summer nights almost suffocatingly hot, from the total absence of a circulation of air. Here the evening south wind rarely fails us. And thank God, no human being can deprive us of these blessings.

Only four years before—we have a letter from New York—see what they thought of New Orleans then.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22, 1858.

The Crescent City, the coming winter, will be the "watering place" of the North. So much has been said and sung and written of your delicious climate, social amusements, and "St. Charles" gayeties, that the tide of visitors to the South during the next three months promises to be almost as large as the tide that sets northward during the summer. All the Southern steamers are "full" for weeks in advance; and New Orleans seems to be the general destination of all who, in pursuit of pleasure, health, or business, are flying from the frosty rigors of the North. The past week has

been unusually cold for the season, and New York, out of doors, has been decidedly uncomfortable. Street watering ceases on the 1st of November, and every puff of wind raises a cloud of dust, composed of pulverized granite, and other more disgusting matter.

“The genial clime that lies
In ten degrees of more effulgent skies,”

becomes particularly attractive about these days, and the flight of the free and happy birds is a suggestion worth *following* by all who *can*. But how are all these people to be taken care of when they reach you! New Orleans wants another mammoth hotel, with the capacities and attractions of the St. Charles.

AFTER THE BLOCKADE.

Parts of the city were in mourning. Passing along some of the principal streets, Carondelet particularly, the observing pedestrian could not fail to notice the great number of stores and offices that had black squares painted on the granite columns where formally there were gilded letters. The firms that lately occupied those commercial palaces appeared to have retired, and the buildings were in mourning.

Such was the case for whole squares, the columns of every store being painted black.

Besides the black squares on the columns, the absence of gilt letter signs was also noticed. Men mounted on ladders were every day taking down those signs, which were once the symbols of commercial activity.

Butler endeavored to counteract this depression by fining and imprisoning those who closed their stores. “Mr. F. J. Barriere for refusing to open his store was fined \$100, and, in default of payment, was sent to the guard house.”

Mr. J. F. Guion was fined \$100 for not opening *wide* his store. He paid his fine.

Mr. J. P. Dameron, for not opening his store agreeably to the terms of the proclamation, fined \$100. Mr. Wm. Blanchard and Chr. C. Gale, jr., & Co. were fined in like amounts for similar offences. This money was made easily, and served for "military necessities."

CHAPTER VII.

"Oh wad some Poyer the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

AFTER using the St. Charles Hotel as long as his purposes required—the warm weather and musquitoes having set in—General Butler took up his headquarters at the delightful residence of General Twiggs, on Prytania Street; his family took a sojourn to the North, taking with them, among other baggage, a silver tea-pot from the St. Charles.

This *tea-pot* not proving to be *silver*, only plated, was brought back in the fall, when the family returned, and was restored to its owner.

General Butler was very fastidious about locating his family; it must live *in style*—"the observed of all observers." He and his wife visited many mansions, before making up their minds which to choose. They were received with Southern hospitality, as their purposes were not known. Among others, Mr. Burnside was called upon.

Mr. B——e has a magnificent establishment, occupying a large square of ground in the upper part of the city. The brown stone mansion stands in the midst, surrounded by the most exquisite and rare plants and flowers.

The house was built by Mr. Robb, in his palmy days, as

his private residence, and memory heaves a sigh when indulging in reveries of the past.

The perfume of the flowers no doubt pleased the *old-factory* nerves of the visitors.

Mr. B——e of course received them courteously, not knowing their mission, nor divining that they were on “evil thoughts intent;” showed them, as they appeared to take so much interest in his affairs, his library, his drawing-room, boudoir, conservatory, large pantries filled with cut glass and plate, paintings, etc., besides a well-stored wine-room and store-house, which General Butler could fully appreciate.

They expressed themselves delighted, and, bidding a cordial adieu, they departed.

The next day, Mr. B——e was astonished at seeing a file of soldiers marching up his front avenue. Asking what it meant, the officer in command replied that General and Mrs. B——e had called, and admired the premises very much, and they had come to take possession for them.

Mr. B——e was thunderstruck—such duplicity and meanness! There must be some mistake!

Not at all; they were sent by General Butler, etc., no mistake.

Mr. B——e not in the least daunted, amused himself questioning them,—they growing bolder all the while, as they had their muskets and “orders from headquarters.”

After parleying for some time with them, “they growing warmer, while he grew cooler,” he remarked quietly: “You are mistaken,” and, taking a paper from his pocket, showed the troop that “he was a British subject.”

They *skedaddled*.*

Many houses were peered into—hunting a residence.

The fine residence of Mr. Suretter, on Rampart Street,

* A vulgarism, although expressive in the present instance.

pleased them; the furniture was exquisite, but it was not stylish enough.

The mansion which they at last cast their longing eyes upon was that of Dr. C——ll, one of our most prominent physicians, at the corner of St. Charles and Julia Streets. Its cost was great, and was finished elaborately, with stables, etc., etc. It would just suit; all was new, the parlors not yet furnished; and then too Mrs. Dr. C——ll occupied it, with her four children, in the absence of the Doctor—how could they be disposed of?

General Butler and his wife called, examined the rooms, asked where were the parlor carpets, etc.; he could not imagine that some feelings would recoil and quiver under his reckless eloquence, his being seemed to have no sympathy with any who were suffering from weariness of spirit or from refined feelings outraged! Enough—the house, etc., suited them.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. C——ll was notified to leave her house; herself and four children suddenly, just before dark, turned into the street; her horses and carriage taken from her, and some of her servants. Mr. S——e's furniture, before spoken of on Rampart Street, was stolen, and thus, Dr. C——ll's house was furnished for Butler and his wife.

About this time appeared in the newspaper a paragraph:

THE ROBBERY OF DR. CAMPBELL'S SILVER-WARE.

"The investigation of this case comes on before Judge Bell to-day. The particulars, so far as disclosed, are, that H. D. Humphreys and corporal —— were on guard at Dr. C——ll's house. When the inmates left, they left every thing in it, even the silver-ware. This fact the guard became acquainted with; and the day the house was being cleaned up and fixed for the future residence of Major-General Butler, Humphreys and corporal —— got into the closet, and stole out the plate, which must have been considerable,

from the well-known wealth of the Doctor, and the style in which he lived.

“They sold it all to one Dan Noonan for the sum of \$40—who is a street peddler, and he in turn sold it to a Jew on Camp Street, named J. Leokonitz, for \$70.”

This is but a single instance. It is almost impossible to give an inkling of what our people have suffered, in insult, wrongs, deprivation of rights, confiscation of property, seizing of private dwellings, and turning into the street the families occupying them.



CHAPTER VIII.

Hundreds of cases have occurred, perpetrated by Butler's officers, under his official sanction; from Colonels to Lieutenants, as the caprice of each might dictate, have seized and taken possession of gentlemen's houses, broken open wine-rooms, and used the wine. Wardrobes of ladies and gentlemen forced open and the clothing of whole families, men, women, and children, used or sent away from the city; not even private portraits of families were respected, but were sent to auction and sold.

Mr. Jones, a private citizen, had his furniture taken from his dwelling and sold. The portraits of Mr. Black and wife, relatives of Mr. J——, were also taken, and Mr. J—— had to go to auction and purchase the portraits.

Why this outrage was enacted, no one knew, as Mr. J—— never belonged to the army, nor had he committed any act against the Federal Government, except to leave the city, to pass the summer at Pass Christian—a watering place, where he had passed every summer of late years.

This is a fair sample of *hundreds*.

The most infamous proceedings, however, are those where—from the General down—the private residences have been seized by army officers or friends, and appropriated to the vilest uses.

The residences of Mr. M O. N——, Mr. L——, and Mr. H——, also of Mr. T——, corner of Canal and Phillippa Streets, have been thus shamelessly devoted;—polluting the houses of high-toned gentlemen, by their ruthless indecencies!—such wretches should be held up to the scorn and contempt of the moral and honorable wherever they may live. Their names are well known in this community.

Some of the chaplains, with black deeds upon their vestments, desecrated the sanctuary of God, reading the commandments, and finishing by expostulating their congregations.

“Do as I say, and not as I do!” were seen, and marked for *after* consideration.

It was noticeable that very few remained to receive the *communion* from such hands!

How pleasant it was, when we took up the paper in the morning, to read such pieces as the following—the inference was that he was “acting under authority from Washington.” Like the man who was blown up by the bursting of an engine, we wondered what would come next.

Hailing from New England—that Puritanical country—one would have thought that he had been taught his catechism. But most certainly the commandments “Thou shalt not steal; thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s man servant, nor his maid servant, nor his ox, nor his ass (*horses?*), nor any thing which is his,” were not taught him in his youth, or he would not have dared to so violate the divine law but the “order” from his President was more to be regarded than the “order” from Mount Sinai.

SECESSION FLAG.

At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of Lowell, recently, the following letter, received from Major-General Butler, presenting a secession flag, which was brought from New Orleans by Colonel Jones, of the 26th Massachusetts Regiment, was read :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, June 6, 1862.

MR. MAYOR: I send, enclosed to your order, the flag of Fort Livingston, La. The fort is said to have surrendered to the navy ; but I have the flag, and I assure you I did not borrow it. The truth is, the fort surrendered to a heroic Union girl, who has brought me the flag, which I send you, that our people may see for the first, and, I hope, only instance, what kind of a rag secession and rebellion propose, instead of the glorious flag of our fathers. Please have it hoisted under the Stars and Stripes, on the City Hall, on the Fourth of July, and give one thought to your fellow-citizen, whom duty calls to be far away from the city of his home.

I remain, very truly, your friend,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

The Board passed an order to the effect that the flag be displayed under the Stars and Stripes, on the flag-staff of the City Government Building, during Fourth of July, and that it be preserved as a trophy, and placed with the other collections relating to secession in the City Library.

THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The celebrated statue of Washington has been removed from Baton Rouge to New Orleans. This was done by order of Major-General Butler, who was unwilling to suffer the marble image of the Father of his Country to remain among savage guerrillas and thieving rebels. We have no

knowledge of what disposition will be finally made of it; but if we could obtain the ear of General Butler, we should not hesitate to suggest that it be offered to the city of New York, as a gift for the adornment of Central Park. It is of no possible use to secessionists.

JOHN M. WEST GONE EAST.

The reporter of the New Orleans True Delta, John M. West, was arrested yesterday, and, by order of General Butler, was sent to Fort Pickens, for aiding and abetting treason. It has been his custom to circulate in bar-rooms—particularly in that rookery on Royal Street, where secessionists most do congregate—and there gather groups about him, and tell them that he was in possession of intelligence of “great rebel victories;” but he could not put the facts in his paper, because the d——d Yankees would not permit it.

When scarcely two weeks had passed over after the possession by Union forces, see what was done:

On Sunday morning last, May 11, Rev. Dr. Leacock, Rector of Christ Church, announced President Davis’s proclamation, making Friday of this week a day of humiliation, fasting, and prayer:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 27.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 13, 1862.

It having come to the knowledge of the Commanding General, that Friday next is proposed to be observed as a day of of fasting and prayer, in obedience to some supposed proclamation of one Jefferson Davis, in the several churches of the city, it is ordered that no such observance be had.

“Churches and religious houses are to be kept open as in times of profound peace,” but no religious exercises are to be had upon the supposed authority above mentioned. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. General.

Churches were closed and gambling-houses licensed ! This latter was, perhaps, because it was a “military necessity”—so it was pardonable

PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
New Orleans, May 1, 1862.

The keepers of all coffee-houses, bar-rooms, hotels, *gaming establishments*, and billiard-saloons, are hereby notified that, in accordance with the proclamation of the Major-General commanding the department, they must immediately procure licenses. Any failure to comply with such instruction will be followed by the immediate closing of the establishment, and the confiscation of the property of the offender.

JONAS H. FRENCH,
Provost-Marshal, New Orleans.

A NOTE FROM A MAN THAT IS AFRAID.

NEW ORLEANS, June 4, 1862.

EDITORS DELTA: From information received, it is believed that there is a secret organization being formed in this city, for the purpose of making a hostile demonstration against the scant military force now in New Orleans. It behooves the Federal authorities to be vigilant—to be always on the alert—and particularly to caution the sentinels to be quite as wakeful and suspicious as they were the first day they landed here. It is noticed that nearly every sentinel who guards a store or other building, is in the habit of leaving his arms behind the door, or some place beyond his convenient reach, thereby placing those weapons within the easy grasp of any organized body of men who desire to capture them, and turn them against the guardians of law and liberty.

MORE ANON.

When General Williams died, in August, the military were arranged, with all due dressing and straps, in the vestibule and at the door of Christ Church, on Canal Street.

As we had often attended that church, we thought we would go in. The coffin had not yet arrived. Upon entering the church, the old sexton met us, and told us that we could not enter "until General Butler and his staff had arrived!" The ladies knew the sexton, and were astonished at his refusing them admittance; but his "orders" were imperative, and could not be disobeyed. We could not wait for "Butler and his staff" to enter the house of God, so retired in disgust.



CHAPTER IX.

A LADY friend has written "a tribute" to General Beauregard, and we insert it with pleasure:

"His is a name which inspires every true-hearted Southerner with mingled feelings of admiration and profound regard.

"The sincere and zealous interest he manifested in his valiant deeds in their cause showed his noble character.

"He was a true and high-toned champion, justly deserving a wreath of laurels for his indefatigable exertions to gain *the victory*.

"Success always attended him and his brave and fearless army in repelling the invading foe at every point.

"His destiny led him and duty called.

"He inspired his noble-hearted band of soldiers with bravery, leading them on to victory by his commanding precept and example, and encouraging the timid with his high and thrilling spirit of adventure and skillful maneuvering.

"I must confess that I have often indulged the thought and belief, that if our true-hearted and brave Beauregard

had been placed at the helm in our much-beloved city of New Orleans, he never would have passively surrendered it, or beguiled its interests and people to the power and mercy of the invading foe.

"I fancy he would have proved truly faithful to his people and the sacred trust they reposed in him, and his immortal name would ever be treasured in the hearts and minds of grateful Southerners.

"He would have been held in everlasting remembrance for his enduring fidelity to their first cause.

"I only regret that all the citizens of our fair South were not imbued with the same brave and fearless spirit our noble Beauregard possessed ; but alas ! such a commendable spirit did not pervade many sections of the South.

"He has most assuredly proved himself to the world a *brave* soldier."

"A stillness reigns o'er the city now,
And the prayerful throngs in silence bow,
When the holy light of the Sabbath morn
Is ushered in with a rosy dawn."

General Beauregard's appeal for the bells was a very touching one ; he knew how highly they were prized by the owners, and how useful they were ; still, nothing daunted, he knew they were needed, and such faith was placed in his request that all the bells which could be gathered were placed at his disposal.

The question was asked, *why* the bells were needed ? We obtained the following answer :

"The supply of *tin* was deficient—while copper was abundant, to convert the copper into bronze. Bells contain so much tin, that two thousand four hundred weight of bell-metal, mixed with the proper quantity of copper, will suffice for a field battery of six pieces.

"Beauregard's solicitation was for the purpose of providing light artillery for the public defence. When General

Butler took possession, the first thing his eyes gloted upon were the bells ; he forthwith seized upon them and sent them North as a trophy, the *first* trophy of his *hard-earned* *victory*."

The following beautiful verses, by P. H. Hayne, are from the Charleston Courier :

BEAUREGARD'S APPEAL.*

Yea ! though the need is bitter,
 Take down those sacred bells !
 Whose music speaks of our hallowed joys,
 And passionate farewells !

But ere ye fall, dismantled,
 Ring out deep bells ! once more,
 And pour on the waves of the passing wind
 The symphonies of yore :

Let the latest born be welcomed
 By pealings glad and long ;
 Let the latest dead in the churchyard bed
 Be laid with solemn song ;

And the bells above them throbbing
 Should sound in mournful tone,
 As if in the grief for a human death,
 They prophesied their own :—

Who says, 'tis a desecration
 To strip the Temple Towers,
 And invest the metal of peaceful notes
 With death-compelling powers ?

* Although General Beauregard, in his proclamation, only calls *directly* for the "plantation bells" along the Mississippi River, it is yet clear, from the tenor of his remarks, that the *church bells* would likewise be acceptable. Already, the delicately worded hint has been understood, and acted upon. We find that a single village (Marietta) has contributed the bells belonging to its three churches, and doubtless others will follow the noble example.

It was to illustrate the moral grandeur of such sacrifices that the preceding verses were composed.

A truce to cant and folly !

With Faith itself at stake,
Can we heed the cry of the shallow fool,
Or, pause for the Bigot's sake ?

Then, crush the struggling sorrow !

Feed high your furnace fires,
That shall mould into deep mouthed guns of bronze,
The bells from a hundred spires.

Methinks, no common vengeance,

No transient war eclipse,
Will follow the awful thunder burst
From their "adamantine lips."

A cause, like ours, is holy,

And useth holy things,
And over the storm of a righteous strife,
May shine the Angel's wings.

Where'er our Duty leads us,

The grace of God is there,
And the lurid shrine of War may hold
The Eucharist of prayer.

Having the bells sold in Boston, was one of Butler's *diableries*. The satisfaction at having such *trophies* sent them, is shown in the following piece taken from one of their papers:

THE SALE OF THE BELLS IN BOSTON.

The Boston Traveller, of the 30th ult., says :

N. A. Thompson & Co. sold at auction this forenoon, at Lombard's north wharf, East Boston, the lot of church, plantation, school, factory and other bells, which had been presented to the rebel Government, to be cast into cannon, but were captured at New Orleans and confiscated. There were 418 in all, a motly collection in shape, size, weight, color, ornament, and tone. There were the mellow wedding bells, loud alarm bells, brazen bells, bells with molten golden

notes, and liquid tones. There was a large attendance of metal dealers, relic seekers, church and school committees from the country, and of the curious. The labels which declared where they had been used were mostly torn off, although some were found indicating their donors.

The greater part of them were cast at the Buckeye Foundry, Cincinnati, though many were from foundries at New York, West Troy, Pittsburgh, and Louisville. Among the number were several Catholic bells, cast in France—one with the inscription, "Fait par Jean Bagin, 1785," over a cross; another cast at Nantes, France, 1786; others cast in 1775, 1776, and 1783. One, very elaborately ornamented, was from the First Presbyterian Church, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Colonel Thompson, before beginning the sale, read a note from a Mr. De Peyster, of Dutchess County, N. Y., who desired the privilege of purchasing a bell which he gave several years ago to the Episcopal Church at Nacogdoches, Texas, founded by a friend of his, Rev. Thomas Bacon, who was driven from the place on account of his Union sentiments. The colonel also took the opportunity to make a stirring speech on enlisting, taking for a text the bells as an evidence of the terrible earnestness of the South.

All were sold in lots of from three to one hundred and eighty-seven, except the three heaviest, sold separately, and a few others bought as relics and for individual use. One was bought, having painted on it the words, "G. T. Beauregard, from the Baptist Church of Durhamville, Tenn."

The prices ranged from $21\frac{1}{4}$ to 30 cents a pound. The bidding was spirited, and the amount realized was probably upwards of \$30,000. A lot of iron bars for covering steamships and batteries, sold for \$47 a gross ton. A lot of copper, consisting of bathing tubs, roofing, spouts, sugar-boilers, etc., at $21\frac{3}{4}$ cents a pound; a small lot of bars and cast iron was also sold.

From the Wilmington (N. C.) Journal we hear the same kind remarks of our friend :

General Beauregard, ever since the outbreak of hostilities, has occupied a high place in the affections of the people of Wilmington. We admire the hero of Sumter, of Manassas, of Shiloh. Adversity has now given us new grounds of attachment to the distinguished leader of our armies. His prompt humanity in sending a distinguished member of his medical staff, Dr. Choppin, to our aid, and obtaining authority to detail other experienced surgeons for the same purpose, can never be forgotten. Others may admire the general—we have cause to be grateful to the man.

“ Oh ! soon may the solemn silence cease,
And the bells re-echo the notes of peace ;
May our hearts once more with their music thrill,
And beat responsive to Love and ‘ Good Will.’ ”



CHAPTER X.

BEFORE Butler arrived, we had what was called the “ Free Market ;” that is, a market to which all gave freely : the grocers, bakers, butchers, *all* gave for the poor, whose protectors had left for the war. Steamboats would stop at the rich plantations, and would be laden with vegetables and whatever else would be serviceable, as the following list will testify. The building used as a receptacle for those things stood in the centre of Canal Street, known as the neutral ground. Mr. Thomas Murray presided, and thither resorted, twice each week, some eighteen hundred families to be fed, without “ money and without price.” It was kept in the most perfect order, and with the most scrupulous

cleanliness. It was pleasant to see the women with their large baskets filled to overflowing, with fresh eatables, getting into the cars, to *ride* to their homes. This was a God-like charity; it blessed those who gave and those who received.

From our note-book, we find the families supplied on the 19th of April, 1862, were eighteen hundred and thirty-three in number, and the following provisions were distributed, viz.: 7 bullocks, 219 bushels corn meal, 15 bbls. rice, 155 sacks potatoes, 13 bbls. molasses, 7 bbls. mackerel, 2 boxes codfish, 850 cabbages, 800 bunches leeks, 21 sacks peas, 3 bbls. turnips, 5 sacks of salt, 2 bbls. vinegar. Of the above number of families, 1,211 were supplied by half-past seven o'clock, A. M.

We also find the following remarks:

"We refer to the fact that the managing committee of the Free Market, in the indefatigable discharge of the onerous duties of their office, commenced their labors as early as half-past two o'clock in the morning, thus enabling applicants for supplies at the market to be furnished, if they would but come early, in time to save the best portion of the day's laboring hours. This gave the members of the committee an opportunity of attending to their own business, as well as to the applicants to do the same. Eleven hundred and seventy families, on the last market-day, were served by a quarter of eight o'clock in the morning."

The following notice also appeared about the 20th of April:

FREE MARKET.

We visited this institution yesterday afternoon, and were pleased to see that the committee, who have managed its affairs and dispensed its benefits, have not wearied in their well-doing. We were gratified to learn from Mr. Thomas Murray, the president, that the supplies on hand were sufficient for four or five weeks to come. In the meantime it is

hoped that some satisfactory arrangement will be made which will enable planters to send in their contributions as heretofore. The Free Market has done much good, and, as it is more needed now than ever, we hope that no effort will be spared to keep it up.

NEW ORLEANS, April 30, 1862.

Donations received to date from April 1, 1862.

March 31.—	Balance	\$2,061 51
"	M. R. Haggerty & Bros., cash.....	500 00
"	Col. W. G. Vincent, Va., cash from Companies G. and F. of his regiment.....	51 90
"	A. F., through D. I. Ricardo.....	250 00
"	John Holmes	25 00
"	Wm. B. Conger	100 00
April 1.—	Dr. Cenas.....	50 00
"	Mrs. W. H. Foster.....	10 00
"	Savings of a gentleman for the month of March	107 00
"	Passport Office.....	44 65
"	Tiger Rifles.....	5 00
"	Judge Morel, Fourth District	5 00
April 2.—	Darby & Tremoulet	100 00
"	V. B. Marmillon, St. John the Baptiste	100 00
"	Mrs. Louise Fuselier, St. Bernard.....	100 00
"	Pauline Dutel.....	50 00
"	W. G. Hewes	100 00
"	Mr. Kaiser, for hides.....	162 25
April 3.—	G. W. Dunbar	100 00
"	Joseph Sutton.....	50 00
April 4.—	A. Jaquet	50 00
"	H. H. Hedden.....	100 00
"	Hanna & Co.....	100 00
"	Thomas, Griswold & Co.	25 00
"	Nicholson & Co.	100 00
"	Proceeds of one bale cotton.....	35 00
April 5.—	From a Friend on Royal Street	10 00
"	Old Man's Savings for March, abstaining from segars, liquor, etc.	10 00
"	Hall of Hope Hook and Ladder Co. No. 3....	100 00
"	S. Ozer & Co.....	250 00
April 7.—	Edward Nagle & Co.....	30 00
"	Alex. G. Black, Augusta, Ga.	100 00

April 7.—H. O. Colomb, through Augustin & Thibout...	\$50 00
“ Passport Office, Capt. Brother	50 65
“ N. J. Pegram	20 00
“ D’Arcy, latter	40 00
“ Samuel Snodgrass	50 00
April 9.—S. L. & E. L. Levy	100 00
“ B. A. Dryer & Co.	50 00
“ Dr. King and friends	2 50
“ Cash, omnibus tickets	55
“ M. S. Casetty	25 00
“ Swiss Guards	21 00
“ Bradley, Wilson & Co.	100 00
“ An absent Louisianian, through Given, Watts & Co.	200 00
“ S. N. Moody	50 00
April 12.—Carroll, Hoy & Co.	100 00
“ Richard & Co	10 00
“ J. D. Dameron	30 00
“ Samuel Woif	100 00
“ Wm. P. Ellison	50 00
“ Milneburg Fire Company	50 00
April 14.—Captain J. D. Swain	15 00
“ Passport Office, Captain Brother	53 25
April 15.—O. A. Gidray, Barres’ Landing	10 00
“ J. & W. Ellis	50 00
“ C. Balligo	75 00
“ J. M. Johnston	50 00
April 16.—City Council, cash balance of \$5,000 appro- priated	2,500 00
“ Slark, Stauffer & Co.	200 00
“ W. H. Frierson	50 00
“ Starlight, cash or donation	6 45
April 17.—Samuel Bell	100 00
“ Capt. W. Wilson, cash	70 00
“ Chas. H. Churchill	50 00
“ Valcour Aime	100 00
“ S. P. Russ	50 00
“ Texas Delegation	11 00
“ Two Ladies at Market door	5 00
“ Avet & Bro.	100 00
“ E. A. R., School girl	20 00
“ Gen. Alex. DeClouet, St. Martin	100 00
“ A. & M. Heine	250 00
“ Paul Fulane	200 00
April 18.—Pect, Simms & Co.	100 00

April 18.—R. W. Rayn.....	\$25 00
April 19.—Found in Market.....	1 50
“ W. H. Letchford & Co.....	100 00
“ Lafayette Lodge 97, Pattersonville	8 00
April 21.—E. W. Durell, Jr.....	3 00
“ Passport Office, Capt. Brother.....	58 15
“ W. W. Wright, Rapides	2 00
April 22.—Samuel McConnell	50 00
“ W. H. P. Bobb	100 00
“ Dr. J. S. Knapp	10 00
“ N. B. Boulet, Orleans Guards, Corinth	25 00
“ L. E. Allen	2 00
“ Mr. Tylor, visitor.....	3 00
“ Two Ladies at Market	20 00
“ Mr. Titterton.....	20 00
April 23.—R. M. Dameron	100 00
“ Mrs. Chas. Black	50 00
“ Mrs. T. W. Williams	50 00
“ E. Gallagher, for Booth, on Canal Street	25 00
“ Dr. C. Hensley—Cash won by him as a wager	60 00
“ W. F. Goldthwaite.....	20 00
April 28.—Mr. Davis	50 00
April 29.—Bank of Louisiana.....	1,000 00
“ Dr. W. N. Mercer.....	500 00
“ Eliza H. Young.....	100 00
“ Screwmen's Benevolent Association	75 00
“ Unknown.....	3 00
“ Unknown.....	1 00—
April 30.—Mr. Good, at Market—Donation.....	1,000 00
“ Proceeds Hams.....	42 00
“ Proceeds Hides.....	174 00
“ E. W. Dorr.....	50 00
Total	\$13,900 66

VALUATION OF DONATIONS IN KIND, RECEIVED FROM 1ST TO 30TH
APRIL, 1862, INCLUSIVE.

Molasses	\$530 00	Hams.....	\$80 00
Sugar.....	440 00	Potatoes	89 00
Corn Meal.....	261 50	Vegetables	83 00
Corn.....	42 00	Salt	48 00
Peas.....	94 00	Butter	20 00
Rice	150 00	Preserves	20 00
Bacon	120 00	Hardware	5 00
		Total	\$1,986 15

How could it be possible, with all this evidence of the Confederates caring for and assisting their poor, that General Butler, only nine days after, could issue the following notice :

GENERAL ORDERS No. 25.

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 9, 1862.

The deplorable state of destitution and hunger of the mechanics and working classes in this city has been brought to the knowledge of the Commanding General.

He has yielded to every suggestion made by the City Government, and ordered every method of furnishing food to the people of New Orleans that that government desired. No relief by those officials has yet been afforded. This hunger does not pinch the wealthy and influential, the leaders of the rebellion, who have gotten up this war, and are now endeavoring to prosecute it, without regard to the starving poor, the working-man, his wife and child. Unmindful of their suffering fellow-citizens at home, they have caused or suffered provisions to be carried out of the city for Confederate service since the occupation by the United States' forces.

Lafayette Square, their home of affluence, was made the depot of stores and munitions of war for the rebel armies, and not of provisions for their poor neighbors. Striking hands with the vile, the gambler, the idler, and the ruffian, they have destroyed the sugar and cotton which might have been exchanged for food for the industrious and good, and regrated the price of that which is left, by discrediting the very currency they had furnished while they eloped with the specie; as well that stolen from the United States, as the banks, the property of the good people of New Orleans, thus leaving them to ruin and starvation.

Fugitives from justice many of them, and others, their associates, staying because too puerile and insignificant to

be objects of punishment by the clement government of the United States.

They have betrayed their country.

They have been false to every trust.

They have shown themselves incapable of defending the State they had seized upon, although they have forced every poor man's child into their service as soldiers for that purpose, while they made their sons and nephews officers.

They cannot protect those whom they have ruined, but have left them to the mercies and assassinations of a chronic mob.

They will not feed those whom they are starving.

Mostly without property themselves, they have plundered, stolen, and destroyed the means of those who had property, leaving children penniless, and old age hopeless.

Men of Louisiana, workingmen, property holders, merchants, and citizens of the United States, of whatever nation you may have had birth, how long will you uphold these flagrant wrongs, and by inaction suffer yourselves to be made the serfs of these leaders?

The United States have sent land and naval forces here to fight and subdue rebellious armies in array against her authority. We find, substantially, only fugitive masses, runaway property owners, a whisky-drinking mob, and starving citizens with their wives and children. It is our duty to call back the first, to punish the second, root out the third, feed and protect the last.

Ready only for war, we had not prepared ourselves to feed the hungry and relieve the distressed with provisions. But to the extent possible within the power of the Commanding General it shall be done.

He has captured a quantity of beef and sugar intended for the rebels in the field. A thousand barrels of those stores will be distributed among the deserving poor of this city, from whom the rebels had plundered it; even although

some of the food will go to supply the craving wants of the wives and children of those now herding at "Camp Moore" and elsewhere, in arms against the United States.

Captain John Clark, Acting Chief Commissary of Subsistence, will be charged with the execution of this order, and will give public notice of the place and manner of distribution, which will be arranged as far as possible, so that the unworthy and dissolute will not share its benefits.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

OFFICE OF COMMISSARY OF SUBSISTENCE,

Custom-House, New Orleans, May 10, 1862.

In compliance with the above order of the Commanding General, the Commissary announces that his office in the Custom-House will be open on Monday, and from day to day thereafter, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 1 P. M., for the purpose of examining the claims of those who present themselves for assistance. Applicants for aid should bring such credentials from gentlemen in their respective Districts as shall guard against deception. The indorsement of a clergyman, a physician, or any gentleman known or knowing, will be sufficient.

On Monday, two hundred tierces of beef will be distributed.

JOHN CLARK,

Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, U. S.

Charity would almost make us believe that "General Orders No. 25" had been written before *he* came to the city, when he had more time to draw upon his imagination—when he was living a more reposeful life. We have always been noted in New Orleans for our *charities*.

"Here the rich never forget that the poor are always with them; and although they may be remiss in a thousand other duties, charity seems to have been always uppermost in

their thoughts. In no city in the civilized world does so general a spirit of philanthropy exist, and although adversity may frown upon her, and the tongues of some attempt to sully her fair fame, yet the record of the past lives fresh and everlasting—not alone in the minds of those who are now with us, but in the grateful hearts of thousands who wander in far off lands.

“Remember the many friendless strangers who have been rescued an untimely grave by the Howards. The destitute families fed by them in seasons of pestilence; the orphans reared and educated at the expense of our people, and by the self-sacrifice of those devoted women, the Sisters of Charity. Those were not spasmodic acts of any particular period, but an habitual benevolence, which was persisted in during years of dearth as well as plenty. And never, since the present war began, have our people abated one whit in their benevolence or kindness of heart. The free market—that monument of philanthropy—erected by a people whose trade was cut off, and whose sources of wealth were almost closed, has fed its six thousand destitute women and children, week after week and month after month; the fifty or more societies of benevolent ladies, whose members, though unused to toil, have labored so hard and so successfully to clothe and provide for the wives and little ones of the poor; the thousand private acts of benevolence done by those who ‘let not their left hand know of deeds done by their right.’ Does all this look as if the rich had forgotten the poor? or as if there was none of that Godlike virtue, charity, among us? Let the poor themselves—let their wives and little ones—answer, as they will, most emphatically, No. And, although the city was almost incapable of affording that relief she was wont, one of her children, we hope, will never be found so base—so lost to every principle of gratitude—as to seek to curse and destroy her because she had no more to give—because the last drop had been drawn

from her withered breast. But, on the contrary, we feel assured that they will love and respect her fair fame, and seek some means by which they can prove the gratitude of their hearts."

Our free market being closed, those who had depended upon it were in danger of starvation—every thing was too dear to purchase. General Butler was, of course, informed of this, and endeavored to have things arranged according to his own "notions."

He endeavored to *sell* food at a *low* price; but the poor had been too long cared for and supported gratuitously, to give their small earnings for bread, so he was obliged to conjure some other method to bring about the result.

"BUTLER AND HIS BROTHER."

Two brothers came to New Orleans,
Both were the name of "Butler."
The one was major-general,
The other merely sutler.

The first made proclamations
That were fearful to behold,
While the sutler dealt out rations
And took his pay in gold.

He had a *purpose* in all his actions. The poor must be fed, and he must sustain his popularity with the working classes. He did not care so much for the more enlightened part of the community. He must have been fully aware, from their avoidance of him in private life, how little they cared for him.

He had understood that the "old inhabitants" had subscribed a very large amount of money to the Confederate cause, to sustain the army (although many deprived themselves of all luxuries to enable them to lend a helping hand), so he concluded they could still be *forced* to give.

"He set his brains to contemplate the case."

We omitted to mention that Butler's wishes and designs were all conveyed either in "general orders" or "special orders."

He was truly a *despot*, and his despotism knew no bounds. Each "order" was a sledge-hammer, to fall upon any one who demurred at his shameful behavior. In the present instance, he states in his "General Order No. 55," that the immense sum subscribed was spent with stupidity and wastefulness; that the same parties should be assessed (now, a great many were in trouble, poverty, and distress) according to the sums annexed to their names—the sums to be paid to a man of his own choice, in one week, or the property of the delinquent be forthwith seized and sold at public auction, to pay the amount, with all necessary charges and expenses, or the party imprisoned till paid!

The money in his hands would go in the right direction. His "orders" were *imperative*—"no retreat in *that* war!" So, rather than run the risk of being sent to Ship Island, Dry Tortugas, or Fort Jackson, with a ball and chain attached to their limbs, they would succumb and *repay*—being ground to the earth and forced to give even of their penury, whilst he gloated over their misery, and inwardly exclaimed, "Am not I a god?"

"Ah, Ben! ah, Ben! thou'lt get thy fairin',
Old Scratch will roast thee like a herrin'."

In the course of a few months, this money had vanished—*no doubt, to feed the poor!*—and he had issued his "order" for a second assessment, when, most unexpectedly to himself, and with great rejoicing throughout the community, he was recalled.

GENERAL ORDER No. 55.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, August 4, 1862.

It appears that the need of relief to the destitute poor of

the city requires more extended measures and greater outlay than have yet been made.

It becomes a question in justice, upon whom should this burden fall? Clearly, upon those who have brought this great calamity upon their fellow-citizens.

It should not be borne by taxation of the whole municipality, because the middling and working men have never been heard at the ballot-box, unawed by threats and unmenaced by "Thugs" and paid assassins of conspirators against peace and good order. Besides, more than the vote which was claimed for secession have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States.

The United States Government does its share when it protects, defends, and preserves the people in the enjoyment of law, order, and calm quiet.

Those who have brought upon the city this stagnation of business, this desolation of the hearthstone, this starvation of the poor and helpless, should, as far as they may be able, relieve these distresses.

There are two classes whom it would seem peculiarly fit should at first contribute to this end. First, those individuals and corporations who have aided the rebellion with their means; and, second, those who have endeavored to destroy the commercial prosperity of the city, upon which the welfare of its inhabitants depends.

It is brought to the knowledge of the Commanding General, that a subscription of twelve hundred and fifty thousand dollars was made by the corporate bodies, business firms, and persons whose names are set forth in the schedule "A" annexed to this order, and that sum placed in the hands of an illegal body, known as the "Committee of Public Safety," for the treasonable purpose of defending the city against the Government of the United States, under whose humane rule the city of New Orleans had enjoyed such unexampled prosperity, that her warehouses were filled

with trade of all nations, who came to share her freedom, to take part in the benefits of her commercial superiority, and thus she was made the representative mart of the world.

The stupidity and wastefulness with which this immense sum was spent was only equaled by the folly which led to its being raised at all. The subscribers to this fund, by this very act, betray their treasonable designs, and their ability to pay at least a much smaller tax for the relief of their destitute and starving neighbors.

Schedule "B" is a list of cotton brokers, who, claiming to control that great interest in New Orleans to which she is so much indebted for her wealth, published in the newspapers, in October, 1861, a manifesto, deliberately advising the planters not to bring their produce to the city—a measure which brought ruin at the same time upon the producer and the city.

This act sufficiently testifies the malignity of these traitors, as well to the Government as to their neighbors, and it is to be regretted that their ability to relieve their fellow-citizens is not equal to their facilities for injuring them.

In taxing both these classes to relieve the suffering poor of New Orleans—yea, even though the needy be the starving wives and children of those in arms at Richmond and elsewhere against the United States—it will be impossible to make a mistake, save in having the assessment too easy and the burden too light.

It is therefore ordered—

1st. That the sums in schedules annexed, marked "A" and "B," set against the names of the several persons, business firms, and corporations therein described, be, and hereby are assessed upon each respectively.

2d That said sums be paid to Lieutenant David C. G. Field, Financial Clerk, at his office in the Custom-House, on or before Monday, the 11th inst., or that the property of the delinquent be forthwith seized and sold at public auction, to

pay the amount, with all the necessary charges and expenses, or the party imprisoned till paid.

3d. The money raised by this assessment to be a fund for the purpose of providing employment and food for the deserving poor people of New Orleans.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

R. S. DAVIS, Captain and A. A. A. G.

[Lieutenant Field may be found in the room formerly occupied by the Navy Agent.]

SCHEDULE A.

List of Subscribers to the Million and a Quarter Loan, placed in the hands of the Committee of Public Safety, for the Defence of New Orleans against the United States, and expended by them some \$38,000.

	Sums subscribed to aid treason against the U. States.	Sums assessed to relieve the poor by the U. States.
Aba., Generis & Co.....	\$210,000	\$52,500
Jonathan Montgomery.....	40,000	10,000
Thomas Sloo, President Sun Insurance Co. . .	50,000	12,000
C. C. Gaines.....	2,000	500
C. C. Gaines & Co.....	3,000	750
Trust. McDonogh Sch. Fd.....	340,000	85,000
J. B. Slawson.....	10,000	2,500
S. H. Wood.....	5,000	1,250
Mrs. S. H. Wood	2,000	500
Jacques Lange	7,000	1,700
Widow W. P. Welham	10,000	2,500
Robert Geddes.....	10,000	2,500
Widow Vogel	20,000	5,000
J. Levois & Co.....	10,000	2,500
Samuel Harby.....	14,800	3,700
Citizens' Bank of Louisiana.....	306,500	76,600
Giquel & Jamison.....	7,500	1,875
E. Booth.....	400	100
Edward Chapman	8,000	2,000
Thomas Layton.....	1,000	250
D. J. Beagnot.....	2,000	500
B. Dryer & Co.....	1,000	250
W. H. Pierson.....	3,000	750
Samuel Locke.....	10,000	2,500
Hart & Wintz.....	5,000	1,250
Southern Bank	10,000	2,500

Richard & Co.....	\$10,000	\$2,500
Dr. B. Moss	3,000	750
J. & J. C. Davidson	20,000	5,000
Dque Lanata	9,900	2,250
H. Samory.....	1,000	250
R. Turney	1,500	375
R. D. Maclin	2,500	625
J. H. Cohen.....	3,000	750
Mrs. C. A. Slocomb	5,500	1,375
Committee of Public Safety.....	865	216 25
H. Lee.....	150	37 50
George Zickendrath.....	200	50
Hyde & Goodrich	1,000	250
Magee, Horten & George.....	500	125
Samuel Loeb.....	100	25
Valentine Heerman.....	1,000	250
S. S. Bickler.....	250	62 50
John M. Demarest.....	100	25
Thomas O. Donnell	50	12 50
Mrs. V. B. McMahon	50	12 50
W. H. Letchford.....	1,000	250
O. F. Thiesman.....	50	12 50
Frederick Bauer.....	725	181 25
John Rickerson.....	250	62 50
McStea, Value & Co.....	1,000	250
Jacob Zoelly	1,000	250
T. Lafon.....	500	125
E. Cresswell	100	25
H. H. O. Meallie.....	50	12 50
Joseph Field	1,000	250
Jules Donc D. Amanon.....	150	37 50
John Farrell	150	37 50
D. H. Holmes	2,500	625
S. P. Lamon	300	75
Fanny Hollander	100	25
J. W. Stanton & Co.....	500	125
John H. Randolph.....	500	125
Harriet Morgan	175	43 75
Rachel Morgan.....	125	31 25
Sarah Morgan.....	173	43 50
Elizabeth Morgan	150	37 50
Mary M. Morgan	50	12 75
Margaret Harrod	50	12 50
Davis Brothers	200	50
Trustees Finke Asylum Fund.....	55,000	13,750
William Massey.....	300	75

F. Lagay	\$25	\$6 25
John J. Adams	1,000	250
A. W. Bosworth.....	600	150
Charles Briggs	100	25
J. A. Lum & Co.....	150	37 50
Charles Loeffler.....	200	50
George C. Brower.....	50	12 50
Patrick Howard	25	6 25
George Clamman.....	50	12 50
H. H. Hedden.....	500	125
James Goram	100	25
Rivas & Simms,.....	500	225
B. C. Young.....	150	37 50
D. A. Bruen.....	125	31 25
Madame Ve. H. Chretien	200	50
Henderson & Gaines	1,000	250
J. S. Aikens.....	250	62 50
W. O. Denegre.....	1,000	250
J. C. McLellan.....	200	50
Mrs. C. F. Snowden.....	50	12 50
Louisiana State Bank	7,500	1,875 50
Bank of America.....	5,000	1,250
General D. E. Twiggs.....	1,000	250
Jean Petit	13,125	3,281 25
	\$1,250,865	\$312,716 25

SCHEDULE B.

List of Cotton Brokers of New Orleans who published in the Crescent, in October last, a Card advising Planters not to send Produce to New Orleans, in order to induce Foreign Intervention in behalf of the Rebellion.

Sums assessed to relieve
the starving poor by
the United States.

Hewitt, Norton & Co.....	\$500
West & Villiere.....	250
S. E. Belknap	100
Brander, Chambliss & Co.....	500
Lewis & Oglesby	100
W. A. Johnson & Co.....	250
Carroll, Hoey & Co.....	500
Farley, Jurey & Co	500
W. Cox & Co.....	500
James M. Putnam	100
A. Levi & Co.....	250
Montgomery & Hall.....	100

Bellocq, Noblon & Co	\$250
Abat & Cushman	100
Holloway & Lonsdale	100
J. W. Champlin & Co	250
A. D. Henkel & Co	100
R. Yeatman	100
Broadwell & Haynes	100
Moore & Browder	250
R. W. Estlin & Co	500
Lane & Salter	100
S. O. Nelson & Co	500
Campbell & Strong	250
Patton & Finney	100
Fellowes & Co	500
Payne, Huntington & Co	500
T. H. & J. M. Allen & Co	500
F. B. Ernest	100
Edward Pillsbury	100
George E. Mandeville	250
Bell & Bouligny	250
Richard Nugent & Co	500
A. Miltenberger & Co	250
George Connelly & Co	500
J. & G. Cromwell	500
Moses Greenwood	100
A. Hillay & Co	500
Scruggs, Donnegan & Co	100
Hughes, Hyllestead & Co	500
W. & D. Urquhart	500
Phelps & Jones	100
John T. Hardie & Co	500
Hawkins & Norwood	100
Walker & Snyder	500
Gillis & Ferguson	250
J. B. Gribble & Co	100
Foley, Avery & Co	500
Rosser, Prothro & Co	250
Henderson, Terry & Co	100
Bradley, Wilson & Co	500
West, Renshaw & Cammack	500
John Williams & Co	250
Tarlton, Whiting & Co	250
Bartley, Johnson & Co	500
Hayes, Gaierverse & Co	100
Frierson, Conway & Co	400
Green & Crump	250

R. McIlhenny	\$250
Davis, Jenkins & Co.....	500
Kirkpatrick & Co.....	100
McFarland & Barksdale	500
Walker & Co.....	100
John L. Lee.....	250
P. H. Skipwith	100
Knox & Higgins.....	100
J. J. Person & Co.....	250
Battle, Noble & Co	500
R. C. Cummings & Co.....	500
Montgomery & White	500
Wright & Allen	500
Robert L. Adams & Co	500
Horrell, Gale & Co.....	250
John Watt & Co.....	500
Rotchford, Brown & Co.....	500
M. D. Cooper.....	500
Smith and Johnson	100
James Bankhead.....	100
McLemore, Rayburn & Co.....	250
Thomas Henderson & Peale.....	500
Wood & Lowe.....	500
Gallagher & Dyer.....	100
Pritchard & Flower.....	500
Stuart & James.....	100
Thornhill & Co.....	500
Ar. Miltenberger.....	500
Gladden & Seixas.....	100
J. W. Burbridge & Co.....	500
Friedlander & Gerson.....	250
Warren & Crawford.....	100
Perkins & Co.....	500
Cutler & Harrison.....	100
Nixon & Co.....	500
Copes & Phelps.....	250
Giffen, Smedes & Co.....	500
Total.....	\$29,200

To delicate minds the unfortunate are always objects of respect; but, alas! there was none of the milk of human kindness in the breasts of our adversaries. Exulting in the misery of their victims, the stupid and revolting creatures

would indulge their low wit at the expense of the feelings of a whole community.

We turn with disgust from the vulgar and coarse language of the following remarks, taken from one of the papers which the "commanding general" kept under his supervision to print his "orders" etc. The news-boys called it the *lie-able* (reliable) paper.

As we are faithful chroniclers we give it place :

"TRIBULATION IN CARONDELET STREET.—EXCITEMENT AMONG THE
COTTON FACTORS.

"From the moment that General Butler's Order No. 55 became known yesterday, mulcting some one hundred and ninety individuals, corporations and mercantile firms in the snug little sum of three hundred and forty odd thousand dollars, for the purpose of providing employment and food for the suffering poor of this city, the flags of Carondelet Street became the scene of unwonted agitation. For the first time those many months, the *habitués* of *la Grande Rue* were awakened from their ancient, snake-like lethargy. Sleek old gentlemen, whose stomachs are extended with turtle, and who sport ivory-headed canes, and wear on their noses two-eyed glasses rimmed with gold, came out from their umbrageous seclusions from Prytania Street, Coleseum Place, and other rural portions of the Garden District, to condole with each other upon the now once more animated flags.

"At an early hour yesterday morning, knots of these aldermanic-looking gentry, with white vests and stiffened shirt-collars, had collected in the vicinity of Colonel Baxter's corner, for the purpose of discussing the merits of the order—of that Order No. 55, which was destined to disturb the equilibrium of many a cash balance, and to cause unwilling fingers to dive into the depths of plethoric pockets, long undisturbed by the prying digits of their unctuous owners.

"It was refreshing to contemplate the sorrowful visages of

this funereal crowd. Some of them had been taxed hundreds and some to the tune of thousands, but all alike bore the solemn aspect of unresisting muttons led silently to slaughter. They had made their money easy, to be sure, but parting with it was like pulling teeth. Some of these men are worth a million or so; a few, perhaps, as much as ten millions in real estate, stocks, bonds, and expectations; and others again are known as *poor men*, tolerably well to do, and worth only from three to five hundred thousand dollars apiece. For these latter to be taxed as high as a hundred dollars, out of the little savings which they had laid up, by means of two-and-a-half per cent. for advancing on cotton crops, and two-and-a-half per cent. commissions, and yet other percentages for brokerage and stealage, seemed rather hard—at least to them! No wonder that they growled.

“But, gentlemen, lamentations won’t do. The poor must be employed and fed, and you must disgorge. It will never do to be said that while you lay back in cushioned divans, tasting turtle and sipping the wine-cup, dressed in fine linen and rolling in lordly carriages—that gaunt hunger stalked in the once busy streets, and poverty flouted its rags under your aristocratic noses for the want of the privilege to work! Launch out, then, the needful, you favored ones of the higher walks of trade, and let the poor have work. This slight phlebotomizing of your plethoric purses will feed thousands of the deserving, and you be none the worse. By Monday, the 11th inst., the time limited by the order, we hope to see you all come up to the terms prescribed; and for our part, we shall be happy to give so flattering an account of you.”

AID FOR THE POOR.

In less than four months more than \$340,000 had been *expended judiciously* under Butler’s fostering care. “Order 105” was the second requisition, which had just been made when he was politely “ordered” to leave New Orleans.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 105.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, Dec. 9th, 1862.

Under General Orders No. 55, current series from these headquarters, an assessment was made upon certain parties who had aided the rebellion, "to be appropriated to the relief of the starving poor of New Orleans."

The calls upon the fund raised under that order have been frequent and urgent, and it is now exhausted.

But the poor of this city have the same or increased necessities for relief as then, and their calls must be heard; and it is both fit and proper that the parties responsible for the present state of affairs should have the burden of their support.

Therefore, the parties named in Schedules A and B, of General Orders No. 55, as hereunto annexed, are assessed in like sums, and for the same purpose, and will make payment to D. C. G. Field, Financial Clerk, at his office at these headquarters, on or before Monday, December 15th, 1862.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

Butler's brother assisted him to feed the poor. He got beeves from Texas.

With such a superabundance of money, a free market was also established, but there was a great deal of grumbling; almost as much as they had at the North, about the same time, when Mrs. Lincoln gave a ball.

It may be interesting, and therefore we insert it, although somewhat out of place.

CHAPTER II.

"Other dance, the warriors knew,
When they danced at Waterloo."

GRUMBLING AT THE NORTH.—MRS. LINCOLN'S GRAND BALL.

The following articles from Northern papers we take from the New York Herald of November 18.

FIDDLING NERO AND BURNING ROME.

The first ball ever given at the White House came off last Wednesday evening. The Cabinet, both Houses of Congress, many of the army officers, foreign ministers, leading citizens, etc., to the number of five hundred, were present with their wives and daughters. The ladies were dressed in the highest style of fashion and extravagance, especially Mrs. Lincoln. The gentlemen were generally very plainly attired. About 12 o'clock the supper room was thrown open, and exhibited one of the finest displays of gastronomic art ever seen in this country—a temple of liberty, a fort and war steamer, admirably modeled in candy, and a ton of turkeys, ducks, venison, pheasants, partridges, etc., all exquisitely prepared by Maillard, of New York, at a cost of thousands of dollars.

While the country is shaken as by an earthquake by the mightiest and most unnatural civil war recorded in history, and on the eve of bankruptcy and ruin; while it is even now a question—a fearful one—whether we are to be henceforth the free people of a free nation, or whether we are to become the subjects of anarchy, a second Mexico—we say, that while these direful calamities are threatening our very life as a nation, such an extravagant and foolish display is

shocking. At any time such mimicking and aping European courts is disgusting in the capital of a republic; but, at such a crisis as the present, such a wanton display of extravagance and indifference on the part of the Administration is an outrage to the interests and feelings of the people. It is tempting a kind Providence to our destruction. What will be thought in Europe of such frivolity? How forcibly and unpleasantly it calls to mind the fiddling of Nero at the burning of Rome. That same night, while in Washington all was wanton and gay, the hunted Unionist in our bloody border land stole in secret from his den, and, aided by the glimmering moonlight, looked once more on the ashes of what was once his happy home.

That same night wounded volunteers died in the hospitals for want of care and comfort, and our noblest sons and brothers pined in the loathsome horrors of a Southern prison, and sighed hopelessly for release; while on our Western frontiers the houseless mother clasped her starving babe, and the prairie wolf gnawed ravenously the bones of the loyal dead. And still with bands playing, and streamers flying, and the noble old ship of State, tempest-tossed and drifting along the very verge of an abyss, the "august wisdom of the capital" are merry with wine, jolly and indifferent, toasting and feasting, dancing and capering about the White House goose with devil-me-care imbecility, as though life were intended for a pastime—civil war an agreeable tableau. Shade of Belshazzar—ashes of Nineveh—golden calf of Ashron—come forth, ye are wanted in Washington!—*Adams Transcript*.

MRS. LINCOLN'S BALL.

The first ball ever given in the White House came off to-night, says the Tribune's correspondent of Thursday last. We have read of the crews of sinking ships, when all hope had fled, throwing off all restraints, human and divine, and

mingling their revolting orgies and mad carousals with the avenging spirit of the tempest, which was hurrying them to a swift and sure destruction. Are the incumbents of the high places of trust and power, mad or demented, that, in this dark hour of our history and our hopes, they desert our posts of duty to inaugurate the reign of fashion, and worship at the shrine of folly? Or was this a shameless funeral wake over the unburied remains of a defunct Union.

"Most of the Senators and Members of Congress and generals of the army were there," says the reporter. Faithless betrayers of a people's trust, was it for this that you were sent to Congress or placed in command of our armies? Are we incurring an expenditure of two millions of dollars per day, and sacrificing hundreds of lives, that you may congregate and riot at our expense?

Again, says the reporter: "The supper was set in the dining room, and was considered one of the finest displays of gastronomic art ever seen in this country. It was prepared by Maillard, of New York, and cost thousands of dollars." And this was while Secretary Chase was urgently importuning Congress to adopt some measures to replenish an empty treasury.

Again says the faithful chronicler: "The tables fairly bent under the expensive luxuries heaped one upon another." Only one week before Mr. Wilson had stated in his place in the Senate, that "he had seen certificates from sick soldiers that they had actually to go to the swill tubs to enable them to live in the hospitals at Alexandria."

Is the White House to be made the scene of disgraceful frivolity, hilarity and gluttony, while hundreds of sick and suffering soldiers, within plain sight of the dome of the Capitol, are left to suffer for the bare necessities of life, unattended and uncared for? There must be a moral malaria in the atmosphere of Washington which stupefies the intellect and dims the perceptions, while it dries up or

poisons the fountains of human kindness in all who enter its transforming circle. Slavery and treason still live and flourish there. Sampson was shorn of his strength by a woman of the Philistines. The White House may have its Delilah; who can tell?—*Jeffersonian Democrat*.

THE WHITE HOUSE FESTIVITIES.

We will not be guilty of such disrespect towards President Lincoln as to suppose him responsible in any other way than a passive, if not virtually enforced, acquiescence in those misplaced festivities of the White House which have lately shocked the sensibilities of the nation. It was bad enough for Mrs. Lincoln to make an ostentatious parade of her gayety at fashionable watering places last summer. The nation has drawn no favorable augury from her intimacy with the family of James Gordon Bennett, and the evident relish with which she has received the fulsome flattery of the infamous sheet which he edits. But these things were generally borne in silence. It was not until this crowning act of inaugurating, in the climax of the nation's agony, the recent scenes of rout and revelry at the White House, that the press has been compelled by its sense of duty to speak out. This it is now doing, and with no uncertain tone. It comes from all quarters, and from journals representing every variety of sentiment.

A Member of Congress from this State who has already done his country signal service in exposing frauds for which this same social influence, surrounding the White House, is said to be largely responsible, is reported to have "freed his mind" as follows:

Two or three days since Mr. Lincoln sent word to Mr. Dawes, through a brother member, that he (Dawes) had done more to break down the Administration than any other man in the country, by his speech exposing the corruptions of contractors and others. Mr. Dawes sent back a message

in reply to the President. "Tell him," said Mr. Dawes, "that nothing that I can do will break down his Administration as rapidly as his dancing party given at the time when the nation is in the agonies of civil war. With equal propriety might a man make a visit with a corpse in the house."

The concluding expression of Mr. Dawes, though startling, can hardly be called extravagant. The last dollar was paid from the national treasury, and the nation stood face to face with hundreds of millions of debt unprovided for on the day of this unseemly festivity. Our wounded and diseased soldiers were suffering, dying, amid the hardships of the camp, while the contractors who had wronged them out of most of the limited comforts which the necessities of their situation permitted, were paraded amid the splendors of the social pageant.—*Roxbury Journal*.

The following letter shows the many ingenious modes resorted to by the wives of rebel soldiers to obtain relief:

"WHINING DOES NO GOOD."—PROVISION *vs.* PRINCIPLE.

"The mercy I to others show
That mercy show to me."

MR. EDITOR: Your reporters sometimes complain of a scarcity of items. If they will go around the places where provisions are distributed to the poor of this city and its environs, they can find items enough in one day, for a week.

Having occasion to call on one of the officers who happened to be on duty there, I stood for some time in utter amazement, witnessing the ingress and egress to and from that place, which seemed to many to be the Golconda of the world. If that is not the place to see human nature unadorned, then I have never found it.

There they would find persons of all ages, sexes, and conditions, each telling his or her particular hardships, and the miseries war has brought upon them, thinking, no doubt, that *their* sufferings were not equaled by those of any one else.

They would find there men (and women, too), who have

spent their lives in cursing and bemoaning the Yankees, asking bread. It ought to choke them. They would see there scores of persons who have sworn, and still do, that they would not eat any thing the Yankees have to sell, yet they slip there under double veils, or send some one secretly ; and if they pay at all, they get the articles at about half price.

I should like to know who has eaten a breakfast in New Orleans within the last two months that was not purchased from the Yankees ? One says, "I did not get my provisions of them ; I bought them at Mr. S.'s grocery." Well, where did Mr. S. get them ? This kind of crawling out will never do. To use a common expression, "you might as well eat the devil as drink his broth."

A woman came up to the officer and said : "Sir, I want to get in to get some provisions." "Have you a husband ?" "Yes." "Has he taken the oath ?" "Yes"—showing the document. Officer, looking ; "taken to-day ?" "Yes." "It's to Great Britain ?" "Yes." "Well, you may go there and get something to eat." Woman, in a rage, turns away, but finally officer passes her in.

She soon returns with a well-filled basket, and meeting a friend, says : "Them low, good-for-nothing, mean Yankees didn't want to give me any thing, because John didn't swear for the Union ! He'd see them all hung first, the vagabonds." And off she went, heaping curses upon the heads of those who are willing to feed the hungry.

Another came up and asked admittance. "Have you a husband ?" "Yes." "Is he at work ?" "Yes." "Are you needy ?" "Yes ; I cannot get his wages, and my family must suffer if I cannot get assistance." "Where is your husband ?" "In the army." "In which army ?" "The Confederate, to be sure." "And you come here for provisions ? Why, we did not come here to feed Rebels ?" "I am no Rebel. My husband did not want to go, but he had to." "Then you are for Union ?" "Yes." "Well, pass in."

Feeling somewhat interested in this lady's success (for I knew her well), I waited until she came out, and the first salutation was, "Didn't I fool that Yankee officer nicely?" "How?" said I, appearing ignorant of the facts.

"Why, I told him I was for Union, and that Charley had to go to war, and that I was suffering, and all that, and see what a nice lot I've got!"

"Now, are you not ashamed?" I said. "You did not tell him one truth." "I know it, but who cares. He can as well give me something as others. Plenty go there who don't need it." Hundreds of just such Union people daily throng those places; deceive the men in attendance; receive supplies, and, while seated at their tables enjoying them, curse (and teach their children so to do) the source from whence those blessings come.

Union people! Yes, united in getting something to eat, but nothing more. That these impositions are constantly being practiced, every one of observation must know. The remedy is yet to be found. This I leave for wiser heads, but one thing has just struck my mind that might not be inapplicable here.

I recollect very distinctly being out shopping some months ago, and meeting (or crossing the street to avoid meeting) the greatest mass of mortality, in the greatest state of excitement, that I had seen for a long time. I did not at first know what it was, but, upon taking a second look, saw that it was a man of huge dimensions and great muscular powers, who ran hat in hand through the streets, foaming, panting, and crying something I could not understand. The excited crowd followed and hallooed in the same words, which proved to be, "Glorious victory at Bull Run."

Surely, he beat *all time* ever made at a battle, or anywhere else, except the time made by General Lovell last April. Well, to my subject. This bellicose news dispenser is now giving out "papers" to those *he* considers worthy to

receive assistance from those who are distributing provisions to the poor. May be he has taken the oath; but if he has, he is a turn-coat and can't be trusted. He'll turn again when it's his interest. I hope he'll excuse me. I don't mean the least harm, but think those who give "papers" ought to be *tried Union men*, and he will agree with me.

It is very natural to suppose that the men who give out those papers, or certificates (we don't know what to call them), are acquainted with those to whom they give them, and that they know whether or not they are deserving. If this is not the case, it should be so, and they should be held responsible for any impositions that may be practiced.

I believe it is the intention of those engaged in this work of benevolence to feed all classes, but it is a notorious fact that the greatest number of those who patronize those institutions are the loudest-mouthed and most abusive secessionists we have.

There are families of this kind who go there alternately, parents and children, almost every day, and in this way have laid in a nice little stock, almost enough to start business.

They pretend they are for the Union till they get their supplies, then go home and laugh about it. I do not believe in a kind of Union people who, six months ago, cursed the Government, and used all the influence they possessed to put it down, abused all who were true and loyal, and neglected no opportunity to show their secession sympathies, who now come round, and, for the sake of getting something to eat, say they are for the Union. They ought to be escorted out of the country on a rail.

There are persons here who have from the commencement of this rebellion stood up against all the abuses a mobocratic community could hurl at them, and in the face of powder and ball, and with the rope threatening them, gone steadily forward upholding the Union, and expressing the hope and belief that the rebellion would be put down, and that the glo-

rious emblem which has for eighty years waved triumphantly over us, would be seen flying from every house-top.

These are Union people, and although some of them have, on account of their sentiments, been deprived of business and reduced to want, and to-day are not able to procure for their families the necessaries of life, they are the last to call for assistance.

Some of this class have called and met these, their traducers, and the traducers of the Government, with well-filled baskets, while they had to stand back, and could not gain admittance. This is hard, but may be right. I hope sincerely that the authorities will investigate this matter *immediately*, and arrange it so that the friends to their cause may at least fare as well as those who, after receiving bounties, traduce the givers.

One of these recipients said to me the other day, in a very threatening manner, "Just wait until the Confederates get back to the city. They will then take the feeding of the poor into their own hands, and if they don't give some of these Union brawlers a dose that will choke them, I'll miss my guess."

Suppose it will be molasses and cotton! Well, we shall wait anxiously, and if the Confederates ever do have the feeding of the poor of New Orleans, and dispense their favors as impartially as those now engaged in that work of mercy are doing, they will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of a people who have, by the stern realities of war, been reduced to a state of destitution hitherto unknown to them.

NELLIE.

NEW ORLEANS, July 28th, 1862.

CHAPTER XII.

“Man’s inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.”

THE excitement of the populace was intense when they found that the Confederate flags which had waved over the Custom-House, the Mint, and the City Hall for several months, were *ordered* to be *removed*. What right had any one to issue such a command when the city had *not* surrendered?

It was the supposed right of *brutal might* alone.

A force of one hundred marines and a body of sailors, with two brass howitzers, were sent ashore by the United States Squadron, then in our port, hauled down the Confederate flags from the Custom-House and Mint, and hoisted the flag of the United States. One of the officials, we think named Bell, hauled down the flag from off the City Hall, and came down with it under his arm.

The incensed multitude, kept at bay by the military, “looked daggers” and received him with a groan.

It was heaping insult upon injury to see those beautiful silk flags, which had been presented to the city by such loving hands—which we had all cherished and prized so highly—now desecrated, and in possession of those who would most likely send them North as trophies.*

Four men, among whom were “William B. Mumford” and “Adolphe Harper,” more excitable, perhaps, than others, determined to take down at least one of the hated emblems, as they thought of their degradation.

* And which we now know has been done.

Mounting to the roof of "the Mint," *Adolphe Harper* hauled down the flag, and departed! There was wild commotion when this was done. Mumford being in company, was arrested, tried by "Butler's Court of Military Commission," convicted no doubt upon circumstantial evidence, or perhaps upon no evidence at all—condemned to death, and General B. F. Butler ordered the execution!

Governor Moore, speaking of the act, remarked: "The noble heroism of the patriot Mumford has placed his name high on the list of our martyred sons."

Some of our most influential and respected citizens used their most earnest and pathetic entreaties to persuade General Butler to spare the prisoner's life; but he had denounced him, and his fate was sealed. The most conclusive and affecting arguments were treated with contempt.

The question of *right* was waved; his compassion and generosity were appealed to, but obstinacy and vindictiveness governed him.

He had power given him as "despot," and he must strike terror into the Southern heart, so he would begin at once!

For Mumford's family there was no redress—no respite from suffering.

In a short time the poor man was executed! leaving an estimable wife and three small children to the tender mercies of the world, to be supported by *charity*.

Some of our benevolent ladies took them under their care, and did all they could to assist them in their great tribulation; but "God alone can ease the troubled heart."

CHAPTER XIII.

“The want of decency is a want of sense.”

BUTLER'S infamous “Order No. 28,” known everywhere, and commented upon both in Europe and America, was a most refined piece of cruelty. Fearing it might be lost, it had better be inserted as a *relic*:

GENERAL ORDER No. 28.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, May 15, 1862.

As the officers and soldiers of the United States have been subjected to repeated insults from the women (calling themselves ladies) of New Orleans, in return for the most scrupulous non-interference and courtesy on our part, it is ordered that hereafter when any female shall, by word, gesture, or movement, insult or show contempt for any officer or soldier of the United States, she shall be regarded and held liable to be treated as a woman of the town plying her avocation.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.
G. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

The ladies in New Orleans, however, had their champions. See what the London Times says:

The London Times says the proclamation of Butler realizes all that was ever told of tyranny by victor over the vanquished, and the state of slavery endured by the negroes of New Orleans cannot be more absolute than that now suffered by the whites of that city.

In the House of Lords on the 13th of June, Earl Carnarvon called attention to General Butler's proclamation re-

lative to the ladies of New Orleans. He condemned it in severe terms, as without precedent in the annals of war, and asked if the Government had information of its authenticity, and if it had protested against it.

In the House of Commons, Sir J. Welsh made inquiry as to the authenticity of General Bulter's proclamation, which he denounced as repugnant to the feelings of the nineteenth century, and moved for any correspondence on the subject.

There was a wail of anguish throughout the land when this "order" was issued—all others now seemed endurable, but this *humiliated* us. We looked on in silence, not knowing from whence a blow might come!

Afraid to speak—almost to breathe—lest a wrong motive would be imputed to the most innocent movement.

The Episcopal Clergy were next assaulted—even they could not be allowed to pursue "the even tenor of their way;" every opportunity was taken to insult them, and finally, Old Butler "ordered" them to New York.

Dr. Leacock, Dr. Goodrich, and Dr. Fulton were sent off; Mr. Hedges sent to Mobile—all faithful ministers of the Gospel, with large congregations devoted to them!

The Sunday Delta asks in a very quaint way: Who is the Rev. Dr. Goodrich, the minister who has hitherto officiated in the Episcopal Church on Camp Street, near the intersection of Prytania Street?

Of course the person who asked the question was from other parts—perhaps from England—which is a *great way* off from us. Dr. G. commenced his career here as a missionary, working for many years in this city, more for the benefit of his parishioners and the love of his Saviour than for any remuneration which he received.

His good and godly life is so well known in this community that it need not be commented upon.

After his banishment to the North he returned, and now

officiates in the handsome edifice erected for him. It will be well to read the description of the scenes which were enacted within its walls.

THE BATTLE OF ST. PAUL'S,

Fought in New Orleans, Sunday, October 12, 1862.

SUNG BY A LOUISIANA SOLDIER.

Come, boys, and listen while I sing
The greatest fight yet fought—
That time the hated Yankee
A real Tartar caught.
'Twas not the first Manassas,
Won by our Beauregard,
Nor Perryville, nor Belmont,
Though Polk then hit him hard;
Nor was it famous Shiloh,
Where Sydney Johnston fell—
No, these were mighty battles,
But a greater I will tell.
'Twas fought on Sunday morning,
Within the Church's walls,
And shall be known in history
As the battle of St. Paul's.
The Yankee Strong commanded
For Butler the abhorr'd,
And the Reverend Mr. Goodrich
Bore the banner of the Eord.
The bell had ceased its tolling.
The service nearly done,
The Psalms and Lessons over,
The Lord's Prayer just begun;
When as the Priest and people
Said "Hallowed be Thy name,"
A voice in tones of thunder
His order did proclaim:
"As this house has been devoted
To Great Jehovah's praise,
And no prayer for Abra'm Lincoln
Within its walls you raise,

Therefore of rank Secession

It is an impious nest,

And I stop all further service,

And the clergyman arrest;

And in name of General Butler,

I order furthermore,

That this assembly scatter,

And the Sexton close the door."

Up rose the congregation—

We men were all away,

And our wives and little children

Alone remained to pray.

But when has Southern woman

Before a Yankee quailed?

And these with tongues undaunted

That Lincolnite assailed,

In vain he called his soldiers—

Their darts around him flew,

And the *Strong* man then discovered

What a woman's tongue can do.

Some cried, "We knew that Butler

On babes and women warr'd,

But we did not think to find him

In the temple of the Lord."

Some pressed around their pastor,

Some on the villain gazed,

Who against the Lord's anointed

His dastard arm had raised.

Some said, "E'en to a Yankee

We would not do such wrong,

As to mistake another

For the gallant Major Strong;

So we'll look upon the hero

Till his face we cannot doubt,"

While a stout old lady shouted,

"Do some one kick him out."

"Don't touch him," cried another,

"He is worthy of his Ruler,

For he fights with women braver

Than he fought at Ponchatoula."

But when the storm raged fiercest,

And hearts were all aflame,
Like oil on troubled waters,
The voice of blessing came—
For though with angry gestures
The Yankee bid him cease,
The Priest, with hands uplifted,
Bid his people go in peace;
And called down heavenly blessings
Upon that tossing crowd,
While the men their teeth were clenching,
And the women sobbing loud.
And then with mien undaunted
He passed along the aisle,
The gallant Yankee hero
Behind him all the while.
“You better bring a gunboat,
For that’s your winning card,”
Said a haughty little beauty,
As the *Strong* man called a guard.
“’Tis only ’neath their shelter
You Yankees ever fight,”
Cried another spunky woman
Who stood upon his right.
But the Major thought a cannon
(If his men could not succeed
In clearing off the sidewalk),
Would be all that he should need.
And I guess his light artillery
’Gainst Christ Church he will range,
When his “base of operations”
Next Sunday he shall “change.”
’Twas thus the tyrant Butler,
’Mid woman’s sobs and tears,
Seized a priest before the altar
He had served for twenty years.
We know in darkest ages
A Church was holy ground,
Where from the hand of Justice
A refuge might be found:
And from the meanest soldier
To the highest in the land,

None dared to touch the fugitive
Who should within it stand.
’Twas left the beastly Butler
To violate its walls,
And to be known in future
As the Victor of St. Paul’s.
He has called our wives “She-adders,”
And he shall feel their sting,
For the voice of outraged woman
Through every land shall ring.
He shall stand with Austrian Haynau
Upon the rolls of fame,
And bear to latest ages
A base, dishonored name.

The church in which the Rev. Mr. Hedges officiated was, after his *banishment*, converted into a school-house for young “*contrabands*,” where their youthful ideas were being taught to shoot.

It caught fire, *accidentally* one windy night, and burned to the ground. It was a great loss to the neighborhood, for some of the Ethiopians had very sonorous voices and pitched their notes full high.

The crime for which those clergymen were arrested was, that they refused to pray for “the president of the United States and all others in authority.

Old Dr. Beecher once prayed: “O Lord, we pray Thee that we may not dispute our rulers! and, O Lord, we further pray that they may not behave so that we cannot help it!”

There was a clergyman in Frederick, Md., the Rev. Dr. Z——, who, bolder than the rest, had the courage to pray for “the President of the United States” in the presence of a number of Rebel officers, who took no step to punish or rebuke him. No doubt they thought it right to have him enjoy the ‘benefit of clergy.’

“In the evening, he had among his hearers *Stonewall Jackson*, who slept soundly through the services.”

We are happy to state that all the clergy have returned to their respective churches in New Orleans, much to the delight of their congregations.

Our beloved Bishop Polk will long be remembered and mourned—but he returns no more! What a sorrowful thought! We should all endeavor to “remember the words which he spoke unto us while he was yet present with us.”

No one has been with us who was more truly beloved by all parties than he; his amiable manners and righteous life endeared him to all. He was a man of whom it might truly be said: “He knew no wish, but what the world might hear.”

A lady has written a short tribute to General Polk.

There are few more justly deserving of praise than our patriotic hero, General Leonidas Polk, of whom we all feel proud.

Nature invested him with a benign disposition and with all the characteristics of generous feeling. He always exerted a salutary and moralizing influence over the minds of his people by his chaste and exemplary example and precepts. He won the respect and affection of his brave soldiers by his genial and social disposition and manners. He was highly esteemed and appreciated for his zealous interest in behalf of his people.

He is deserving of praise for his self-sacrificing conduct during our sad and sanguinary war. He manifested an indefatigable spirit of energy in defending the cause which he had espoused. He was brave and fearless to the last moment, until the invading foe snatched his life away! so unexpectedly; depriving his aggrieved people of their noble, and much-loved defender.

His immortal spirit was transferred from the battle-field, to a more tranquil and purer sphere.

His people will hold his noble deeds and acts of benevolence in affectionate and grateful remembrance.

CHAPTER XIV.

"O Shame, where is thy blush!"

THE greater part of the information respecting private property was derived from negroes, as at all times they were allowed the *entrée* to Butler's sanctum.

Intriguing men have emissaries everywhere, and they are never above a little familiarity with servants; they are their best "helps" as a little money can generally buy their services.

If servants could only be flattered into talking of their master's affairs, Butler's aims were accomplished; the facts alone he wished to know, and he could draw upon his vivid imagination to invent schemes to desolate and destroy.

It was a negro servant who informed one of Butler's emissaries that A. Couterié, Esq., the Consul of the Netherlands, "had a large amount of silver in his possession;" such information was valuable, and must be acted upon. Accordingly, A. Couterié was arrested by an "order" from the "General Commanding;" his office seized and the most insulting language used; finally, two officials were ordered to search his person, "even to searching the soles of his shoes," to find the key to unlock the treasure!

This was done artistically, decency not being regarded.

Their purposes being gained, the Consul was released; removing from his office several wagon loads of silver, amounting to \$800,000, also private papers and other things.

The reason for this outrage, which caused intense excitement, was: "The Citizens' Bank owed the celebrated banking-house of Hope & Co., of Amsterdam, a large sum—variously estimated from \$500,000 to \$1,000,000—the notes

for the payment of which were due in the course of the next two months. The directors of the bank, for reasons of their own, concluded to place the amount of their indebtedness to Hope & Co., in the hands of the Holland Consul, for the payment of these notes, either before or at the time they became due." And Butler wished to investigate the case.

The French Consul was also relieved of a large amount of specie, although not treated in so rude and insolent a manner.

We copy the following from the daily papers :

"Messrs. Sam. Smith & Brother, the largest private bankers in the city, were arrested on Sunday by order of General Butler, and detained as prisoners until yesterday noon. The books, moneys, and other assets of Messrs. Smith, including the boxes, packages, etc., deposited with them by private depositors, \$70,000 in specie, and about \$400,000 in bills receivable, were also seized by the same authorities. Mr. B. Avegno, another private banker, was also arrested yesterday, and last night Mr. A. B. James, a wealthy property holder and capitalist, was marched to the Custom-House under a guard of United States soldiers."

Affairs got to such a state in the city, that numerous complaints were sent to the President in Washington, to have him interpose his authority against such lawlessness. Accordingly, President Johnson commissioned the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, to go to New Orleans to investigate the case.

The following letter from Washington fully explains his ideas upon the subject :

"Hon. Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland, has made his report to the Government upon the points in the administration of affairs in New Orleans, which he not long since went thither to investigate, and the President has approved its conclusions.

“It is understood that he recommends the return to the Consul of the Netherlands of the eight hundred thousand dollars seized by Gen. Butler; that seven hundred and sixteen thousand dollars be returned to the French Consul, and also a large amount of sugars and other merchandise be relinquished to the Greek, British, and other foreign merchants domiciled in New Orleans, as, according to Mr. Johnson, these seizures by Gen. Butler cannot be justified by civil or military law.”

Butler was obliged to refund the money, and, in doing so, he no doubt felt relieved of a very heavy responsibility.

“Trifles, light as air, are to the jealous
Confirmation strong as proofs of Holy Writ.”

It has been truly said that “those who allow trifles to annoy them live among their enemies.” This was eminently the case with General Butler.

He would allow nothing to escape without noticing it; the most trivial circumstance was magnified by the satellites around him.

Bad as he was, he was made still worse by the cunning, envy, hatred, and malice of those in whom he trusted.

His habit of drinking so freely of *molasses and water*, which made “his face so red,” doubtless assisted in devising his schemes to annoy and irritate.

A case in point was the turmoil respecting the English ship *Rinaldo*.

He could not understand the cause of the hilarity on board the vessel—concluded that it was done to torment him—while, in fact, no one *there* gave him a passing thought.

There were a number of young English gentlemen, of high birth and parentage, midshipmen on board the *Rinaldo*, an English man-of-war, lying off New Orleans. They, as they were justly entitled to the hospitalities of the city,

were kindly received and hospitably entertained by some of our best Creole families, several of them of English descent. Their time passed pleasantly ; scarcely a day or evening but they were invited to soirees or parties, gotten up to enable the young people to enjoy themselves, and to forget in innocent gayety, if possible, the terrible scenes through which the country was passing.

Those gentlemen, willing and anxious to return some of the civilities which they had kindly extended to them, gave a "tea party" on board their vessel, and invited a number of the beautiful, high-toned Southern young ladies to favor them with their presence—which invitation they were most happy to accept, and a delightful reunion it was. The weather was charming—moon shining brightly—band playing—and all conspiring to make them happy.

The band played "Dixie," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," "My Maryland," and many other favorite airs, to please the ladies. All went off charmingly. The dancing—the singing—the promenading on the deck—the supper—all were exquisite.

Quite a crowd gathered on the levee to see the novel sight. The vessel gaily lighted, and flags floating in the breeze, looked beautiful by moonlight.

This was too much for old Butler ; he could not let it pass. "The fidgetty thing," he would not have felt so badly if he had been *invited* ; but, in no such society could he figure, so he amused himself by sending his myrmidons, the police, on the levee, about eight o'clock in the evening, pretending that he feared a *riot*, and actually arrested persons for singing songs in unison with those on board the vessel.

CHAPTER XV.

As day after day the "orders" were issued, each one seemed more virulent than the last. The culminating point was at length reached, at least so it was thought, in "Order No. 76." The beauty of our country, our wealth, and the happiness we enjoyed among ourselves, where inferior spirits could not obtain foothold, excited envy and malice.

The exclusiveness of a portion of the Southern people doubtless irritated the *pompous* New England stranger and his staff. Indeed, inuendoes were thrown out in the newspapers "that if a different course were pursued, a smile (a grin) might be gained from those in power," etc.

No such proposition could be for a moment entertained! There could be no amalgamation. Nothing but disgust was felt, and, of course, shown. All that was desired by Southern-born people was to be *left alone*.

Like Satan himself, wandering around, "seeking whom he might devour," and wondering how he might enter ladies' houses, whose "husbands had departed," and whose doors and windows were generally closed, old Butler issued his *prying, crushing* "Order No. 76."

AN IMPORTANT ORDER.

We publish Order No. 76, from Major-General Butler. Its requirements are of vital interest to all persons in this Department above the age of eighteen years. Let the order be attentively read and readily complied with :

GENERAL ORDERS No. 76.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, September 24, 1862.

All persons, male or female, within this Department, of

the age of eighteen years and upwards, who have ever been citizens of the United States, and have not renewed their allegiance before this date to the United States, or who now hold or pretend any allegiance or sympathy with the so-called Confederate States, are ordered to report themselves, on or before the first day of October next, to the nearest Provost-Marshal, with a descriptive list of all their property and rights of property, both real, personal, and mixed, made out and signed by themselves respectively, with the same particularity as for taxation. They shall also report their place of residence by number, street, or other proper description, and their occupation; which registry shall be signed by themselves, and each shall receive a certificate from the Marshal of Registration, as claiming to be an enemy of the United States.

Any person, of those described in this order, neglecting so to register themselves, shall be subject to fine, or imprisonment at hard labor, or both, and all his or her property confiscated by order as punishment for such neglect.

On the first day of October next every householder shall return, to the Provost-Marshal nearest him, a list of each inmate of his or her house, of the age of eighteen years or upwards, which list shall contain the following particulars: The name, sex, age, and occupation of each inmate, whether a registered alien, one who has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, a registered enemy of the United States, or one who has neglected to register himself or herself, either an alien, a loyal citizen, or a registered enemy. All householders neglecting to make such returns, or making a false return, shall be punished by fine, or imprisonment with hard labor, or both.

Each policeman will, within his beat, be held responsible that every householder failing to make such return, within three days from the first of October, be reported to the Provost Marshal; and five dollars for every such neglect, for

every day in which it is not reported, will be deducted from such policeman's pay, and he shall be dismissed. And a like sum for conviction of any householder not making his or her return shall be paid to the policeman reporting such householder.

Every person who shall, in good faith, renew his or her allegiance to the United States previous to the first day of October next, and shall remain truly loyal, will be recommended to the President for pardon for his or her previous offenses.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

What brain does not burn with indignation while reading the following pieces? "Breathes there a man with soul so dead," who can listen to these strains unmoved? If so, "go mark him well!"

REGISTERED ENEMIES TO THE UNITED STATES.

The Commanding General of this Department, by order No. 76, requires those who still pretend to hold allegiance to the so-called Confederate States to report themselves to the nearest Provost-Marshal before the 1st of October, and *be registered as enemies to the United States*. Registered as enemies to the United States!

This terrible feature is, however, hidden as yet from the insane votaries of secession. Signing their names on that fearful roll is to them simply recording their continued allegiance to the government of their choice. They do not, by any means, appreciate the importance of the act, when they request to be registered as enemies to the United States. They do not realize that in so doing they confess themselves traitors. No need, then, of a prolonged trial, a cloud of witnesses, a critical examination into the evidence. There, in black and white, in unmistakable characters, traced by

their own hands, they may read their death warrants. No chance for them of commutation or of pardon. Less obdurate traitors may experience the clemency of that very Abraham Lincoln whom they have so often reviled ; whose election to that seat whence he holds their fate in his hands was pronounced by them a sufficient cause for the disruption of their country ; but not those whose names are enrolled in that fearful register, that book of doom, upon whose clasps might well be graven the fatal words that blazed in withering luster over the gate of Dante's Inferno : "ALL WHO ENTER HERE ABANDON HOPE."

It is not worth the while for young men who have not taken the oath of allegiance because they have no property to confiscate, or for some other reason satisfactory to themselves, to feign ridicule towards those who have returned to the faith, for it is barely possible that they do not yet clearly see the exact point where "*the laugh is to come in.*"

OFFICE OF PROVOST-MARSHAL-GENERAL OF LOUISIANA,
New Orleans, September 26, 1862.

All persons, male or female, within this Department, of the age of eighteen years and upwards, who have ever been citizens of the United States, and who did not renew their allegiance thereto before the 24th inst., will, in accordance with General Orders No. 76, immediately report themselves to the nearest Provost-Marshal, with a descriptive list of their property, etc., over their own signature, as required by said orders.

Before the 1st of October blank forms will be furnished by the police to each householder, upon which must be registered the particulars required by the third clause in said order. The police will call for these blanks before the 3d day of October, and householders are expected to have them prepared.

Their attention is particularly attracted towards the pen-

alty which a neglect to make these returns involves, and also towards the duties of the police in the premises. Let it be distinctly understood that only those who have not taken the oath of allegiance are required to furnish lists of their property ; but that *all* householders must furnish descriptive lists of the inmates of their several houses.

JONAS H. FRENCH,
Provost-Marshal-General Louisiana.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, October 6, 1862.

The Major-General Commanding the Department orders that Uriah G. Patterson be confined for six months at Fort Pickens, at hard labor, with a twenty-four-pound ball attached to his leg by a chain, for an insulting and seditious report to the authorities of the United States.

By order of MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER.
FRED. MARLIN, Lieut. and A. D. C.

COPY OF REPORT RETURNED.

Uriah G. Patterson, aged 48 years.

Residence—No. 441 South Poydras Street, First District.

Occupation—Police Officer, before subjugation of New Orleans, since, a non-capacitated prisoner of war, confined within the Military District of New Orleans.

Registered Alien—Registered. Born free.

Taken Oath of Allegiance—To support the Constitution of the United States as revised, amended, adopted and defended by the Confederate States.

Registered Enemy—Of the Constitution as interpreted and executed by the present Abolition Government of the D I S-United States, but a friend of the Constitution and Union as interpreted by the immortal, pure Henry Clay.

Neglected to take Oath or Register—Neglected to take oath.

Ann Patterson, aged 44 years.

Residence—No. 441 South Poydras Street, First District.

Occupation—Keeping house.

Registered Alien—Registered. Born alien.

Taken Oath of Allegiance—A loyal citizen of New Orleans, Louisiana.

Registered Enemy—Not a registered enemy of the United States.

Neglected to take Oath or Register—Neglected to take oath.

THE COMING WRATH.

The rebels are certainly frank. They tell us plainly and in the most contemptuous way that they come of a master race, and we Northerners and Northern emigrants of a subject and slave race. They disdainfully declare that they have always ruled us—that they are our born masters—that they have whipped us in like hounds before, and that they will do it again; that we are peddling knaves and cowards, who would gladly sell our souls for a sixpence, and who instinctively crawl upon the ground before the chivalrous gentlemen of the South.

Well, fellow-Northerners, they will make their words good unless we believe in ourselves as heartily as they believed in themselves. They have ranged their class and their civilization against ours. It is useless to disguise the scope of the contest. Their system must be annihilated or ours must. We must conquer or subdue them utterly, or they will absolutely overcome us. After sixteen months of war they are flushed with hope and confidence; but their purpose is no stronger now than ever. They have always meant conquest of the North. They hoped it would come by peaceable secession, and then a peaceable surrender of the North under the name of reconstruction. But they believe now that the same practical result can be achieved without separation.

And there is but one thing can help it; that is, the resolution of the North that they shall be exterminated, if extermination is necessary to our success. And when once we have that deep and inexorable determination, we shall succeed without exterminating them. For we shall disintegrate their society. We shall make the foundations of their social system quiver and shake beneath their feet. We shall fill the sky with blackness over them and the air with terror around them. Rather than that they shall be victorious over this Government, and ruin the foundations of civil order, the death and horror and desolation in which they would engulf us shall yawn for them. Who are they, and for what purpose is it, that they are to disturb with fire and blood, and infinite loss and anguish, the peace in which we were all living—a peace which provided every peaceful remedy for difference or complaint? They have brought the sword against us. Let them feel the edge of that sword in all its sharpness, rather than that it shall prevail against us.

This “order” assisted by “the detectives,” men and women, *paid* for “being idle, wandering from house to house, and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not.”

These creatures, so fully described in St. Paul’s Epistle to Timothy, chap. v. 13 (the 12th might apply to some), enabled the “arch fiend” to discover all he wished to know about our private concerns. The women detectives were a comical-looking set. Sanctimonious, generally carrying a hymn-book in their hand, a fan swinging on their arm, and a queer-looking bonnet, prim and neat as though *Lowell* had sent them South by the case.

Extra money should have been “ordered” for *dressing* as well as *prying*.

Had Olympe or Sophie have managed their toilettes, and Vegas have taught them to turn out their tots, they might

have passed in the crowd; but they were too *gawky* not to escape observation.

Some of the Southern ladies, supposing that *all Yankees* were the same as those who had been sent from Washington to New Orleans, signed their papers (in accordance with "Order" 75) as "enemies," as they were disgusted and heartily despised them! Bitterly had *they* to pay for their temerity; many truly were placed in the fiery furnace of persecution! there was no retracting.

"They should leave the city; their goods should be 'confiscated,' their houses and lands disposed of;" even their silver-plate in small quantities was not allowed to be removed; they were left *beggars*.

Papers were signed by ladies, *explanatory*; they were "gentlewomen," "genuine women," "keeping house," "endeavoring to love, honor, and obey" as *occupations*. No doubt Old Butler was edified.



CHAPTER XVI.

"She swore, and the wide charnel echoed—'Never, never!'"

"Yield to fate to-day, and you may grasp her proudest awards to-morrow; to succumb is not to be subdued."

SUNDAY MORNING, September 21, 1862.

THE law of *necessity* induced the greater part of those who took "the Oath" to accept it as it was "ordered."

Compelled again to suffer, and endeavoring to meet our new trials with composure and firmness, all morbid hesitancy being thrown aside, we went to the City Hall "to hear

what the officials had to say !" What a most blessed privilege it is that we can *think* as we please, that

—— "in the inmost chambers of my soul,
There is another world, a blessed home,
O'er which no living power holdeth control,
Anigh to which ill things do never come."

"The Oath" must be taken, or have what little we had in this world's goods taken from us. Here it is:

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE: The Citizen's Oath, as prescribed by General Butler!

CITIZEN'S OATH.

I do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the United States of America, and will support the Constitution thereof.

The melancholy feelings and experience of the day showed us very plainly that we were not exempt from the infirmities of human nature. The step which had been taken was only excusable on the ground of an *overruling necessity*. The following remarks show what sort of men they were, and what sort of hearts they had, who had the *power*, not directed by virtue or religion, to domineer over the citizens of the "Department of the Gulf."

WILL THEY TAKE THE OATH?

"To swear, or not to swear—

That's the question."—SHAKE KNEES.

For the last few days there has been the greatest possible excitement upon the flags of Carondelet Street and in the purlieus of cottondom relative to the all-absorbing question of taking the oath of allegiance to the United States. The dealers in the "staple" have fought shy of the question, and many of them have waited, in great trepidation and doubt,

to see how the cat jumps before venturing upon what they regard as so perilous an undertaking. One would not take the oath because his neighbor had not taken it, and so days wore on, until now the last hour of grace is about to expire, and scarce time enough is left for all to comply with the order, in view of the great rush of patriots who crowd around the offices where the oath is administered.

For several days past a reviving sense of the requirements of the Commanding General's order appears to have obtained lodgment under the double-breasted vests of some few of the nabobs who drawl away their leisure in the splendid saloons of the Pelican, the Pickwick, and other aristocratic club-rooms; and we are impressed to say, that on several occasions we may have seen certain well-fed and dignified bipeds dodging out from their cavernous offices in Union or Perdido Streets, and making straight coat-tails for the office of the Provost-Marshal. What these movements might indicate, we will not undertake distinctly to say; but when we have observed the aforesaid staid gentlemen, with unexceptional linen, wedging through a crowd of all nations and all flavors, we have shrewdly opined that it was not alone for the purpose of only getting a sight at Colonel French, the Provost-Marshal, a good-looking man though he be. Furthermore, when we have seen these self-same gentlemen, with shirt collars awry and hats kocked into cocked ones, elbowing their way *out* of said crowd, blowing like a school of porpoises, and bearing in their gloved digits little bits of printed paper, carefully folded up and studiously withheld from the general gaze, we have inferred, after our fashion, that they have been "taking the oath." Nor have we left them here, but, following them around the next corner, we have observed with what sly satisfaction they have entombed the little bits of paper in capacious wallets, while at the same time they have fumbled for blue tickets in unsoiled vest-pockets, and called for "brandy straight," as

if nothing had happened. This, too, they call "taking the oath," but they take to it more naturally.

Do not understand us, ye lords of the "long staple," as condemning you for either of these practices—whether of taking the oath to prove your loyalty, or of taking it to quench thirst. One is good for the stomach, and the other soothing to the soul. Neither amounts to much after you have had a little practice, for like eels, when they get accustomed to being skinned, you will begin, after a while, to like it! So go ahead, we say, and to those who have not followed your respectable example, we would say, delay not a moment, for the hour approaches when it will be too late.

The Government requires from every one not only a quiet submission to its authority, but an open declaration of his adherence to the Government. And this is expressed by an oath of allegiance.

After the 23d September it will not do for a citizen of New Orleans to say, I have never done any thing against the Government, I have never supplied arms for the equipment of a company, I have never subscribed money, I have never by word or act abetted or countenanced treason against my country. This will not serve the man of property in any respect whatsoever. The answer to any such plea would simply be, You were silent and inactive, while an enemy was destroying your country; you consorted daily with the plotters of treason; day after day, from the time since the Government has been restored here, you have kept aloof, disregarding the orders of the Commanding General, and refusing all fraternity with those representing the Government.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OATH-TAKING.

When it was announced by orders from headquarters that the loyal citizens of this great metropolis would be al-

lowed until the 23d of September to take the oath and return to their allegiance, there was not an inconsiderable number of the stiff-necked who turned up their aristocratic noses, and resolved, both inwardly and openly, that they would see General Butler sunk to the lowest depths of Tophet before they would comply. To hear these recusants talk upon street-corners and bluster in bar-rooms, it might have been supposed by the uninitiated that the Union men of this fair city were

“Like angels’ visits, few and far between,”

or, as expressed in more homely phrase, that they were as scarce as hens’ teeth!

As time wore on, and the sixty days limited by the President’s proclamation were about to expire, a very decided fluttering might have been observed in secession circles. Gradually the fact began to permeate their capillary integuments that there was reality in the proclamation, and that all those who did not take the oath would be made liable to the pains and penalties of the confiscation act. To avoid this, many of the more cunning sort sought to cover up their personal and floating property under the broad folds of female crinoline, and many were the defiant ones of the “gentler sex” who began about this time to gather upon the anxious seat, solicitous to get a sight at the handsome Provost-Marshal, with a view to getting themselves politically healed by taking the oath.

For several days before the expiration of the time limited, all the avenues leading to the different places where the oath was administered, were thronged with shoals of women—from the miss of eighteen summers, brilliant with curls and flashing with jewels, to the full-fed dowager, fat, fair, and forty—all wending their undulating way to the City Hall, the Custom-House, and other places where the form of adjuration might be gone through with. Remarkable, too, as

it may seem, the whole mass of the Ethiopian population appeared to turn out, for the purpose of taking "de oaf"—unmindful of the edict pronounced against their social *status*, in the Dred Scott decision, delivered under the administration of their friend, James Buchanan. That made no difference, for they crowded in, abjuring, in the great rush for precedence, all distinctions of *rank*, as they well might. Slaves, as well as freedmen, all went in, so that their numbers might have been summed up by thousands. It was impossible to distinguish the bond from the free, where all were of one color, and so all were awarded a chance. It was refreshing to see with what an air of triumph these ebony patriots would receive their certificates, and the way the ivory shone on such occasions was a sin and an insinuation on the glory of Senegal. How they bettered themselves by taking the oath—never having voted for secession, as they had no right to vote—is a question for the casuists. Nevertheless, Sambo was proud of the privilege; and if the cultivation of this pride will tend to improve his industry and morals, much good may it do him. Even our colored porter, Wade, thought that under the law he was bound to take the oath—in fact, he said, he was obliged to take it—and he *did* take it!

Sambo and the women were not alone in their haste to whitewash themselves by taking the oath. Another class were not less anxious, though not so demonstrative. These latter were of the plethoric sort of middle-aged gentlemen—old codgers, who have cavernous offices in Union, Gravier, and Perdido Streets—white-breasted cormorants, who own cotton planters, together with their plantations, and amass their tens of thousands a year by advancing on crops the money borrowed from banks. These are they who, by the mysterious operation of two and a half per cent. for accepting, two and a half for advancing—drayage, weighage, storage, brokerage, and stealage—manage to mortgage to their

service the small cotton-planter, grow rich without effort, eat turkey and turtle, and swim in *Cliquot*. These staid old gentlemen—the double-brested cormorants—went about getting themselves whitewashed in the most quiet manner possible. They went in the dusk of the evening, or at early light, and not in crowds, like ambitious “crinolinedom,” but through alleys and by-ways, singly and alone. Some would put on airs, and swear that they intended to take out certificates that they were enemies of the United States. These would march boldly up to the polls, flourishing their gold-headed canes, putting on bullying looks, while beneath their double-breasted breasts beat hearts of hares.

No one could get a sight of their certificates, for while they professed to have declared themselves enemies, it was shrewdly suspected that in many cases they had taken the undiluted obligation of dutiful lieges to the powers that are. There are many—very many—whom we know to have done in this wise, and how many more there may be who did so that are unknown, passes all comprehension. At any rate, it is certain that nearly the entire population passed through the mill, and those who did not, relied upon their poverty or insignificance to escape the penalties of the law.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

There are many reasons why the women of New Orleans should be brought within the purview of the President's proclamation. We have so many property-holders among this class of our population, that it becomes important to determine, with some degree of certainty, how far they are embraced by the sixth section and subject to its provisions.

In the first place, the law makes no distinction, but says, “if any person, etc.,” and the proclamation warns “all persons, etc.”

Now, it is apparent that the interpretation made by those in authority hitherto has extended this matter to women,

who have been required, before obtaining passports, or upon making appearance before the military tribunals, to recognize in the usual manner the authority of the United States.

The law and proclamation attach the same penalty, rendering the persons referred to subject to the seizure of "all estate, property, moneys, stocks and credit."

The only question to be considered, then, is whether women are in law persons or not—whether they hold property or not.

We, of Louisiana, have to consider, not the rules of interpretation at common law, but what rule will be observed here when the civil law prevails.

Women have held property in their own names, and have the same control over it as the men, under certain circumstances. It is unnecessary to enter into details, because the matter is perfectly understood. We shall not refer to the provisions governing dotal and paraphernal property, as held by women in Louisiana, and the community of acquests and gains.

It is sufficient for the present purpose to refer to those holding property, separate and apart from their husbands. And of those there are an immense number among us. These, however, with but slight limitation, have entire control over their property, and are, in law and in fact, persons doubtless within the purview of the law.

Should the law intend to exempt them from its operation, it would be easy for this class with their means to purchase the property of the disloyal, and cover a vast amount of property from the penalty of seizure and ultimate confiscation.

Should these women be shielded from the provisions of the sixth section, a very large class of the most disloyal would thus be shielded, as also the very parties themselves, who, it is notorious, have been the most active among us in "aiding, countenancing and abetting rebellion."

It may be said that this view of the matter is not in accordance with a high state of civilization, opposed to the chivalrous spirit that should actuate a refined people; and that, in short, it is a war upon the women of the land. This may appear so, unless it be considered that when a woman leaves the sphere of her duties, when she uses her influence—the most powerful element in the social condition—to incite, to the destruction of the best government the world has ever seen, puts arms in the hands of fathers, brothers and sons to effect such object, and, by her words, her actions and efforts, impels them to the carrying out this end, it becomes a necessity for a time to visit upon her such penalties as the one set forth in the law. This woman has forgotten her duty to her country. She may have been carried away by the rushing tide, but she must be brought to recognize her country and its laws. She must return to her allegiance, or she must suffer the penalty of the law.

It may be said that our laws, in giving such control of their property to women, have done it for their protection, and that the view taken destroys the very spirit of the law itself. This may be granted; but, on the other hand, if they thus invoke the law granting the protection, why have they thought it proper to strike at the very source and fountain of the law itself—the government—which gives vitality and force to the very laws of the State whose protection they claim? The Code of 1825, which gives them the right to the property they hold, was but the creature of a Legislature acting under the laws and Constitution of the United States.

We are not advised how the commanding general may consider this question, or to what extent he may intend enforcing the ultimate penalties prescribed by the statute. His chivalrous feelings as a man and soldier—and we venture to say that, to them, so far as his countrywomen are concerned, no one on American soil, North or South, has higher claims,

(the unmeaning twaddle about Order 28 to the contrary notwithstanding)—may revolt from the necessity imposed upon him, but we may be assured that he will shrink from nothing he esteems it his duty to do for the vindication of the violated majesty of the laws.

People who take the oath of allegiance, and afterwards with a sneer say, "it did not go down further than there" (pointing to their throat), should bear in mind that if it is kept in that position, and they conduct themselves accordingly, there is great danger of its *choking* them some fine morning. "It is dangerous to ride on the platform," and it is not particularly safe to trifle with a government to which you have sworn allegiance.

THE TWENTY-THIRD INST.—RECENT REBEL RUMORS.

The twenty-third of this month is the last day of grace afforded to rebels and rebel sympathizers to save their property from the action of the Confiscation Bill. Those who, when that time has expired, shall not have complied with the law, and by taking the oath of allegiance to the United States have signified their intention to live henceforth as loyal citizens, must expect to submit to the rigid enforcement of the penalties specified in section six. Their lot will from that moment be cast with the rebellion (or, rather, to their blindness will seem so); to its success alone will they look for a restoration of that wealth or competence of which they have justly been deprived by an outraged country. Beggared by their own blind adhesion to a cause foredoomed to failure—the cause of treason—they will have no straw of hope whereat to clutch, but that broken reed—a mad belief that the rebellion must ultimately succeed; no path open before them but that which leads to destruction, with the deceitful mirage of a Southern Republic based on African slavery still luring them onwards.

After the fatal twenty-third, then, every man who has not taken the oath of allegiance will feel himself as completely compromitted to the cause of rebellion as if he had formally signed away his powers of self-decision; as if he had been bought, paid for, and handed over to the rebel leaders.

We are tired of Butler's vagaries, and so will allow our readers, "whoever they may be," to peruse a private letter picked up upon the battle-field. It is quite refreshing :

LETTER PICKED UP ON THE FIELD.

CAMP SHILOH, near PITTSBURG, TENN.,
April 5, 1862.

DEAR TILLIE: After some time and various wanderings, your kind letter of the 26th ult. reached me at this place yesterday. As we are in hourly expectation of an advance movement or an attack, I will answer immediately, presuming, from what you said in your letter, it will be none the less welcome on account of being answered promptly.

It pleases me exceedingly to think you have not forgotten me, and that my letters are received in the same spirit as formerly, and hope they may always continue so. As for your sister Mary, I thank her very much for her good opinion of me, a stranger, and should I ever be so fortunate as to see you all, may she not be deceived in me, but her good opinion rather improve on acquaintance.

As you wish to be posted in my moves, I will attempt to give you some of them. We left Paducah March the 8th, in consort with some eighty steamboats, filled with troops, which, by the way, was the grandest sight I ever saw—and why not? That number of boats, crowded with uniformed men, flags flying and bands playing, must surely have been grand. It were impossible for me to attempt a description. We all remained together until we reached Savannah, where our division, under General W. T. Sherman, was ordered on

up the river to attack a rebel battery. When we reached it, finding them entirely too formidable, were forced to retire. We dropped back to this place, where orders came for us to go into camp, much to our joy, having been aboard boats thirteen days. Here we have been enjoying the beauties of a Southern campaign undisturbed, with the exception of two marches and attacks the last two days. Our present camp is some two hundred and thirty miles up the Tennessee river, and thirteen miles from Corinth, Miss., the next great battle-ground.

Twice we made armed reconnoissance in the direction of Corinth, and the last time came near being "gobbled up," as the boys call it. We found ourselves in an ambuscade, but from some unaccountable reason, with their usual chivalric spirit, "ran." From that time we have been living with all peacefulness until yesterday, when a large force of theirs attacked a small one of ours, and were driven back. As this was the first time I had ever been near a battle, it made me feel "kinder phunny." The rattling of musketry sounded splendid, but perhaps it would not have sounded so well had we been engaged. We remained drawn up in line of battle some hours, when orders came for us to go to camp and sleep on our arms. We were not disturbed any more that night, but to-day again our pickets were attacked, resulting the same as yesterday. The army assembled here is but little inferior to the Potomac army, and when they do move, you may expect to hear stirring news.

The rebels themselves admit the hopelessness of their cause in case of a defeat at Corinth. With *us*, it is victory or death. Should they whip us out there, with the Tennessee river at our backs, escape would be impossible, and would end in our destruction. With this in view, we know what to expect. But, pshaw! the idea of a defeat must not be harbored for a minute.

How much longer our services will be required is impos-

sible to say, but one thing, the army do not care how soon it will end. A great many place the 4th of July as the day when we will be mustered out, but it appears to me that is too soon; not that the war will last longer than that, but our services will be required for some time after cessation of hostilities. One thing certain, Tillie, as soon as it is over, and I have seen my mother, the next place will be Terre Haute, so that your curiosity, as well as my own, may be relieved. But when you do see me, may it not be possible you will be disappointed? Perhaps you may expect to see a nice, handsome, intelligent, affable young man, without spot or blemish. In either event, you will be gravely disappointed.

What opinions have been formed of you, I will tell when we first meet, but I know there will be no disappointment with me. Do you recollect, some two or three years since, you gave me your picture? I have safely kept it till this time, and have it with me at present. Through trials and afflictions it shall serve for a talisman.

You ask me about Mary Murray. I do not correspond with her, but heard of her through my mother (both being great friends), in my last letter. She was very well, but was making preparations to move into town. Moll has a brother, sergeant in the Sixty-third Ohio Regiment, now serving under General Buell. I have been expecting to see him for some time, but have not as yet. Moll is a good girl, and I think a great deal of her. You must know her intimately to know her worth.

Mag Daws was in Portsmouth visiting a short time before our regiment left Ohio. She is the same old Mag as when you knew her at school. Kate Robinson is still there. Her father commands a battery of artillery in Eastern Virginia, under General Shields, and was in the late action at Winchester.

Lou Gillett is at home now, having just returned from a long visit to Minnesota.

Hattie Burkhalter is at home. The rest of your girls I know nothing about.

Tattoo has just sounded, and "taps" will soon be, when all lights in camp must go out. Hoping you may consider this worth answering, and that soon, I remain, as ever, yours,
WILL B. S.

P. S.—You need not be alarmed about your letters, as I burn all up as soon as read. I do not want the Secesh to get hold of them, and sent South as a relie, the way we do theirs.

Direct your letters, "Sergeant Major William B. Stephenson, General Sherman's Division, Fifty-third Ohio Regiment, Paducah, Ky." Forward to regiment.



CHAPTER XVII.

SHIP ISLAND.

ONLY by hearsay can we describe this wretched place.

It is a long, low sand bank, about nine miles in extent, and one in breadth, about sixty miles from New Orleans, fifty from Mobile, and ninety from the mouth of the Mississippi.

"On the western extremity is a military station, consisting of a brick fort, a machine shop, and several mean-looking buildings, which are said to resemble the wheel-house of Noah's ark."

Here the ladies informed us they were kept for several hours, when they first landed, guarded by a squad of negro soldiers.

"The other end of the island is covered with a growth of tall pine trees, and all between is a mere sand bar, rising

above the surface of the water, and productive only of shells, clams and silicum."

There are no shade trees, and the tropical sun, beating upon the white sand, is intolerable.

There are sand flies and mosquitoes innumerable.

During storms, and they are frequent, the water washes over the island, and, like "Last Island," it may some day disappear entirely from the face of the earth.

Who can read that delightful work, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and not recognize our "arch-fiend tormentor" in the description of "Mr. Simon Legree." We can but imagine, as Mrs. Stowe hailed from Massachusetts, that she must have had him in her mind's eye.

We must confess that any likeness *we* might draw would be far inferior to hers.

Another quotation from the same work, and we finish: "If low-minded, brutal people will act like themselves, what am I to do?"

They have absolute control; they are irresponsible despots.

There would be no use in interfering; there is no law that amounts to any thing, practically, for such a case.

"The best we can do is to shut our eyes and ears" (and mouths also), "and let it alone. It's the only resource left us."

For a few moments let us digress pleasantly.

UNKNOWN.

The following, which we take from the Jackson (Miss.) Standard, of the 13th, deserves a place in the standard books for reading for the young—aye, and for the middle-aged and the old.

In the Vicksburg Herald, of the 11th inst., we find the following couplet, said to be an inscription over the grave of a Confederate soldier, in the Alexandria cemetery:

"'Unknown'—is all the epitaph can tell;
If Jesus knew thee, all is well."

Those touching and simple lines are suggestive of many sorrowful reflections. They bring up, from the mighty past, thronging memories of the thousands of noble and ardent soldiers of the South, who went forth with flashing eyes and springing steps in defence of their native land, but who never more will return to gladden the hearts of their kindred. Some of them sealed their devotion to liberty with the blood of their young and gallant hearts. Others, toiling through the scorching rays of summer, and shivering in the cold blasts of winter, without food or adequate clothing, yielded to privation and disease, and finally perished on the terrible march, in a land of strangers, with no gentle hand to alleviate the agonies of death. Others, taken captives on the red field of battle, were immured in Northern dungeons, and, like caged eagles, drooped and died!

All over this broad Southern land are hundreds and thousands of little mounds of earth, beneath which moulder the remains of our gallant defenders, with no stone or monument to designate the pale sleepers. We know they are "soldiers' graves"—we know nothing more. Many of the nameless dead were volunteers from other States; and in many cases the very mothers who nursed them in infancy are ignorant of their fate. Perchance, even yet, at many distant homesteads, mothers and fathers, and sisters, sustained by illusive hope, peer through the gloom of twilight, trusting that they may hear returning footsteps, destined never more to be heard in the walks of men. The little hillocks which mark the resting place of the "unknown" soldiers of liberty will soon be leveled and obliterated. Over their remains the buzzing multitude will tread. The memory of themselves and their deeds of valor, and their terrible suffering and sacrifices, will fade from all minds, and oblivion will add their names to those of the innumerable multitude of Adam's sons who have thus perished and been forgotten.

In the language of the epitaph which heads this article we reverentially say,

“If Jesus knew thee, all is well.”

THE COURSE OF THINGS.

During the past winter, there was in one of our pleasantly-located houses in this city, a cheerful circle of friends whose evenings were often agreeably beguiled by the voice and guitar of a young Kentuckian, ever a welcome guest, especially with the ladies (an honor always coveted by gentlemen)—ladies who listened with genuine enjoyment to the clear, rich tones of his voice, as it melted away in “Twilight Dews,” or to the soul-stirring melody of his “Spanish Retreat,” on the charmed strings of his “light guitar,” as his listeners heard in fancy the clashing of arms, with shouts from the victors and vanquished, now breaking on the ear in martial spirit, then slowly retreating until one could almost see the distant hill, round the base of which they turned, till the sound sunk so gently into distance, you knew not when those eloquent chords became mute, and one continued earnestly listening, after the hand that had moved the strings was still.

Few could surpass him in those original medleys that provoked so much mirth, and, but for the cause that called with a sterner voice than ours, we should have truly regretted the loss of our kind, brave young minstrel. He left this city with that noble body of artillery, the name of which has halloed it forever, and true to that name, with courageous toil of heart, he stood on the battle ground of Manassas.

It was there that he tuned his heart-strings to another theme than the breathings for an orange or a pomegranate grove, but a richer reward of smiles awaited him than with all his skill on the harp he had ever stirred before.

A few evenings since we welcomed him again, but alas, though the voice in that terrible din of destruction and dismay had lost none of its pleasing power, the hand, one hand, so ready ever to wake sweet harmonies beneath its touch, is feeble and helpless now. A ruthless ball had passed through the arm, just above the wrist, breaking two of its bones, and leaving the member at present beyond control. Yet, not a shade of regret on his part was mingled with the misfortune. He had been faithful to his country—to his duty. He gloried in his loss thus received. He had supported on his knee, with that benumbed, broken arm, a youthful fellow soldier shot down beside him by the coward foe; had given in the bond of a tender brotherhood, cool water, at the last, to the hot, dry lips, while a purple stain from each young form flowed forth and baptized the soil. “And in the midst of all, were you not afraid?” said I. “Yes,” was the reply, “I was afraid. I expected death, and I knew that I was not ready.”

This is the bravery we most admire. In that hour when the wrongs and insults of a treacherous enemy had kindled into a flame the rage of nature, he still felt that he was not prepared to meet a higher power before whose tribunal the dictator of this inhuman war must shrink at last, and when, O for that solemn summons, when can he be “ready.”

Mr. — has received a just promotion, although he modestly disclaims a right to it, and he very soon returns to his post, ready to use his remaining strength in the true cause so signally marked through an overruling Providence as just, by the victories already crowning it.

A. M. R.

NEW ORLEANS, October 13, 1861

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON THE ATROCITIES OF BUTLER IN NEW ORLEANS.

IN this chapter we shall endeavor, from the very best authority, to present our readers with a few out of the almost numberless acts of atrocity and outrage which characterized the administration of General Butler in New Orleans, which are known and read almost co-extensive with civilization, and which have forever blackened his character as a gentleman, a soldier, and a man of honor, in the estimation of all humane, intelligent and right-thinking people.

The instances are so numerous and so aggravated that we find it difficult to make a selection.

But what follows will probably be sufficient to illustrate the true character of the man, and the infamous rule of this distinguished "Commander of the Department of the Gulf."

Our first illustrations shall be drawn from the condition and circumstances of some of the victims of his intolerance and inhumanity, who were sent as culprits to Ship Island in 1862. And these, cruel as they were, were some of the mildest instances of this brutal tyrant's reign.

At this time there were about sixty persons, among whom were many of our best citizens, confined on this island, huddled together in small huts and portable houses, and furnished with the most unwholesome food, consisting chiefly of condemned soldiers' rations. The only exception to this close confinement was on the part of those who were condemned to daily hard labor on the fort. Some, in addition to the most servile employment, were compelled to wear a ball and chain, which were not even removed when their daily tasks were over, and, wretched and weary, they were

driven to their desolate huts at night. The misery of their condition, certainly, was not excelled even by that of the captive Jews under the hard task-masters of Egypt. And all this was the work of a man who claimed to be the enemy of the oppressor—the friend of the oppressed ; and who, because he was

“Dress’d in a little brief authority,
Play’d such antics before High Heaven
As made the angels weep.”

A young gentleman, now a resident of this city, of high respectability, who had been a prisoner on Ship Island, stated to me, that in order to obtain fuel for their scanty culinary purposes, they were required to obtain it from the extreme end of the island, about seven miles from their huts. They were compelled to carry it upon their shoulders, under a special guard of negroes, and, if, while toiling through the hot sun and sand, a distance of fourteen miles, they should stop to rest, the bayonet of a negro soldier or the end of his musket applied to their wearied limbs compelled them to proceed. Only three sticks of this green pine wood were allowed to some thirty persons, with which to prepare their scanty meal for the day. I will now mention the names of a few of our most respectable citizens, who were among the victims of Butler, sent to Ship Island, for the most trivial offences. Among these may be mentioned the name of Mr. Shepherd, an elderly gentleman in feeble health, who was charged with secreting certain papers belonging to a naval officer of the Confederate States, which had been left in his charge when this officer departed from New Orleans.

Being brought before Butler, Mr. Shepherd produced unequivocal proof that the gentleman who had deposited these documents with him subsequently returned and took them, and that they had been carried into the Confederate States.

This testimony, however, General Butler would not receive, and in violation of every principle of law, justice and honor,

declared that if the facts, as proved by Mr. Shepherd, were true, it would make no difference; he must go to prison as a common felon, because he had at one time these papers in his possession.

Dr. Moore, a respectable druggist of New Orleans, was sentenced to hard labor, with chain and ball around his ankle, for having sold a few ounces of quinine to a person who afterwards took them to the Confederacy. The object of the Doctor was to alleviate human suffering, and the inhuman purpose of Butler was to prevent such alleviation. Such instances of "inhumanity to man" we shall find it difficult to procure from the annals of civilized or barbarous warfare. Among others on the Island was a pale-faced looking boy, some seventeen years of age, who had been sent to prison on the charge of being a guerrilla, a term which Butler applied to all partisan rangers, notwithstanding they were organized under the act of Congress of the Confederate States. The conscience of Butler (if he had any) must have reproached him for this palpable violation of the rules of war. For, as the Southern army had been by the United States regarded as belligerents, and as this patriotic boy was a regular Confederate soldier, he had a right to be treated as such, and not as a highwayman or a common thief.

Judge Andrews, a prominent citizen, a wealthy merchant, and a leading politician of Louisiana, was condemned to two years' imprisonment and hard labor for simply denouncing certain persons who had first taken the oath to the Confederate States, and afterwards, ignoring this, had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States. Many such persons there were, who disregarded the solemn obligations of an oath; when the Confederates were in power, would swear to maintain the government of the Confederate States, but as soon as the Federal rule predominated, would swear allegiance to the government of the United States. For denouncing such unprincipled men Judge Andrews was sent

to Ship Island and made to endure the punishment of a common felon, and this, too, when he was far advanced in life and was in most delicate health.

The *pretence* for sending Judge Andrews to Ship Island was that at the Louisiana club room one evening the Judge had a small white cross hanging to his watch chain, with other little "charms." Some one asked him what that was. He replied, jokingly, "it was made out of a bone of a Yankee." Upon this he was arrested and sentenced!

After the return of Mr. Andrews to New Orleans on parole, on account of his extremely delicate health, he was permitted to walk about the city during a part of each day, but was compelled to report at the Parish Prison at six o'clock in the evening, and pass the night in a convict's cell, and, after being released from prison, was finally compelled by the bitterest persecution to leave the city entirely.

Mr. Keller, a respectable bookseller, shared a similar fate, on the charge of permitting a clerk to placard the word "Chickahominy" on a skeleton which was suspended in his show-window, for sale, for the use of students of anatomy.

The trivial character of these offences, and the severity of the punishment with which they were visited, show most clearly the brutal and vindictive character of the tyrant.

The circumstances of the conviction and imprisonment of Mrs. Phillips are perhaps known to most of the readers of this work. But as it was an exceedingly aggravated case, fully meriting the righteous indignation of every pure-minded and humane individual, we will here present it somewhat in detail, and we cannot do this better than by giving the following extract, from a letter written at the time by one of the victims of the brutal rule of Butler, at New Orleans:

"In the raid of the United States troops near Warrenton, Mississippi, a young officer, named Dekay, was mortally wounded. He died in New Orleans, and an attempt was

made by the Federal authorities to get up a pompous funeral ceremony and procession in honor of so 'gallant and heroic a young officer,' who had fallen in an expedition which had no other purpose or object than the pillage of defenceless farms and villages. The effort to excite the sympathies of our people on this occasion proved a ridiculous failure, and the funeral ceremony had no aspect of solemnity or even propriety—a long line of carriages composing the *cortège*, designed for the Union citizens, being all empty. As this procession passed the residence of Mr. P. Phillips, Mrs. Phillips, standing on the balcony with several lady friends, was observed by some Federal officers to smile, so it was charged. She was then arrested and taken before Butler, who, in the most brutal and violent manner, sought to terrify the heroic lady. In this he did not succeed. While denying that her gayety had any reference whatever to the funeral ceremony, Mrs. Phillips refused to make any apologies or concessions to the vulgar tyrant. Thereupon she was condemned to close imprisonment in a filthy guard-room, thence to be transported to Ship Island, where she was to be held in close confinement for two years, with no other fare than soldiers' rations—no intercourse or correspondence with any person, except through General Butler. This sentence was published in the newspapers, accompanied by words of the grossest insult and most vulgar ribaldry, in which Mrs. Phillips was denounced as 'not a common, but an uncommon bad woman,' referring to his proclamation denounced by Lord Palmerston and the whole civilized world as 'so infamous,' in which his soldiers are authorized to treat as 'common women plying their profession' all who may manifest any contempt or discourtesy towards them. To add further insult, in the order condemning Mr. Keller, it was made a part of his sentence to permit him to hold converse and intercourse with Mrs. Phillips, to which condition that honest man was induced to protest, from the

belief that his fellow-prisoner was a notorious courtesan of the city, who bore the name of Phillips. This protest was published in the paper, with Butler's order granting the request of Keller, so as to convey to the world the idea that a poor vender of periodicals declined association with a lady of the highest respectability, the wife of a distinguished lawyer and ex-member of Congress. I can bear personal testimony to the rigorous execution of the sentence against Mrs. Phillips, having been imprisoned for weeks in a building adjoining to that which she was never allowed to leave. Such was the treatment of a delicate lady of the highest refinement, the mother of nine children."

The punishment of Mrs. Phillips would have been considered severe, even in the case of a man guilty of the most heinous crime; but when we consider it was inflicted upon a woman, the mother of nine children, and of the highest respectability, we cannot restrain the feeling of the deepest indignation.

When General Butler first took command in New Orleans, he declared that he would take no cognizance of any acts committed prior to his occupancy of the city, and the establishment of martial law therein. This solemn and oft-repeated pledge, however, was violated in a thousand instances.

Among the other prisoners at Ship Island, were three Confederate Captains, McLean, Losberg, and Balchelden, all of whom had at the time copies of their parole, as prisoners of war, and who were sent to the Island on no specific charge, but merely as suspicious persons, who might break the lines and again enter the Confederate service. There was also a young Creole of good character, the sole protector of a widowed mother and her family, who was sentenced to an indefinite punishment on the charge supported by the testimony of a negro boy, of having thrown a revolver into the river, after the publication of

Butler's order requiring the citizens to deliver up their arms. There were many other persons sent to prison, on charges equally frivolous; for example, some eight or ten were sent to Ship Island and condemned to imprisonment and hard labor, for simply publishing cards, denying that they had taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, their names having been published in Butler's journal among those who had taken the oath. In addition to the personal suffering of these and other prisoners, victims of Butler's tyranny, their homes were made desolate, their property confiscated and appropriated by their enemies, and their families subjected to almost every variety of annoyance, insult, and discomfort.

The disproportion between the nature and character of the offences charged, and the punishments inflicted in many cases, was truly astonishing—even a word spoken in jest, a look or a smile, as in the case of Mrs. Phillips, was deemed of sufficient importance, to justify the most severe punishment, short of death, that could be meted out. Such a course, as that pursued by Butler, towards many of the citizens of New Orleans, and particularly many of the best ladies of the city, could only have been dictated and adopted by a man whose mind was perverse, whose heart was corrupt, and whose moral sense was utterly depraved.

How unlike the conduct of the great Napoleon towards a fallen people was that of Gen. Butler towards the denizens of Louisiana, and especially of New Orleans. One historical fact will serve as an illustration. After Bonaparte's victory at the battle of the pyramids, the wife of the commander of the Egyptian army, then residing in Cairo, became very much alarmed, fearing that she would personally fall into the hands of the French General. Napoleon being informed of this, in order to allay her fears, sent one of his officers to the lady, with this message: "Fear not, Madam, Napoleon is your protector."

This circumstance, while it shows the elevated character of the man and his superiority to any thing low and little, exhibits a strong contrast to the course of General Butler towards the people of New Orleans, after the fall of the city.

But perhaps I ought to apologise for in any way associating the name of Picayune Butler with that of the great "soldier of destiny."

CHAPTER XIX.

"Hast thou heard not of bliss that ne'er fadeth,
Of wealth that endures evermore,
Where never destroyer invadeth,
For the blessed of God kept in store?
Oh bow down to thy Father in Heaven,
He calls thee to glories above,
And each drop in the cup He hath given,
Is a pledge of His chastening love."

THE thrilling history of a family, well known in our community in the highest circles, is well to be chronicled.

The excellent wife of Col. J. O. N——, of the Confederate army, had two beautiful and accomplished daughters, Mattie and Bell.

"Like twin roses they grew."

One sixteen, the other seventeen years of age, when their noble father left the city, with the army. M—— was taken ill. Our eminent surgeon, Dr. Stone, attended. All that could be done was done, but alas! no earthly power could save, and, after suffering intense agony for nearly three months, she died.

Her funeral was like a wedding *fête*; her friends had filled the rooms with flowers, also the coffin where the "beautiful lay dead."

The whole apartment was filled with light and odorous perfumes; death seemed robbed of its dreariness. One could almost imagine that an angel had descended and "breathed upon her features, crowning her with immortality."

Three or four days after we called upon the family, but were shocked.

What had happened?—the windows of the same apartment thrown wide open, two or three seamstresses in the distance puckering up white cotton cloth, and every thing in disorder.

What was the cause?

The answer was given, that the family had received "orders" from headquarters to vacate the premises and leave the city in three days!

The favor was asked to allow them time to have mourning made, as so long an illness in the family had necessarily caused neglect to personal comfort. The answer returned was "'No;' and nothing like goods by the piece should leave the city." So seamstresses were obtained and extra wide skirts were puckered into small bindings.

Seeing two large book-cases filled with books, by the choicest authors, and beautifully bound, we inquired what would be done with them, and were answered, "All to be left—not a book to be removed!"

This family, however, got a reprieve of three days from headquarters; and, one week after the burial of their darling child, this sorrowing family left for parts unknown.

Half an hour after their carriage had left the door, the wagons from headquarters drove up and removed every thing from the domicile—even an old stove-pipe was thrown in as *lanay appe*. All had been confiscated.

This was the penalty for a lady being a "registered enemy."

CHAPTER XX.

ATROCITIES OF BUTLER—(CONTINUED).

WITH all the trials and hardships endured by the prisoners on Ship Island, they were easy compared with the sufferings of those who were consigned to the damp and unwholesome casemates of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, on the Mississippi, and in Fort Pickens on Santa Rosa Island.

Among the latter was the Mayor of New Orleans, who was imprisoned for four months for the offence of writing a letter to Butler, protesting against his order relative to the treatment of the ladies of the city, and declaring his inability to maintain the peace of the city if the Federal soldiers were authorized to insult and outrage women at their own pleasure and will.

The secretary of the Mayor, who wrote the letter signed by the Mayor, was included in the same committal and imprisonment. Several members of the city council suffered the same penalties.

Dr. Porter, a wealthy dentist and respectable citizen, was imprisoned for requiring the Citizens' Bank—the pet bank and place of deposit of Butler and his agents, in his vast scheme of corruption and extortion—to pay checks in the currency which Butler alone allowed the bank to pay.

George Lawrason, formerly the Collector of New Orleans, suffered a like penalty for simply applying for a passport to visit his family in Europe. Thomas Murry, president of that benevolent institution known as the "Free Market," which supplied the families of the soldiers with the means of subsistence; Mr. Charles Heidschick, a French citizen, the proprietor of an extensive wine manufactory in France, as well

as several British and Spanish subjects, were also imprisoned at Fort Pickens for endeavoring to pass the lines without having taken the oath prescribed by Butler for foreigners, which oath required them to reveal to the United States all information they were in possession of respecting the acts and designs of the Confederate States, on pain of being regarded and treated as enemies and spies. Dr. McPherson, an elderly and most respectable citizen of New Orleans, was condemned to the casemates of Fort Jackson, for speaking in a circle of friends of Butler's proclamation No. 28—that relative to the ladies of New Orleans, as *infamous*—the very epithet which Lord Palmerston, in the British House of Commons, declared to be the only appropriate one.

Dr. Warren Stone, the distinguished surgeon and philanthropist, was consigned to a like punishment, for refusing to recognize an individual who had been announced as president of a Union Association, and yet who, a few months before, had made in public a most violent speech against the Yankees, and had advised our people to cut the throats of all invaders. While the Confederates were successful, this unprincipled wretch was a Confederate; but as soon as the fortunes of war changed, he became a most zealous Federal. And for the non-recognition of such a man Dr. Stone was sentenced and condemned to suffer in a loathsome prison. The Federal authorities, however, soon found it quite convenient to release Dr. Stone and bring him back to the city, having special use for his service as a surgeon. Upon his return, the Doctor dictated his own terms, and the Federal authorities were glad to accede to them. To the truth of this assertion Generals Canby and Sherman can bear testimony. Several ladies of the highest social position were imprisoned for expressing sympathy with the Confederate cause and for wearing ribbons of certain colors.

Mrs. Dubois, an elderly lady, long engaged in the business of teaching our children, was sent to prison on the charge

of not being able to account for certain keys and books belonging to the schools, which were never in her possession. Her solemn declaration to this effect was wholly disregarded, while the word of an ignorant negro was good authority for Butler.

All the members of the finance committee of the city council were imprisoned for authorizing the subscription of the city to the fund for its defence, and several hundred of our citizens, who subscribed to this fund, were compelled to pay twenty-five per cent. of their subscription to Butler, under a threat of imprisonment at hard labor.

To swell this exaction to the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, all the cotton factors of the city, who had united in a circular address to the planters, advising them not to send their cotton to New Orleans, were assessed in a fine of two hundred and fifty and five hundred dollars, which they were compelled to pay or go to prison. And to any one acquainted with the policy and character of General Butler, it would not be difficult to determine what became of this money. I apprehend that neither the Federal treasury nor the Federal army were very greatly assisted by it. Perhaps, if the General's brother *could* speak, or if some of his interested agents *would* speak, they might throw some light on the subject.

The treatment of a venerable citizen, named Roberts, living a short distance from Baton Rouge, is an instance of peculiar atrocity. A son of Mr. Roberts, a soldier of the Confederate army, having returned home on sick leave, a detachment of Federal soldiers was sent to arrest him. The young man, hearing the approach of armed men, went out to meet them, when several shots were fired at him, one of which killed him. The father, seeing the condition of his son, seized a gun and fired through the door, slightly wounding Colonel McMillan, a renegade Northern Methodist preacher, who was in command of the detachment. The

old man was at once arrested and charged with killing his own son, and was, with the rest of the family, taken from his home. The family residence, all the out-houses, barns and stables, were burned to the ground, and his mules, horses and cattle were driven off to the Federal camp. Old Mr. Roberts was sentenced to close confinement for twenty years and sent to Fort Pickens.

There were many other cases of equal atrocity and hardship of citizens of the highest respectability, who, upon the most frivolous charges were dragged from their homes by a brutal soldiery and immured in cells or the casemates of forts and condemned to hard labor. The prisons of New Orleans were crowded with citizens, whose highest offence consisted in the bare expression of opinion and of hopes for the success of the Confederate cause. Not a few were confined for simply reporting reports of Confederate victories, or having in their possession newspapers containing such reports. To show still more clearly and fully the malignancy and unreasonableness of Butler's rule, I will allude to a few other cases. Mr. Lathrop, a respectable lawyer, was condemned to two years' imprisonment in the Parish Prison, on the charge of kidnapping his own slave, who had been stolen and appropriated by a Federal officer. This sentence, Butler declared, was intended as a warning to the people not to interfere with the servants of his officers. The old adage, "a poor excuse is better than none," will hardly apply in these cases, for many of these poor negroes were, by false representations, induced to leave their former comfortable quarters, and become the servants—unpaid servants—of some of the most licentious and unprincipled wretches that ever disgraced humanity. We will allude to but one or two other cases in this connection. Captain W. E. Seymour, who belonged to one of the regiments for the defence of the State, and who had been honorably paroled, was condemned to close confinement at Fort St. Philip, and his entire prop-

erty confiscated, on account of an obituary notice which appeared in his own paper (the Bulletin), of his father, the late gallant General I. G. Seymour, of the Sixth Louisiana regiment, who fell in the battle of Gaines's Mill. The writer of the article, Mr. Dennis, an old and highly reputable citizen, was subjected to a like imprisonment in the same fort.

Besides these instances, many other citizens only escaped punishment by paying large sums of money, and in many cases by actually bribing Federal officers of influence; for, with few exceptions, all these officers "had their price." And in this respect General Butler himself only differed from his *inferior officers* in that he required a "higher bid," and if this was not made, would very deliberately, through his *amiable* brother, or some other agent (as a military necessity, of course), appropriate to his own purposes whatever his cupidity dictated, from a silver spoon to a finely furnished mansion. It is well known that most of the large and commodious dwellings of our citizens, especially those of absentees and officers in our army and government, were appropriated by Federal officers—some of whom ranked no higher than lieutenant, and who, at home, had never been accustomed to any thing superior to a cabin or a little one-story frame house.

And it was really amusing to witness the airs which some of the ignorant officers of low grade would put on when put in possession of some of those fine mansions from which the rightful owners were ruthlessly expelled; and it was still more laughable to see the efforts some of their *innocent*, but ignorant, factory-girl wives would make to *play the lady*, in the diamonds, silks and satins, which their husbands had appropriated, or rather, which they had actually stolen from those who owned and knew how to use and to enjoy them.

These remarks may be considered harsh, and unbecoming an authoress, *but* they are nevertheless true to the letter, and in all the instances of enormity we have mentioned, we

have only given a part of the truth, for to write the *whole truth* would require more than one volume like the present. The example set by Butler, in appropriating the house of General Twiggs's minor heir, and furnishing it in a luxurious style at the expense of the estate, and in transmitting the plate and swords of the deceased veteran to Lowell; the seizure and the removal to the North of the statue of Washington, by Powers, and of the State Library from the capitol at Baton Rouge, was very extensively followed by Butler's subordinates.

The course pursued by him in order to compel our citizens to take the oath of allegiance was most detestable indeed. He prohibited all trade to those who had not taken the oath, and seized all the funds which they had on deposit in the banks of the city, thus entirely taking away their ordinary means of subsistence. A last device was to compel all those who did not take the oath to register themselves as enemies of the United States, thus making for himself an apparently plausible excuse for expelling the non-conformists from the city, and at the same time confiscating all their property. Such a procedure, though ostensibly from *military necessity*, was little less than downright highway robbery, and was enough, as it has done, to blast the character of the man forever in the eyes of all civilization. Many persons were thus compelled to take the oath, contrary to every conviction of honor and right, and were led to embrace the doctrine that a *compulsory* oath was not binding—the morality of which, to say the least, is somewhat doubtful. These orders of General Butler, especially the oath requirement, were applicable as well to women as to men. Indeed, the malice of Butler against females was, if possible, more bitter and insatiable than against males. A placard was suspended in his office, bearing this inscription:

“The venom of the she-adder is as dangerous as that of the he-adder.”

Outrageous and inhuman as were many of the acts of Butler, as presented in this and the preceding chapter, they afford but a feeble and deficient sketch of the enormities of this brutal monster.

To the credit of some of his subordinates, be it said, that they protested earnestly against many of his acts, but all such protests were vain. His fiendish soul seemed to take delight in torturing the innocent, rendering homeless women and children, and crushing beneath his unhallowed feet those whom the fortunes of war had placed in his power.

In all his course while in command of the "Department of the Gulf," General Butler seems to have been actuated by three leading motives, namely: first, to crush the people, who, though overpowered, hated and detested the tyrant; secondly, to make the highest bid for the popular favor of the Northern people; and thirdly, to accumulate a vast fortune by extortion and plunder.

The extent to which this latter purpose was carried was hardly surpassed by similar efforts of the greatest robbers, from Veres down, and all this was done in the name of the "Union and the Flag."

If the stars of the old flag could have done so, doubtless they would for shame have hid their faces beneath the folds of blue. The stripes would have turned into blackness, and the old time-honored banner of freedom, that in other days so proudly and voluntarily waved over a free and happy people, would have floated at half-mast in token of sorrow for the desolations which, in its name, had been brought upon the country.

CHAPTER XXI.

“Nothing too little for that little creature—Man.”

WE have heard of “the times that tried men’s souls.”

The “Confiscation Act” tried the souls of both men and women.

One act would scarcely be complied with, before another more exciting would be produced.

General Butler sequestered or confiscated (confiscating and rough stealing amounted to about the same thing) property *ad libitum*, before the “Confiscation Act” was passed; as in the cases of General Twiggs and Mr. Slidell.

In the first case, he wished to occupy the house of General Twiggs; so it was styled a “military necessity.” Finding that General Twiggs had presented his niece, Miss R. Florence, with the three swords which had been awarded him, as “a reward of valor,” he ordered this delicate and refined young lady to appear before him.

He questioned her respecting them. After stating very quietly what she knew about them, General Butler brushed his hand rudely before her, exclaiming “pshaw!” and, turning to a black man, who stood at his side, and was his general informer, asked: “Is she telling the truth, or telling a lie?” Suffice it to say, those swords were confiscated and sent to Washington as trophies.

One was presented to Butler by the President for *his valor*.

We append the orders of Gen. Butler, confiscating the property of Gen. Twiggs and his minor son, as likewise that of John Slidell:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 46.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, June 26, 1862.

All the property in New Orleans belonging to General D. E. Twiggs, and of his minor son, the income of which he has received and under the charge of his agent, H. W. Palfrey, Esq., consisting of real estate, bonds, notes of hand, treasury notes of the United States, slaves, household furniture, etc., is hereby sequestered, to be held to await the action of the United States Government.

By order of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

R. S. DAVIS, Captain and A. A. A. G.

SPECIAL ORDERS No. 251.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, August 11, 1862.

All the property of John Slidell, an officer of the Rebel Government, is hereby confiscated.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER,
Commanding Department.

R. S. DAVIS, Captain and A. A. A. G.

In the case of Mr. Slidell, our Minister to France, all his property was sequestered.

The house in which Madame Beauregard resided, on Esplanade Street, and which had been presented to her by an old friend, was understood by Butler to belong to Mr. Slidell, the brother-in-law of Madame B——. His minions were of course sent there. A troop of cavalry drew up before the house; Madame B—— was very ill at the time. Upon alighting from their horses, and entering, they were received politely, shown all they wished to see, admired the pictures with which the walls were decorated, examined the premises, and then were given to understand they were mistaken, that house could not be confiscated. We under-

stood that Butler, nothing daunted, made a second call, and insisted upon seeing the deed, etc., respecting the property.

After the "Act" was passed, confiscation went on gloriously. Those who remained in the city, could see, almost daily, the government wagons backed up to aristocratic-looking houses, and magnificent furniture, large mirrors, etc., driven off to the government auction, to be sold to the best advantage.

We called at an auction store on Camp Street, and asked which was confiscated property. Were shown beautiful furniture; it was to be sold on a particular day.

A grand day for speculators. Those who had no consciences, or "whose consciences were seared with a hot iron," and had no scruples about appropriating their neighbours' goods, no doubt bought great bargains.

Butler's friends say that it was at such times as those, when confiscated property sold cheap, that his brother made considerable.

Other property was "confiscated," under the pretense that the owners would not take the "vile oath."

So all were doomed to suffer.

Southerners, whose great crime it was to love their Southern homes too well, and did not wish to be meddled with by inquisitive Yankees, suffered most.

When referring to "Yankees," we must not be supposed to refer to those high-born, highly-educated ladies or gentlemen, who, although living in a Northern climate, have all the elegance of demeanor and appearance which would adorn a European court.

Such persons have no conception of the depravity of the *canaille*; they live in a different atmosphere, although perhaps in the same city.

The "wooden nutmeg" vender might reside alongside of that eminent statesman, Daniel Webster. The "tricky clock-maker" alongside of John Jacob Astor; even B. F.

Butler could reside alongside of Professor Longfellow; and yet there might be a perfect obliviousness of the existence of such persons. In fact, *we* never had an idea of such an heterogeneous mass, until it landed upon our shores. And, although they, such as they are, may boast of living in New Orleans, they might as well live anywhere else, as they cannot thrust themselves into the "inner life" of this dear old city.

If you wish to distinguish the *élite* of olden times, the ladies of the old school, you may see them in the plainly-dressed, retiring persons you meet; none of them are found in the flauntingly-dressed "fidgetty" somebodies, who "amble up and down" *à la* Shoddy.

You can distinguish the "old inhabitants" by the elegance of their manners and their refined appearance. But we were upon the subject of confiscation, and have digressed too far.

In the Lafourche district the "Confiscation Act" was more sweepingly applied than elsewhere.

There, the magnificent cotton and sugar plantations dazzled the eyes of the invaders—each plantation covered many miles, and but a few white persons usually remained upon each.

When an invading force would appear, those unoffending people would leave all, and flee, fearing fire, murder, rapine, and every other abomination which the concoctor of the "infamous Order No. 28" could invent to molest them. Rather lose all than encounter that "big bull of Bashan" and his satellites. Some of the Yankee officers bought large quantities of sugar—at their own price. Other articles were confiscated as a "military necessity."

The "Commanding General" confiscated almost every thing which came within his reach, as can be seen by the order.

It was a money-making business to Yankees, and a heart-breaking one to Southerners.

The whole Lafourche district was seized upon, and it is believed that Butler and his brother divided two millions of property between them.

His officials were much more gracious than he. When General S—— was applied to by Mrs. P——, after she had had her house confiscated, for “a pass” to go into the Confederacy, he was very kind. She remarked that “she had registered herself an enemy, that she was a Southern woman, that she would rather die than not adhere to her principles.” He replied, certainly, she was correct, and he admired her for her firmness and resolution; that she should have “a pass” to go wherever she pleased in the Confederacy, etc., bowed gracefully, allowed Mrs. P—— to have a pass, and she left, leaving her beautiful house, grounds, furniture, etc., to be sold at auction, for the benefit of all whom it might concern.”

Another *generous* act of General Butler’s was, “upon opening a *sealed* letter, written to Mrs. C—— by a friend, enclosing \$150, he remarked, handing the letter without reading it:

“There is your letter, the money is confiscated,” and very coolly put the \$150 into his vest pocket!

It is certain the “Commanding General” had neither refined taste nor delicate sensibility.

One more anecdote we will relate, and then stop, as we could write a volume upon the same subject, but would weary our readers. It is we think too good to be lost.

Major Arnold had taken possession of Mr. Suzette’s house on Rampart Street, as his headquarters.

It had been occupied by a highly-respectable widow lady who was obliged to leave unceremoniously, and could remove nothing.

Calling one day, her own servant-man met her at the door. She asked for the General in Command, the servant was very impertinent.

She walked in and there found several "shoulder-straps," and inquired if there was no one there to shield a lady from the impertinence of a servant?

No one answering, she proceeded to state the purpose of her visit.

The officials listened very attentively.

"She had left in haste, had not taken her wardrobe with her, and was really in want of her clothing." The head man answered, "that all that was in that house was confiscated, that all belonged," etc.

Astonished at their unkindness, she remarked "that they certainly did not want a lady's wardrobe! they could make no use of that!" They still persisted; and finding that she would lose her wardrobe, she addressed herself politely to the General.

"May I have the pleasure of asking your name?"

"Certainly Madam; my name is General Arnold."

"Ah!" she replied; "Arnold, yes, any one who has read the history of his country recollects that name!"

Immediately, he called the servant; "Here, take this lady up stairs, and let her have her clothes!"

She retired, very much obliged, happy to have rescued some little from their rapaciousness.

CHAPTER XXII.

THERE are many, perhaps, who have never seen the Confiscation Bill; it is well worth reading. Also the different proclamations, orders, etc.

The London Times says:

THE CONFISCATION BILL.

IN the mean time, what is the occupation of the Federal legislators? While their chief general is shut up in a little patch of ground under the protection of his gunboats, and the President is in vain asking for volunteers to reinforce him; while the reckless policy of the dominant party is urging even the Unionists of the Border States into opposition, and rousing a spirit of desperate resistance in the Southwest, the two Houses, as they exist at Washington, are engaged in passing what they call a Confiscation Bill, devoting to capital punishment eight millions of people! It is impossible to conceive a more impotent display of spite than this piece of legislation, which the Republican party would not consent to modify, even at the instance of Mr. Lincoln. The idea of further embittering an already hopeless struggle by threatening the whole Southern population with death, or five years' imprisonment, could enter only into the minds of the men who were so anxious last year to carry out their political theory by executing a privateer's crew at the certain cost of a bloody reprisal on Federal prisoners. At the present time the number of Northern soldiers in the hands of the Confederates probably exceeds that of the Confederates who

are prisoners at the North, and any attempt to add to the horrors of the war by a series of judicial murders would provoke the just retaliation of the Confederates. Happily, it is certain that no ruler will ever dare to put in force this scandalous law. It will only remain a monument of infamy to those who passed it, and be ranked hereafter with the attempted destruction of Charleston harbor and the savage vagaries of General Butler.

A PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States of America.

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17th, 1862, and which act, and the joint resolution explanatory thereof, are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating in, aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion, against the Government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures as within and by said sixth section provided.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-fifth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight [L. S.] hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:

WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

[PUBLIC—No. 160.]

An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled,* That every person who shall hereafter commit the crime of treason against the United States, and shall be adjudged guilty thereof, shall suffer death, and all his slaves, if any, shall be declared and made free; or, at the discretion of the court, he shall be imprisoned for not less than five years, and fined not less than ten thousand dollars, and all his slaves, if any, shall be declared and made free; said fine shall be levied and collected on any or all of the property, real and personal, excluding slaves, of which the said person so convicted was the owner at the time of committing the said crime, any sale or conveyance to the contrary notwithstanding.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That if any person shall hereafter incite, set on foot, assist, or engage in any rebellion or insurrection against the authority of the United States, or the laws thereof, or shall give aid or comfort thereto, or shall engage in, or give aid and comfort to, any such existing rebellion or insurrection, and be convicted thereof, such person shall be punished by imprisonment for a period not exceeding ten years, or by a fine not exceeding ten thousand dollars, and by the liberation of all his slaves, if any he have; or by both of said punishments, at the discretion of the court.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That every person guilty of either of the offences described in this act shall be forever incapable and disqualified to hold any office under the United States.

SEC. 4. *And be it further enacted,* That this act shall not

be construed in any way to affect or alter the prosecution, conviction, or punishment of any person or persons guilty of treason against the United States before the passage of this act, unless such person is convicted under this act.

SEC. 5. *And be it further enacted*, That, to insure the speedy termination of the present rebellion, it shall be the duty of the President of the United States to cause the seizure of all the estate and property, money, stocks, credits and effects of the person hereinafter named in this section, and to apply and use the same and the proceeds thereof for the support of the army of the United States ; that is to say :

First. Of any person hereafter acting as an officer of the army or navy of the rebels in arms against the government of the United States.

Secondly. Of any person hereafter acting as President, Vice-President, member of Congress, judge of any court, cabinet officer, foreign minister, commissioner or consul of the so-called Confederates States of America.

Thirdly. Of any person acting as Governor of a State, member of a Convention or Legislature, or judge of any court of any of the so-called Confederate States of America.

Fourthly. Of any person who, having held an office of honor, trust or profit in the United States, shall hereafter hold an office in the so-called Confederate States of America.

Fifthly. Of any person hereafter holding any office or agency under the government of the so-called Confederate States of America, or under any of the several States of the said Confederacy, or the laws thereof, whether such office or agency be national, State, or municipal in its name or character: *Provided*, That the persons thirdly, fourthly and fifthly above described shall have accepted their appointment or election since the date of the pretended ordinance of secession of the State, or shall have taken an oath of allegiance to it, or to support the Constitution of the so-called Confederate States.

Sixthly. Of any person who, owning property in any loyal State or Territory of the United States, or in the District of Columbia, shall hereafter assist and give aid and comfort to such rebellion ; and all sales, transfers, or conveyance of any such property shall be null and void ; and it shall be a sufficient bar to any suit brought by such person for the possession or the use of such property, or any of it, to allege and prove that he is one of the persons described in this section.

SEC. 6. *And be it further enacted*, That if any person within any State or Territory of the United States, other than those named as aforesaid, after the passage of this act, being engaged in armed rebellion against the government of the United States, or aiding or abetting such rebellion, shall not, within sixty days after public warning and proclamation duly given and made by the President of the United States, cease to aid, countenance and abet such rebellion, and return to his allegiance to the United States, all estate and property, moneys, stocks and credits of such person shall be liable to seizure as aforesaid, and it shall be the duty of the President to seize and use them as aforesaid, or the proceeds thereof. And all sales, transfers or conveyances of any such property after the expiration of the said sixty days from the date of such warning and proclamation shall be null and void ; and it shall be a sufficient bar to any suit brought by such person for the possession or the use of such property, or any of it, to allege or prove that he is one of the persons described in this section.

SEC. 7. *And be it further enacted*, That to secure the condemnation and sale of any of such property, after the same shall have been seized, so that it may be made available for the purpose aforesaid, proceedings *in rem* shall be instituted in the name of the United States in any District Court thereof, or in any Territorial Court, or in the United States District Court for the District of Columbia, within which the property above described, or any part thereof, may be found,

or into which the same, if movable, may first be brought, which proceedings shall conform as nearly as may be to proceedings in admiralty or revenue cases; and if said property, whether real or personal, shall be found to have belonged to a person engaged in rebellion, or who has given aid or comfort thereto, the same shall be condemned as enemies' property, and become the property of the United States, and may be disposed of as the court shall decree, and the proceeds thereof paid into the treasury of the United States for the purposes aforesaid.

SEC. 8. *And be it further enacted*, That the several courts aforesaid shall have power to make such orders, establish such form of decree and sale, and direct such deeds and conveyances to be executed and delivered by the marshals thereof where real estate shall be the subject of sale, as shall fitly and efficiently effect the purposes of this act, and vest in the purchasers of such property good and valid titles thereto. And the said courts shall have power to allow such fees and charges of their officers as shall be reasonable and proper in the premises.

SEC. 9. *And be it further enacted*, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found *on* [or] being within any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

SEC. 10. *And be it further enacted*, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other State, shall be delivered up, or in any way im-

peded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime, or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not borne arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto; and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

SEC. 11. *And be it further enacted*, That the President of the United States is authorized to employ as many persons of African descent as he may deem necessary and proper for the suppression of this rebellion, and for this purpose he may organize and use them in such manner as he may judge best for the public welfare.

SEC. 12. *And be it further enacted*, That the President of the United States is hereby authorized to make provision for the transportation, colonization and settlement, in some tropical country beyond the limits of the United States, of such persons of the African race, made free by the provision of this act, as may be willing to emigrate, having first obtained the consent of the government of said country to their protection and settlement within the same, with all the rights and privileges of freemen.

SEC. 13. *And be it further enacted*, That the President is hereby authorized, at any time hereafter, by proclamation, to extend to persons who may have participated in the existing rebellion in any State or part thereof, pardon and amnesty, with such exceptions and at such time and on such conditions as he may deem expedient for the public welfare.

SEC. 14. *And be it further enacted*, That the courts of the United States shall have full power to institute proceedings,

make orders and decrees, issue process, and do all other things necessary to carry this act into effect.

Approved July 17, 1862.

[PUBLIC RESOLUTION—No. 54.]

Joint resolution explanatory of "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes.

Resolved, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the provisions of the third clause of the fifth section of "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," shall be so construed as not to apply to any act or acts done prior to the passage thereof, nor to include any member of a State Legislature or judge of any State Court who has not, in accepting or entering upon his office, taken an oath to support the Constitution of the so-called "Confederate States of America;" nor shall any punishment or proceedings under said act be so construed as to work a forfeiture of the real estate of the offender beyond his natural life.

Approved, July 17, 1862.

OFFICIAL WAR BULLETIN.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Washington, July 22.

First—Ordered that military commanders within the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Arkansas, in an orderly manner seize and use any property, real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, for supplies, or for other military purposes; and that while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness or malice.

Second—That military and naval commanders shall employ as laborers, within and from said States, so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

Third—That, as to both property and persons of African descent, accounts shall be kept sufficiently accurate and in detail to show quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such persons shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases; and the several Departments of this Government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts toward the execution of these orders.

By order of the President: .

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

DESTRUCTION OF DONALDSONVILLE.

The rebels having, in front of Donaldsonville, fired on a Government transport last Thursday, Admiral Farragut, on Friday, ordered a portion of his fleet to destroy the town. There is nothing left of the place now but a few sticks.

The town is about fifty miles from New Orleans, and was the contemplated capital of Louisiana.

There is nothing left of it now but ruins and rubbish.

We understand that all the towns on the banks of the Mississippi river have been notified that, just as sure as guerrillas are permitted to fire on the transports passing up or down, they will be shelled and destroyed.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 91.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, November 9, 1862.

The Commanding General being informed, and believing, that the district west of the Mississippi river, lately taken possession of by the United States troops, is most largely oc-

cupied by persons disloyal to the United States, and whose property has become liable to confiscation under the Acts of Congress and the Proclamation of the President, and that sales and transfers of said property are being made for the purpose of depriving the Government of the same, has determined, in order to secure the rights of all persons as well as those of the Government, and for the purpose of enabling the crops now growing to be taken care of and secured, and the unemployed laborers to be set at work and provisions made for payment for their labor—

To order, as follows :

I. That all the property within the district to be known as the "District of Lafourche," be, and hereby is, sequestered, and all sales or transfers thereof are forbidden, and will be held invalid.

II. The District of Lafourche will comprise all the territory in the State of Louisiana lying west of the Mississippi river, except the parishes of Plaquemine and Jefferson.

III. That

Major Joseph M. Bell, Provost Judge, President,
Lieut. Col. J. B. Kinsman, A. D. C.,

Capt. Fuller (75th N. Y. Vols.), Provost-Marshal of the district,

Be a commission to take possession of the property in said district, to make an accurate inventory of the same, and to gather up and collect all such personal property, and turn over to the proper officers, upon their receipts, such of said property as may be required for the use of the United States army; to collect together all the other personal property, and bring the same to New Orleans, and cause it to be sold at public auction to the highest bidders, and after deducting the necessary expenses of care, collection and transportation, to hold the proceeds thereof subject to the just claims of loyal citizens and those neutral foreigners who in good faith shall appear to be the owners of the same.

IV. Every loyal citizen or neutral foreigner, who shall be found in actual possession and ownership of any property in said district, not having acquired the same by any title since the 18th day of September last, may have his property returned or delivered to him without sale, upon establishing his condition to the judgment of the Commission.

V. All sales made by any person not a loyal citizen or foreign neutral, since the 18th day of September, shall be held void, and all sales whatever, made with the intent to deprive the Government of its rights of confiscation, will be held void, at what time soever made.

VI. The Commission is authorized to employ in working the plantation of any person who has remained quietly at his home, whether he be loyal or disloyal, the negroes who may be found in said district, or who have, or may hereafter, claim the protection of the United States, upon the terms set forth in a memorandum of a contract heretofore offered to the planters of the parishes of Plaquemines and St. Bernard, or white labor may be employed at the election of the Commission.

VII. The Commissioners will cause to be purchased such supplies as may be necessary, and convey them to such convenient depots as to supply the planters in the making of the crop; which supplies will be charged against the crop manufactured, and shall constitute a lien thereon.

VIII. The Commissioners are authorized to work for the account of the United States such plantations as are deserted by their owners, or are held by disloyal owners, as may seem to them expedient, for the purpose of saving the crops.

IX. Any persons who have not been actually in arms against the United States since the occupation of New Orleans by its forces, and who shall remain peaceably upon their plantations, affording no aid or comfort to the enemies of the United States, and who shall return to their allegiance, and who shall, by all reasonable methods, aid the United States

when called upon, may be empowered by the Commission to work their own plantations, to make their own crop, and to retain possession of their own property, except such as is necessary for the military uses of the United States. And to all such persons the Commission are authorized to furnish means of transportation for their crops and supplies, at just and equitable prices.

X. The Commissioners are empowered and authorized to hear, determine, and definitely report upon all questions of the loyalty, disloyalty or neutrality of the various claimants of property within said district; and further, to report such persons as in their judgment ought to be recommended by the Commanding General to the President for amnesty and pardon, so that they may have their property returned; to the end that all persons that are loyal may suffer as little injury as possible, and that all persons who have been heretofore disloyal, may have opportunity now to prove their loyalty and to return to their allegiance, and save their property from confiscation, if such shall be the determination of the Government of the United States. By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Oh! woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.”

DURING the anguish of our people, and when desolation reigned supreme, we had but little to engage our attention: all was gloom.

If we looked into Canal Street at five o'clock A. M. and five P. M., we would see, every day, a large government wagon with white cover—tied behind—filled with white board coffins from the St. James Hospital, dashing along, drawn by four splendid iron-gray horses.

About twenty feet behind dashed another vehicle of the same kind, drawn by four bay horses, equally as elegant and spirited; *this* carried the living freight—twelve soldiers were piled in, with muskets, prepared to fire over the graves of their deceased comrades!

The chaplain rode in a sort of apple-cart in the rear.

One evening we happened to be in the grave-yard when the grays arrived. Nine coffins were taken out, buried in graves two feet deep, and half filled with water. Prayers were said and guns fired. It was a full half acre, well filled with newly-made graves. At the entrance was a high and massive gate. It was noticeable that only on one grave there were flowers planted. Their friends soared above these externals. There was a tomato vine flourishing over one or two; we pulled it up—it might have grown spontaneously.

The negroes had a burial-place of their own. We saw five coffins being buried there. It was nearer the public road. The driver told us they had died of small-pox, and we hastened on. One of the party, a beautiful young French girl, remained at their graves, to breathe a prayer for those poor creatures. No earthly friend was near. On the other side, outside the massive gate, where waved a little picayune United States flag, were buried the Confederate dead. We also happened there at sunset. The Jersey wagon had just arrived, with its freight of three coffins, and a cart with one. The tops of the coffins were put on so slightly that we could see the light through the cracks.

There was but one grave dug—like the others, two feet deep. We thought there was not time to dig another, as it

was near dark. No one accompanied the dead. There was a man and two boys to attend to the business of interring them. No guns were fired! no prayers were read! We thought they rested quite as well.

We had walked through the grave-yard. There was an air of holiness throughout the place. Although not enclosed, yet each grave had its head-board, with name upon it—each grave was planted with flowers—and on most of them were fresh flowers or wreathes placed,—sweet evidences of “lasting love, frequent prayer, and oft-repeated visits.” In the centre was erected a large, black velvet cross, on which was inscribed, in large gilt letters, the motto, “To our Southern Brothers.” The mound on which the cross rested was surrounded by the choicest flowers; and this was done by “the ladies of New Orleans,” on All Saints day, the first of November, the day when all who have lost friends visit their tombs and renew the flowers—feeling almost reunited. This is a beautiful custom in almost all Catholic countries.

These were the graves of those Confederates who were almost starved at the siege of Vicksburg. We had visited them in the St. Louis Hospital, had seen their sufferings, and had alleviated them as much as we were allowed to do. They were surrounded by the most heartless set of men and officials “with straps” that were ever placed upon earth.

Going into the hospital (it was very difficult to gain admission, unless we were fortunate enough to obtain or borrow a pass; even then, we were forced to tell some fifty falsehoods to the officers, doctors, etc.—for which we hope, and expect to be forgiven)—we saw those poor men. Such suffering we never saw. One poor soul could scarcely speak. I asked him what he wanted; he replied, “Nourishment.” The next day we looked at his bed—he was gone!

Several were in a perfect state of nudity, with only a sheet to cover them! This may seem improbable, but nevertheless it is true. Oh! how we begged (we were sent from

one official to another) to see if we would not be allowed to take some of them to our own homes, to have them nursed and attended to; but in vain. Perhaps some might have been saved. Some were not sick—Captain H. only had the rheumatism—Mr. M. only wanted food, etc.—and so with many others. We were informed there were 150; and only one or two out of the whole ever recovered.

We saw ten dying and dead in one morning; and well do we remember the remarks that were made. We knew them—we talked with them—they gave us their pocket-books to send to their friends—and we saw their names on their wooden head-boards. We carried flowers to their graves, and wrote their friends “at home,” as they desired us to do—before dying.

Oh! we could write a volume on this hospital business; but we forbear. Some of those cold-blooded, white-eyed officials—and that precise doctor, who opened and shut his mouth like a clam-shell—will have to answer at a higher tribunal for their shameless heartlessness and unkindness.

We also visited the Federal sick, who were down stairs; they were nicely cared for—musquito bars, and plenty of *tracts* for their bodily comfort.

Another number of Confederate prisoners were brought in, and placed in the Custom-House. Those were not sick, excepting at heart, but were guarded by a sentinel with a gun larger than himself. He strutted before the door, and showed off astonishingly. These prisoners were allowed to go into an ante-room when their relatives called to see them. Of course every one had a *relative*. One was a cousin, one an aunt, one a sister; and Colonel J. actually had five to call, who all said they were his *wife*—most likely he had never seen them before.

Baskets of provisions were sent in, with notes, to their relatives; the fellow with a gun would receive them, open

and read them, and return the answer, with the empty basket, in a very consequential manner. He was, however, outwitted, as we had no relatives among the prisoners—had never seen them before, and never expect to see them again.

We still have some of the notes, and they serve to amuse us when thinking over the scenes we have gone through. Kindness of heart alone prompted the Southern women to visit those who were in prison, and to relieve the sick. They only carried out the teachings which they had had from their youth up.

Persons are not wholly bad, there are always some good qualities intermixed. So with Butler. He had an eye to cleansing the city; he was the best *scavenger* we have ever had among us. He was fearful that the besom of destruction might appear with the summer heat, and perhaps remove some of his Northern friends; Southerners were generally acclimated, so there was not much to be feared for them. It was quite a grotesque sight to see a battalion of stalwart men, with brooms and spades, rallying forth on a hot summer morning to scrape and sweep the streets, and, without doubt, the city has been much more healthy since. The broom brigade would have served as a reserve corps in case of an emergency, it was so extensive.

Few could see the great love the General had for dumb beasts, and not feel assured he had great kindness of heart. He took a fancy to a fine pair of carriage horses belonging to Mrs. Wisdom, who was absent in New York, and no persuasion would make him change his mind, so, of course, he took them, as a "military necessity." The horses of Mr. Foley he did not wish to retain in the city; he had the stalls nicely padded to keep them from being injured on their passage to New York. Most unfortunately, Mr. F—— heard of his kind intentions, just in time to recover his property.

The valuable horses of Mr. D. K—— and Mr. M—— were advertised, and sold for cash at public auction, to the highest bidder, without reserve, all for the benefit of the United States Government. So, all property was confiscated. It was pitiable to see the most elegant houses stripped of their furniture and surroundings, given to the lowest sort of humanity. Opening the front door of a beautiful mansion in the upper portion of the city, with a large portico in front, we found the front parlor occupied by an Irish family—with a bed, safe, table, and a few chairs in it; the chandeliers for gas were still there, as if in mockery of the scene; bare floors, squalid children running around, and all looking *distraine*. We were told that nine families occupied the house. We had been sent there to look for a servant. An old woman met us at the door, who asked us our business; after answering her questions, we remarked, “You have a delightful place to live in.” Not seeming pleased, she replied, rather gruffly: “Yes, but we don’t get any thing to eat!” and this was the gratitude for such benefits. Some houses were taken as a “military necessity,” and such havoc and destruction never was seen; furniture broken; pianos taken to pieces, to look for concealed arms; bedsteads and other furniture packed up and sent North; large mirrors placed between beds and packed for colder climes; every thing stolen.

Calling to see a colored individual, to find out if she would oblige us by washing for us (at \$1.25 per day), we were asked to walk into her room, as she was not well.

We found her reclining upon a magnificent rosewood bedstead. Brussels carpet upon the floor, and all in unison. We were amazed, and asked where she got her finery.

She remarked, “that when General Butler came here, the things were sold, and she had bought them.”

We concluded she made plenty of money by *washing*.

Butler's "General Order No. 60," respecting fire-arms, gave a *carte blanche* to evil-minded persons to wreak their vengeance upon an unarmed population.

No place was sacred ; every place was invaded.

The negroes became almost frantic.

Our servant, as soon as he heard the "order" read, came rushing frantically into the house, inquiring where "master's sword was, it was an officer's sword ;" but he could not find it, perhaps it had been given up. John was disappointed.

None but those who have been placed in similar situations can imagine the feeling of being surrounded by a lawless set of runaway negroes, with a camp full of them not far distant, and the worst sort of white soldiery being completely in their power and unarmed.

Scarcely a house in the neighborhood that had not been broken into, or an attempt made.

If ever we felt that we had to lean upon an Almighty arm to save, it was then.

We give the "orders" as received.

AN IMPORTANT ORDER.

We call particular attention to the following order, issued by the Assistant Military Commandant of New Orleans :

GENERAL ORDERS No. 21.

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY COMMANDANT,
NEW ORLEANS, August 11, 1862.

It being a fact that numbers of the inhabitants of Baton Rouge, who have been allowed by the United States authorities to retain their private arms, were found dead and wounded on the battle-field, it is hereby ordered, to prevent any repetition of such breach of trust, *that all arms, of whatever description, now in this city, be turned in as follows :*

All persons residing below Esplanade Street, to the 12th Maine Regiment at the Confederate States Hotel, in the Third District.

Those residing in the Second District, to the 13th Connecticut Regiment at the Custom-House.

Those residing in the First District, to the 21st Massachusetts Regiment at Lafayette Square.

Those residing in the Fourth District, to the 31st Massachusetts Regiment at Annunciation Square.

Those residing in Algiers, to the 8th Vermont Regiment at Algiers.

Those residing in Jefferson City, to the officer commanding United States forces stationed there.

Those residing at Lake Pontchartrain, to the officer commanding picket station at that point.

The commanding officers of the above-mentioned regiments will detail an officer to receive the arms turned in under this order, and see that they are carefully preserved for future disposition.

Each person will make one package or bundle of all the arms turned in by him, and close such package or bundle in the presence of the receiving officer; and each receiving officer will keep an accurate list of the names and residences of those who comply with this order, with statement of the arms turned in.

This order must be complied with before Saturday next; and any person failing to comply with it, as directed, will be held liable to imprisonment at hard labor.

By order,

G. WEITZEL,

Assist. Military Commandant.

EDWIN ILSLEY, A. A. A. G.

Charles Chapotin, for having arms on his premises, was sent to Ship Island at hard labor for three months. (Mr. Chapotin has lived in a sparsely settled portion of Jefferson City.)

The gentlemen of New Orleans are called upon to deliver up forthwith all the fire-arms in their possession. This is timely. We trust that pains will be taken to do this work thoroughly. Let every gun, musket, pistol, and knife be taken.

This should have been done a month ago.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 60.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, August 16, 1862.

ORDERED, That after Tuesday, 19th inst., there be paid for information, leading to the discovery of weapons not held under a written permit from the United States authorities, but retained and concealed by the keepers thereof, the sums following:

For each serviceable Gun, Musket and Rifle	\$10
“ Revolver	7
“ Pistol	5
“ Sabre or Officer's Sword.....	5
“ Dirk Dagger.....	3
“ Bowie Knife, Sword Cane, etc.....	3

Said arms to be confiscated, and the keeper so concealing them to be punished by imprisonment.

This crime being an overt act of rebellion against the authority of the United States, whether by a citizen or an alien, works a forfeiture of the property of the offender, and, therefore, every slave giving information that shall discover the concealed arms of his or her master shall be held to be emancipated.

II. As the United States authorities have disarmed the inhabitants of the Parish of Orleans, and as some fearful citizens seem to think it necessary that they should have arms to protect themselves from violence, it is ordered:

That hereafter the offenses of robbery by violence or

aggravated assault that ought to be repelled by the use of deadly weapons, burglaries, rapes and murders, whether committed by blacks or whites, will be, on conviction, punished by death. By order of

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

R. S. DAVIS, Captain and A. A. A. G.

The following correspondence between Count Mejan and Major-General Butler we copy from the Delta of August 13, 1862.

FRENCH CONSULATE AT NEW ORLEANS,
New Orleans, August 12, 1862.

SIR: The new order of the day, which has been published this morning, and by which you require that all and whatever arms which may be in the possession of the people of this city must be delivered up, has caused the most serious alarm among the French subjects of New Orleans.

Foreigners, sir, and particularly Frenchmen, have, notwithstanding the accusations brought against some of them by certain persons, sacrificed every thing to maintain during the actual conflict the neutrality imposed upon them.

When arms were delivered them by the municipal authorities, they only used them to maintain order and defend personal property; and those arms have since been almost all returned.

And it now appears, according to the tenor of your order of to-day, that French subjects, as well as citizens, are required to surrender their personal arms, which could only be used in self-defence.

For some time past unmistakable signs have manifested themselves among the servile population of the city and surrounding country of their intention to break the bonds which bind them to their masters, and many persons apprehend an actual revolt.

It is these signs, this prospect of finding ourselves completely unarmed in the presence of a population from which the greatest excesses are feared, that we are above all things justly alarmed; for the result of such a state of things would fall on all alike who were left without the means of self-defence.

It is not denied that the protection of the United States Government would be extended to them in such an event, but that protection could not be effective at all times and in all places, nor provide against those internal enemies whose unrestrained language and manners are constantly increasing, and who are but partially kept in subjection by the conviction that their masters are armed.

I submit to you, Sir, these observations, with the request that you take them into consideration.

Please accept, Sir, the assurance of my high esteem.

COUNT MEJAN.

Consul of France.

LIEUT. WEITZEL, U. S. Engineers, and

Assistant Military Commandant of New Orleans.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, August 14, 1862.

SIR: Your official note to Lieut. Weitzel, Assistant Military Commandant, has been forwarded to me.

I see no just cause of complaint against the order requiring the arms of private citizens to be delivered up. It is the usual course pursued in cities similarly situated to this—even without any exterior force in the neighborhood.

You will observe that it will not do to trust to mere professions of neutrality. I trust most of your countrymen are in good faith *neutral*; but it is unfortunately true that some of them are not. This causes the good of necessity to suffer for the acts of the bad.

I take leave to call your attention to the fact, that the

United States forces gave every immunity to Monsieur Bonnegross, who claimed to be the French Consul at Baton Rouge; allowed him to keep his arms, and relied upon his neutrality; but his son was taken prisoner on the battlefield, in arms against us.

You will also do me the favor to remember that very few of the French subjects here have taken the oath of neutrality, which was offered to, but not required of them, by my Order No. 41; although all the officers of the French Legion had, with your knowledge and assent, taken the oath to support the Constitution of the Confederate States. Thus, you see, I have no guarantee for the good faith of bad men.

I do not understand how it is that arms are altered in their effectiveness by being "personal property," nor do I see how arms, which will serve for personal defence ("qui ne peuvent servir que pour leur défense personnelle"), cannot be as effectually used for offensive warfare.

Of the disquiet which you say there are signs manifesting themselves among the black population, of a desire to break their bonds which bind them to their masters ("certaines dispositions à rompre les liens qui les attachent à leurs maîtres"), I have been a not inattentive observer, without wonder, because it would seem natural, when their masters had set them the example of rebellion against constituted authorities, that the negroes, being an imitative race, should do likewise.

But surely the representative of the Emperor, who does not tolerate slavery in France, does not desire his countrymen to be armed for the purpose of preventing the negroes from breaking their bonds.

Let me assure you that the protection of the United States against violence, either by negroes or white men, whether citizens or foreign, will continue to be as perfect as it has been since our advent here, and by far more manifesting

itself at all moments and everywhere ("tous les instants et partout") than any improvised citizens' organization can do.

Whenever the inhabitants of this city will, by a public and united act, show both their loyalty and neutrality, I shall be glad of their aid to keep the peace, and indeed to restore the city to them. Till that time, however, I must require the arms of all the inhabitants, white and black, to be under my control.

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER,

Major-General Commanding.

To COUNT MEJAN, French Consul.

SEIZURES.

In addition to the seizures heretofore made by the Federal General for purposes of his department, we have heard that the St. James Hotel, on Magazine Street, and the Carrollton Hotel, are about to be converted into hospitals for their sick soldiers. The new and costly furniture of the St. James is now being removed to Montgomery's auction mart for public sale, and that contained in the hotel at Carrollton is to be placed in the Jefferson Lake End Hotel. A portion of the latter building is also to be occupied by the United States soldiers, but for what purpose we are uninformed.

One of the most shameful seizures was that of the Touro Almshouse. We have obtained a copy of that part of Mr. Touro's will relative to the building. It might be well to state that Mr. Judah Touro was a highly-respected old inhabitant of New Orleans, very wealthy at the time of his death. He bequeathed the greater part of his large estate for the benefit of the city, and for benevolent purposes.

The following is an extract from the will:

"I give and bequeath, for the purpose of establishing an Almshouse in the city of New Orleans, and with the view of contributing, as far as possible, to the prevention of mendicity in said city, the sum of eighty thousand dollars (say \$80,000), and I desire that the Almshouse thus contemplated shall be organized according to law; and further, it is my desire that, after my executors shall have legally organized and established said contemplated Almshouse, and appointed proper persons to administer and control the direction of its affairs, then such persons legally so appointed and their successors in office, conjointly with the Mayor of the city of New Orleans, and his successors in office, shall have the perpetual direction and control thereof."

This building was taken by Butler as "a military necessity," and the most lawless set of negroes have had it as a rendezvous. No white person's life was safe there; and the white officers who were in charge could scarcely restrain them. It is a real nuisance in the lower part of the city. The following is but a single instance, which we took from the paper:

TOURO ALMSHOUSE DOINGS.

"The Bee of this morning says it learns that the French Consul has been complained to on account of exceedingly grave occurrences which took place during last week at the Touro Almshouse, which has been used for some time as a barracks for negroes. A Frenchman, M. Pierre Abadie, furniture dealer, of 130 Dauphin Street, was made the victim of an armed attack, which evidently comes under the order of General Butler. On Thursday, just at nightfall, as he was returning home, he was stopped by a group of negroes, who, after having struck his horse several sabre-cuts to make him stop, inflicted several cuts on himself, wounding him on the head, on the right arm, and on the neck. His assailants also kicked him, punched him, and carried him in a state

of insensibility into one of the rooms of the barracks, in which there was already an Irishman named Lee, who had been taken under similar circumstances. These two persons had to appear before a negro court-martial, by which they were condemned to be summarily hanged. But the sentence was not put into execution, and M. Abadie was set at liberty. His wounds have been examined by Dr. Loiseaux, surgeon of the French volunteer corps, to which the victim of the assault belongs. The complaint has of course been laid before the military authority, and it is hoped that justice will be done to it, by the infliction of exemplary chastisement on the authors of this astounding misdeed."

One of the most revolting sights, and also one of the insults most deeply felt, and which stung us to the quick, was seeing our Confederate soldiers brought into the city by a negro guard!

When a number came together, it seemed as though, bad as it was, they had companionship in their suffering, which made it more endurable—they were not so conspicuous. But when a single Confederate was seen, walking down the neutral ground, on Canal Street, on a hot summer day, bowed down with his knapsack and without arms, and behind him a stalwart negro with his bayonet, strutting along with a kepis stuck upon his head, and a greasy face, you can imagine our feelings!

It was the refinement of cruelty.

How must these poor men have felt, thus paraded through their own streets, on their way to that loathsome den, the parish prison! When once the gate was shut upon them, they were not allowed to see their dearest friends—even a wife was refused admittance. A negro sentinel would pace up and down before the door, hugging his gun, and order off to the banquette any one, particularly ladies, who tarried rather long about the premises.

We heard an anecdote of a lady who sent a roasted

turkey to one of the prisoners; it was nicely prepared, and *stuffed* with a rope, which enabled some seventy-five to make their escape.



CHAPTER XXIV.

By the following description of the great Union Meeting, our readers may infer what pleasant times some persons were having in the Sunny South. It is taken from Butler's paper, the *True Delta*, issued on Friday morning, August 22, 1862:

The New Orleans Bee, Picayune, True Delta, and National Advocate are so heavily freighted with Union advertisements, they are unable to bear any thing in regard to the great demonstration of Thursday night, in favor of the United States Government. Straws show which way the wind blows.

"THE GREAT UNION MEETING LAST NIGHT—GREAT UPHEAVING OF THE PEOPLE—NEW ORLEANS NOT DEAD YET—HER VOICE FOR THE UNION—THE HARD-FISTED OUT IN THEIR STRENGTH."

The greatest demonstration that has ever taken place in New Orleans gladdened the hearts of her loyal citizens last night. Early in the evening the different streets that lead to the City Hall, where the great meeting was to take place, were thronged with men, young and old, wending their way to take part as lovers of their country. Very soon the Lyceum Hall was filled to overflowing with a dense mass of humanity and were surged back into the street, where another stand had been erected for the accommodation of speakers. The wildest excitement pervaded the vast mul-

titude outside, that extended up and down St. Charles Street for nearly a block, and as some noble sentiment sprang from the orator's heart and found utterance in glowing words, cheer after cheer went up, which must have caused the despicable traitors in our midst to seek the darkest recesses of their holes, for they must have trembled to the very marrow at the sound—The voice of the people is the voice of God—and they shuddered at its dreadful intonations.

THE MEETING UP STAIRS IN LYCEUM HALL.

Here, looking from the platform, every conceivable space was filled up with eager faces and earnest eyes. It was easy to be seen that all there were Union men and honest men—men to whom their country was more than a name.

A little before eight o'clock the meeting proceeded to an organization, by Col. T. B. Thorpe proposing the following officers : Col. J. M. C. Brady, President ; F. B. Earhart, Esq., Secretary ; Vice-Presidents, John Sullivan, James McGawley, B. Collins, J. O'Neil, D. S. Nugent, D. C. Woodruff, Patrick Sullivan, Henry McGuire, Thomas Riley, H. Mahon, George Oaks, Mr. Gulius.

The officers were elected by acclamation, and the President, J. M. C. Brady, then came forward and delivered an excellent and effective address, that was greeted with great applause.

T. J. Earhart then introduced the following resolutions, which were moved and adopted :

Resolved, That it is only by the restoration of the authority of the United States that the laboring men of New Orleans can expect remunerative labor.

Resolved, That fleeing from a government of oppression, we found under the authorities of the United States a home of plenty, political equality, and social elevation, and we de-

sire a restoration of the authority that gives us such unequalled blessings.

Resolved, That in Major-General Butler we have found a friend to the working man, a soldier of discipline, a supporter of the honor and glory of his country, and we thank the Federal authorities that he and his brave army came to our rescue from a rebellion started without cause, and carried on for the benefit of persons whom we believe to be enemies of mankind.

Colonel T. B. Thorpe was then introduced, and hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. Waiting until the noise had subsided, the gallant Colonel proceeded substantially as follows :

He did not come here with the intention of speaking, and he would much sooner have taken a back seat, but that he had been repeatedly urged to say something ; and what he would say would be short and brief. He stated that he had come here twenty-five years ago, and had seen this city grow from a comparatively small village to be a princely metropolis. He had seen the levee, now a miserable ruin, covered with the produce of the Far West, which had enriched our merchant princes and made our laborers the happiest and freest men under the sun. This was then the city of Jackson and of Clay—that had thrived and prospered under the ever-honored Stars and Stripes. He came back recently after an absence of six years, and finds her sitting in sackcloth and ashes, her people starving and idle, and her great men degraded by the rebellion.

They might talk about the strength of the rebellion, but he believed there were enough brave Irishmen in this very city to sweep Louisiana.

If you do not restore the Union, what are your lives worth ? Will you consent to hang around the City Hall begging for a day's work ? General Butler has done for you all that man can do. He has exhausted the means

and the money at his command to relieve you. He has made the rich give a little, to keep the people from hunger, from those stores they spent with such a lavish hand to ruin the people.

Who should know this country better than Irishmen? Has not England trampled down their sea-girt isle for centuries, and did they not come here to find open arms and happy homes to receive them, and would they desert it now? And is this great country to be trampled down in the same manner—the poor white men degraded, for the sake of the everlasting nigger, by a few rich men? What order was published in the *Picayune*, the *True Delta*, and all the newspapers of New Orleans by the rebel authorities? That no white man, no Irishman, should work on the levee, or on a steamboat. How dared they deny their right to honest labor? Why did they do it? Because, if they degraded them, if they saw your wives and children starving, they would be forced to enter their armies and be marched northward—to meet in deadly conflict their own countrymen fighting the battle of freedom. (Tremendous cheers.)

The speaker believed this country's salvation rested with the laboring men; they should, with a quickness of perception as if a knife had been stuck into them, know their deadly enemies to be the men who would under any pretext, or under any subterfuge, degrade honest labor, and would trample them under foot. A man that would lower their status they should hate as their bitterest enemy.

The speaker then referred to the many absurd stories put in circulation by designing men in relation to the meeting, and alluded, amid its loud laughter, to a story that had been industriously retailed by the quidnuncs—to the effect that all present were to be seized and enlisted. He did not come here for any such thing. He came here to put a soul in them if possible, to defy the devil; to knock the shackles off their arms; to tell them that with the working men of

this country he could sweep the whole Confederacy and the British lion they are so often trying to call in.

He proceeded to say that if they went to work under the protection of the American flag, some one steps up and whispers in their ear to beware, for next week England will intervene. In such a case, he told them to do what they should do and have a right to do—shut up the mouths of the libellers and villifiers of the Union. If some one speaks up and tells them that Ruggles, Breckenridge & Co. are coming down with a vast army of two hundred and fifty men, let them answer, There are five hundred men working under the Surveyor, and they will sally forth with their shovels and clean them out.

When the rebellion was inaugurated—when it was sprung upon Louisiana—for she never went out, thank God—when the ordinance of secession was first read, this city was unexampled in prosperity. A system of internal improvements had been inaugurated that would, in course of time, have given to every poor man in this city a little cottage in the suburbs that he might leave to his children. Now, we cannot find a silver picayune.

Before this war was inaugurated men went about with bags of silver in their hands, begging people for God's sake to give them bank notes in exchange. There yet exists a statute compelling the employés of the city to receive one-half of their salaries in silver; it was actually a drug in the market. How much did they think old Jacob Barker would ask now to exchange the same shinplasters for coin? (Loud laughter and applause.)

If these times were to return, he told them they must have peace, and we must silence those villainous scamps who prevent it by going about villifying all truth, all good and all honor. The people of the majority of the Southern States, if left free, would hail with joy the raising of the Stars and Stripes over them. The United States does not

wish to conquer them. If she did, a million of armed men could not have been raised. She comes as a parent among her children; she appeals to you, her people; she wants you to range under her banner; she requires the strength of your moral support, and wishes to let the brave fellows who are fighting for her laws depart for their homes.

Colonel Thorpe sat down, amid loud and hearty cheering, and

Colonel White, of Jefferson City, next took the stand, and made a very effective speech, calling on those present never to forget their common country, but to ever remain faithful to the Constitution and liberty. He concluded amid loud acclamations, and the meeting adjourned.

THE OUT-DOOR MEETING.

In addition to the meeting in Lyceum Hall, another was organized upon St. Charles Street. This at first was intended for an auxiliary meeting, but soon became the principal one. The stand faced the City Hall, the steps and front portico of which were jammed with spectators. The dense mass filled also the space in the rear of the stand, and extended from Poydras to Girod Street. It reminded us forcibly of the Bell and Everett demonstrations of 1860, and was more than equal to the best of them.

The meeting was called to order by Dr. William H. Hire, who nominated Judge Hahn for President, and the nomination was ratified by a unanimous vote. Judge Hahn, however, not having yet arrived, L. Madison Day was chosen to fill that office, together with the following list of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries:

Vice-Presidents—Dr. W. C. Duncan, E. Hiestand, Thos. Ingram, Dr. W. H. Hire, W. R. Crane.

Secretaries—Patrick Murphy and C. Frederick.

A Committee on Resolutions, consisting of Dr. Duncan, W. R. Crane and Dr. Hire, was appointed.

Mr. Day, the President, being loudly called for, proceeded to address the meeting as follows:

He said the object of the meeting was to uphold the Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. He had lived, and, by the blessing of God, he hoped to die, under the folds of the glorious flag of the Union. (Applause.) He would ask those who had lived under the secession flag, if they had not seen the evil effect of such a rule. ("That's so.") Before that flag was displayed all the men of New Orleans felt themselves strong, and were willing to fight for the flag of the Union, under whose folds they had prospered. ("We will yet do it.") But the scene had been changed by the demon of secession. Under the advent of Union rule, however, the normal state of things had returned, and the poor man was protected in his right of working for a living. From this state of things he drew a contrast of what would be the state of the wives and the little ones of many of the persons present, had secession prevailed.

He next spoke of the shameful fact of naturalized foreigners being deprived of the right of voting in the city, under the Confederacy, unless they went for the spurious government, and of every man being deprived of the right of suffrage if he did not own negroes; but he exhorted his hearers to be of good cheer, for the country would soon be once more "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The speaker then went on to speak in the most bitter terms of the secessionists, who had brought this great city to its present state of desolation, contending against the would-be aristocrats that New Orleans belonged to all who were then present, and in the city, and not to a few purse-proud people. After reminding the audience of the time when the poor man could earn his two dollars per day, and contrasting those times with these, he went on to say that the chief conspirators ought to be caught by a capias of the whole American people, and be hanged as high as Haman for their trea-

son ; and that, in spite of quibbles of law, juries would be found to convict them. (Applause.)

Dr. Duncan, on behalf of the Committee on Resolutions, reported the following, which were adopted amid loud cheers :

Resolved, That we hail with delight the restoration of our State to the Union, of which it formerly formed so conspicuous and honorable a part, and out of which it was unconstitutionally and wickedly drawn, for a period, by the treasonable acts of unprincipled politicians, who sought personal aggrandizement in the ruin of their country.

Resolved, That having for a time been deprived of the great blessings of our American Constitutional Government, and our rights of citizenship in the American Union, we can now the more strongly appreciate and cherish them, when we again see the old flag wave above us, giving protection to our persons, property and our honor.

Resolved, That the late call of President Lincoln for additional troops, and the conduct generally of the Administration and its representatives in our State, meets our unqualified and heartfelt approval, satisfying us that the war is to be carried on with vigor and justice, and that the American Union will soon assume its former proud position among the nations of the earth.

Judge Heistand was then called upon. He said he was glad to see such a vast assembly of laboring men, for, though belonging at present to a liberal profession, he was a drayman not many years ago. The gentleman then went on to review the secession of South Carolina in 1860, consequent on the previous treason at the Charleston Convention, at which the greatest traitor was John Slideh. (Cries of "Hang him.") The speaker then contrasted the state of trade now to what it was when New Orleans was prosperous—before the treason of 1860. So prosperous was it that the people had no time to attend to public affairs ; all they

could do was to mind their private business, and that was, perhaps, the reason why the traitors had stolen a march on them. (Applause.) A comparison was then drawn between then and now, and the question was put to the people, whether or not they were better off now, to which they responded in thunder tones that they were now far better off than since the inauguration of treason. He then put it to them whether, in the history of the world, a conquering army had ever conducted itself with such moderation—yea, with such humanity, as to actually feed the conquered poor; and yet General Butler had done this. (Cheers for General Butler.) After a few remarks about the tyranny of the Confederates, which he happily compared to that of Warren Hastings, in India, which drew forth the celebrated bitter rebuke of Edmund Burke, in the British Parliament, and some further remarks on the same subject, the speaker gave way to his successor.

Dr. Dostie, who had been in Europe, was the next speaker. He spoke warmly on the subject of persons having been incarcerated in loathsome prisons, only because they loved the flag under which they were born. He thought our country ought to be honored next to our God; and he believed that the people of New Orleans, as represented at that meeting, would bring about the redemption of Louisiana. Is it not so? ("Yes, yes.") The Doctor spoke warmly, at considerable length, in favor of his native State, in connection with the Union, loudly cheered all the while, and sat down amid thunders of applause.

The meeting was then adjourned.

Afterwards both meetings coalesced, and, preceded by a splendid brass band, moved up town like a vast sea, filling up the streets far and wide, and rending the air with their vociferations. They halted in front of General Butler's headquarters, and the band played some exquisite airs, to which the hero of the occasion bowed his acknowledgments. After

giving a number of cheers for the General, and other favorites of theirs, they gave one last cheer, just to keep their hand in, and quietly dispersed, and the great New Orleans Union Meeting of August 21st, 1862, became a matter of history.

The names at this meeting we had never heard, excepting one who had been a barber in Chicago, and had shaved contrabands.

CHAPTER XXV.

THERE was to be an exchange of prisoners! Of course, there was to be another "order" forthcoming. "No. 79" was more *lenient* than most of the others. The gentlemen were actually *allowed* to wear their clothes! and a sword.

"Georgia uniform" was similar.

Read the Order: -

GENERAL ORDERS No. 79.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, October 4, 1862.

In accordance with the terms of the cartel recently negotiated between the Major-General Commanding this Department and Major-General Van Dorn of the Confederate army, all prisoners of war registered at these headquarters for exchange will be sent by steamer to Baton Rouge, La., on the 8th of October inst., leaving New Orleans at 10 o'clock A. M. of that day.

Those officers the terms of whose surrender permitted the retention of their side-arms, will be allowed to take with them their swords only; but in no case will permission be

granted to purchase arms of any description to carry beyond the lines; nor will any supplies be taken further than the apparel actually worn at the time of their departure.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. General.

We were on the levee when the Laurel Hill departed with the Confederate soldiers for exchange at Baton Rouge, and a more exciting scene we have seldom witnessed.

According to the general estimate the number of lookers-on was about twenty thousand.

All was din and noise. The black smoke from the steamer curling to the skies, the letting off steam, the scream of the steam-whistle, the puffing and blowing, the putting out and hauling in plank, the shouting and hallooing of sailors, the last tinkling of bells to warn strangers to depart, all added to the melee.

It was almost agonizing to hear the mingled sighs and sobs of those who were taking their last farewell—the sad farewell of aching hearts, parting from those they loved, leaving for the war, perhaps never to return!

Our own boys had gone, we could not hear from them—and we “knew what sickness of heart it was which arises from hopes deferred.”

We looked on in tearful silence, feeling a dull sense of loneliness, watching the waving of handkerchiefs and listening to the “God-speed” of hundreds of voices as the vessel departed from the wharf, straining our eyes to catch the last glimpse until she was lost in the distance. War for a while relaxed its rigid rights, and the amenities of humanity triumphed.

We missed the baggage-wagon; it was *not* needed. Some of the officials made a most imposing show of military power—strutted their short hour, and were left in the crowd.

Some more excitable spirits than the rest hoorraed for the Southern Confederacy, and were arrested.

A woman waved a small Federal flag. Some of the poor heart-broken Confederate women, being exceedingly incensed, gave her a good whipping, got arrested, and were sent to the calaboose for the night, and, thus ended the day.



CHAPTER XXVI.

THE "Emancipation Proclamation" of the President produced great excitement in the South. As a number have never seen it, we will give it entire; it will be gratifying to keep it as a *souvenir*. To some it will be very interesting.

The *pen* with which it was written and signed was encased in a glass tube, which formed the centre of a beautiful candelabra, and sent to General Banks while he sojourned in New Orleans.

It was displayed in the window of the store of Hyde & Goodrich, and gazed upon by thousands of persons. It had been used as a weapon of defence! Here is the article:

HIGHLY IMPORTANT—PROCLAMATION BY PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES—THE WAR STILL TO BE PROSECUTED FOR THE RESTORATION OF THE UNION—A DECREE OF EMANCIPATION—ALL SLAVES IN STATES IN REBELLION ON THE FIRST DAY OF JANUARY NEXT TO BE MADE FREE.

WASHINGTON, Monday, September 22, 1862.

By the President of the United States of America:

A PROCLAMATION.

I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy

thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare, that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relation between the United States and the people thereof in which States that relation is, or may be, suspended or disturbed; that it is my purpose, at the next meeting of Congress, to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States so-called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt, the immediate or gradual abolishment of Slavery within their respective limits; and that the efforts to colonize persons of African descent with their consent, upon the continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the governments existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or any designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Department of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof, respectively, shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have

participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof have not been in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an act of Congress entitled "An Act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13, 1863, and which act is in the words and figures following:

BE IT ENACTED, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be observed as such.

ARTICLE.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service.

SECTION 2.—*And be it further enacted*, That this action shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also to the ninth and tenth sections of an act entitled "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which section is in the words and figures following:

SECTION 9.—*And be it further enacted*, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall, in any way, give aid or comfort thereto, escaping from such persons and taking refuge within the lines of the army; and all slaves captured from such persons, or deserted by them and coming under the control of the Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found on (or

being within) any place occupied by rebel forces and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captures of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude and not again held as slaves.

SECTION 10.--*And be it further enacted*, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any of the States, shall be delivered up, or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and has not been in arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto, and no person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service.

And I do hereby enjoin upon and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States, to observe, obey and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the act and sections above cited.

And the Executive will in due time recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall (upon the restoration of the constitutional relation between the United States and their respective States and people, if the relation shall have been suspended or disturbed) be compensated for all losses by acts of the United States, *including the loss of slaves*.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight

hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President :

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

A dispatch dated Washington, October 3d, says :

The Richmond Whig, of September 30th, contains the following :

In the rebel Senate, on the 29th of September, Mr. Semmes, of Louisiana, submitted the following joint resolution :

RESOLVED, by the Congress of the Confederate States, That the proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, issued at the City of Washington, in the year 1862, wherein he declares "that on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord 1863, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, whereof the people shall be in rebellion against the United States, shall be henceforth and forever free," is leveled against the citizens of the Confederate States, and as such is a gross violation of the usages of civilized warfare, an outrage on the rights of private property, and an invitation to an atrocious servile war, and *therefore should be held up to the execration of mankind*, and counteracted by such severe retaliatory measures as in the judgment of the President may be best calculated to secure its withdrawal or arrest its execution.

We touch upon this subject with trembling hesitation, as we do not care about expressing our opinion where there are so many who may differ from us. It was a matter of astonishment that the negroes, being so lately placed in a new position, should have behaved as well as they have done. Many are lazy, and will not work ; but there are a number who have acted wonderfully well.

They have taken places and remained in them ; some have

taken rooms, at quite high rents, and support themselves by washing and ironing.

A number have hired themselves upon plantations, either for wages or a share of the crops.

Those who have acted badly, generally are those who have been misguided by white men, who tamper with them for the vilest purposes.

If left alone they are a good-natured, obliging, *noisy* set, enjoying a laugh “most *consumedly*.”

General Butler, we are told, set an example of *rigidity* toward them which, no doubt, had a very *conciliatory* effect.

One of the servants at General Twiggs’s mansion wished to go out, perhaps “to visit.”

The General denied his request; wished him to remain “at home.”

As the “Commanding General” had other “orders” to give, he was obliged to depart, and, calling an orderly to him, told him that if the individual should leave the house, he must restrain him.

As the story is told, the man attempted to jump the fence and the orderly *shot him*! He died.

General Butler did all he could do; he had a great parade and funeral. A long string of carriages, filled with friends of the deceased, made quite a show.

The funeral cortege moved from the mansion of General Twiggs, and all was done decently and in “order.”

Our servants—they are *reliable* informers—came in with the wonderful account; it made quite a stir in the neighborhood at the time, but the *funeral* was so *expensive* that all settled down, as the Quakers say, “into the quiet.”

The only time the “colored individuals” were uproarious was upon the Fourth of July—the first year of their “independence.”

The weather being excessively warm, towards evening we took our stroll on Canal Street, the boulevard of the city.

Large crowds were assembling at the corners of the street (general order, forbidding persons to assemble, did not apply to Ethiopians); we were startled by terrific yells, hoo-rah's, etc., long before we could see or divine the cause. At length, we saw an innumerable quantity of negroes—there could not have been less than five thousand—come around the corner of Rampart Street, walking two and two in procession, whooping and yelling, men and women; men waving their hats, women pulling off their turbans, waving them in the air, shrieking and hallooing at the top of their voices—looking like maniacs just escaped from their cells.

This collection of contrabands proceeded down Canal Street to the Clay Statue (where white persons were forbidden to assemble, even with three in company), to hear the "Union speech." "*Who'll join the Union, O'ho, O'ho.*"

Stopping at Durant's corner, they gave him *three cheers*, lustily.

It was a *strange sight*.

On dit, that the whole city was in their full possession until their celebration was over.

They dispersed quietly, and we heard no more noise or *rioting*.

Every one who remained in the city will remember the large, good-looking negro, dressed to death, *à la militaire*, and his fine horse, caparisoned ditto, who rode up and down the streets quietly, *showing off*, making the vulgar *stare*, and enticing the negroes to go to the war.

He and his horse were in danger of melting in the hot summer sun, when the perspiration would roll off both of them.

However, his name was *Caillon*. He went into *actual fighting* and was killed, we forget where; but his remains were brought to the city, and duly honored by thousands of negroes, men, women, and children, walking two and two, behind the hearse. Such a procession has never been seen;

perfect order reigned, and sorrow was expressed in each face. "Mr. Linkum's" portrait was carried among them.

Reading over an old newspaper, we came across a very pathetic history of a faithful old servant. As it pleased us, perhaps it may please others, who may remember the good old creature. It was during an epidemic in New Orleans—a real scene. They were a happy people when they had good homes, and, we hope, they will still continue to have them, although in a different manner, if they are industrious and saving.

The following is one instance; the same was met with every day:

"Having been informed that the female servant of my neighbor, to whom they had entrusted their house during their absence for the season, had been taken violently ill, we hastened to her, knowing she was generally alone through the day. In what condition did we find her: an object of misery upon a bundle of rags in one corner of a room, destitute of a friend to give her a warm bath or a dose of medicine; with an infant, hungry, dirty, and almost devoured by mosquitoes, as we had found an Irish woman the preceding week? No, the rooms—for she occupied two—were about twelve feet square. The first seemed to be her reception-room or parlor (the poor, bare parlor). Its furniture was simple, but tastefully arranged and commodious. On the table, covered with a cotton-damask cloth, were a set of highly-colored fancy cups and saucers, and a variety of glass vessels and ornaments, among which we noticed a beautiful Bohemian cologne bottle, given auntie for discovering Jimmy's first tooth. In the centre was a Methodist hymn-book and Bible. On the ceiling were suspended many cheap pictures and a large looking-glass, surrounded by a wreath of gaudy artificial flowers. The floor was clean, and gave evidence of a recent scrubbing with brick-dust. When admitted to the next room, we found the patient in bed, and

ascertained that her master, when leaving, had directed her, in case of sudden illness, to call in the doctor on the same square, and if the disease proved dangerous, to call also the old family physician from a distant part of the city. The former had been called, had provided medicine and a nurse, and the patient was as comfortable as one recently attacked with yellow fever could be. When inquired of for the immediate cause of her sickness, she could give none, but replied :

“ ‘La, no, I never pays no ’tention to sich things. Misses allers looks arter us anyhow, and when she’s home it’s sure onpossible to get sick, but culler’d people never minds nothing about nothing nohow, and dey is bad off when misses is gone. I believes de Lord tells Miss Agness what’s in de future, ’cause all the time ’fore she leaves she tells me what to do if I gets sick. An’ she left all dat money for me if I’s sick. De Lord bless her heart and spare me to see her sweet face. You knows, Madam, my misses is mighty putty, and Mass Jim is chock full of jokes.’

“ When cautioned against talking, she began to sing :

‘ There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.’

“ When cautioned again, she said :

“ ‘Madam, I’s not afeard of dying. I know I’s a poor sinner, but Jesus is my Saviour. Cullered peoples go to heaven in his name.’

“ We inquired :

“ ‘Are you willing to leave your children ?’

“ ‘Bless your heart, yes, Madam. Won’t missus and all de family care for them ? But I wants to get well and see missus, and bless his little heart, baby Jimmy.’

“ Nothing but a positive order could stop her talking of the family. She requested me to take from her armoir a

basket of clothing for her children, who had been sent to her mother, who belonged to a gentleman in the neighborhood, and who was to take care of them till their mother recovered."

Negroes are proverbially fond of dress; they have an innate perception of the beautiful; gaudy colors seem to please them most.

Some in New Orleans dress elegantly, particularly since the ladies' wardrobes were sent to auction and sold to the highest bidder.

The auctioneer's voice in Camp or Chartres Streets could be heard during their sales, shouting out:

"Here is an elegant silk dress belonging to a rebel. Who'll bid? who'll buy? will no one bid? six bits? eh, six bits? une piastre, une piastre," etc.; and it was sold to the highest bidder.

Another, holding up a silk mantilla, would shout:

"Here is a man-tiller worn by a rebel when she went to take the oath! ha! ha! Une piastre, eh! une piastre, eh! deux piastres!—you shall have it." It was bought as a bargain—costing from \$25 to \$30.

We are not astonished that Butler's brother made so much money "buying confiscated property," although we "guess" he didn't care for *skirts*.

The negroes are now being educated, and they will no doubt be a very intelligent race when they become *acclimated* to good society.

We hope to see the good effects of the school mistresses' exertions.

Mrs. Stowe, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," gives a glowing description of a strong-minded woman from New England—"Miss Ophelia"—undertaking to teach "Topsy," a Kentucky darkey, a slave, her catechism. She was a young girl, and had an uncommon verbal memory, and committed with a fluency that greatly encouraged her instructress.

Miss Ophelia busied herself very earnestly on Sundays teaching her. Malicious persons laughed at her kind exertions, but, nothing daunted, she continued them.

Topsy, who had stood like a black statue during a discussion about educating children, etc., with hands folded decently, at a signal from Miss Ophelia, continued her catechism:

"Our first parents, being left to the freedom of their own will, fell from the state wherein they were created."

Topsy's eyes twinkled, and she looked inquiringly.

"What is it, Topsy?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Please, Missus, was dat ar state Kintuck?"

"What state, Topsy?"

"Dat state dey fell out of; I used to hear mas'r tell how we came down from Kintuck."

In very much this way Topsy's training proceeded for a year or two—Miss Ophelia worrying herself from day to day with her, as a kind of chronic plague, to whose inflictions she became in time as accustomed as persons sometimes are to the neuralgia or sick headache.

This description shows they *can* be educated.

Now they are a freed people, and when they are *thoroughly* educated they will perceive the vulgarity of dressing so overmuch, and the folly of putting all they can obtain upon their backs. Their vulgar fussiness will give place to quiet equanimity.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“Room for the leper! room,” and, as he came,
The cry passed on—“Room for the leper! room.”

—ROY.

THERE is a *moral* leprosy which is far greater than the bodily taint, and more to be dreaded, as its effects may pervade a whole community.

Walking down Prytania Street, our custom often on a summer afternoon, we paused as we passed the spacious residence of our old friend, General Twiggs—it had changed, both in appearance and in occupants.

Formerly, the good old general could be seen, either in his parlor or on his door-step quietly reading or amusing his friends and himself with his hearty humor and kindly hospitality: it was a *quiet*-looking house.

Now, it looks *distrain*—it is the “Commanding General’s” headquarters! We saw a file of *orderlies*, with bayonets, extending from each side the steps to the street. “Room,” there was sufficient for General Butler to pass from the door to his carriage; two orderlies were placed on the box with the driver; one was back of the ponderous vehicle, and one inside for *company*. You can imagine the *picture*, as it drove down Prytania Street. You could scarcely see the *orderlies*, but the bayonets were displayed far above their heads and glistened in the sun.

The fact was, the “Commanding General” was fearful that his “grade of authority” would not be recognized, and afraid, also, that if the *canaille* would once get him into their hands he would be “hung as high as Haman.”

If kind old General Twiggs could have entered his

domicile, embellished with the gains of extortion and oppression, he would have thought that he had entered the wrong box.

When the carriage with its precious freight landed at the Custom-House, the same manœuvres were gone through—orderlies with arms ranged on each side from the street to the steps, and “room” left for Butler to pass through with all due worldly “pomp and circumstance.”

He was beleaguered with bayonets—they alone protected him until he arrived in his sanctum.

The first care he then had was to arrange his pistols upon his table, within reach; this intimidated the ladies, or any other persons who might wish to see him upon business.

No one was allowed to advance within eight feet of him—fearful of a *rencontre*—unless it might be *General Twiggs's negro*, “*William*,” who waited upon Butler!

On the wall of this office was printed the witty, vulgar remark:

“There is no difference between a he and a she adder in their venom.”

It was from this den of iniquity that his “orders” were issued. Here it was that he wrung tears of anguish from many a broken heart; many a heart he has broken, and yet the sufferers have still lived on!

Here it was that he imposed hardships upon those who were least able to endure them!

And here it was that his horrid voice rang in the ears of his agonized victims!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"THE PASS."

"The watch-word of persecution."

ANOTHER "Order," No. 80, was produced, to irritate and humiliate still further :

GENERAL ORDER No. 80.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, October 4, 1862.

No boat, of any description whatever, will hereafter be permitted to carry stores of any kind up the Mississippi river, beyond Camp Parapet, without special permission from these headquarters; and from this office alone will passes be granted to persons going outward in that direction.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.
GEO. C. STRONG, A. A. General.

Formerly the negroes were given passes by their masters to enable them to walk the streets at night without molestation, after the nine o'clock bell had tolled them the time for retiring.

Since Butler's rule, the darkies can move round at all hours, "always admissible."

Then, no white individual could leave the city without a pass.

We were not allowed to visit the sick without "a pass!" Persons wishing to obtain one would be sent from one official to another, go to the office where passes were manufactured, wait for an hour, and sometimes two or

three, then have to return in the evening or perhaps the next morning; then the official might not be in his office, "was out late last night," had not come down town yet (nearly all lived in the spacious mansions taken as a "military necessity"), or some such trivial excuse; until, wearied with importunity, we almost wished they were where they came from, that is, Yankee land.

Nothing could be sent beyond the Union lines without "the pass," and then every box, bundle, trunk, or *woman*, was searched by a band of detectives, who were generally either the men or the women, "no better than they ought to be." Who could live in such an atmosphere, and preserve their purity of heart?

The clanking of their sabres and spurs upon the banquettes, as they strutted by our dwellings, made every nerve quiver, and made us gnash our teeth. The reader must excuse so many digressions, but it is almost impossible to have endured so many agonizing insults, and be able to write the record, without feeling excited upon the subject.

Wishing to have a sick friend visit us, who was in the St. Louis Hospital (the hotel taken for that purpose), we were obliged to go in *propria personæ*, to ask for "a pass" to visit the Hospital.

From headquarters, we were sent to Dr. Alexander, the medical director, who, with much *suaviter in modo*, says if Dr. Bacon (who lived about two miles from him) says so, "he may go."

Hastening to Dr. Bacon, a man with thin lips, pale face, and determined expression, he would say in a very sanctimonious manner, and smacking his lips, if Mr. Bell says so, "he may go."

We go to Mr. Bell, who was talking and laughing as though the dead and dying were not around him, and make our request, and are answered, if he will take "the Oath" (he was a paroled prisoner), "he may go."

There appearing to be no other alternative, after trying every other expedient, as the person was too sick to go to headquarters to take the "monster oath," if he would, and the Federals would not send any one to administer "the Oath;" tired out with their foolery, for we could give no more appropriate name, after spending all the morning, riding from one official to another; receiving notes from Dr. Bacon (some of which we now have as mementoes), that "he thinks" such a person can go out "this afternoon," but "that afternoon" never came, we were obliged to relinquish all idea of relieving the sick, poor disappointed men, and leave them there to die! An army almost died in the hospitals.

They obtained "passes," to a better country, where, perhaps, some of their tormentors would be pleased to join them at some future day.

This was the experience of almost every one who asked for "a pass;" the delight which the officials took in tormenting their poor victims was *demoniacal*. Neither food, clothing nor medicine were allowed to be sent to our suffering friends, although those who had the means in the city could purchase almost every thing that was needed.

Money could generally buy "a pass" for any thing, and a lady friend assured us that she had "a pass" at once given to her, upon her presenting five gallons of whiskey.

It was wonderful the detectives did not search the ladies when going to the hospitals; they might have found immense pockets, filled with all sorts of necessaries under their silk cloaks; small bottles of brandy, tobacco, eatables, combs, soaps, etc., too numerous to mention; then, too, the infant waists of their dresses would be so filled with papers of tobacco for the poor soldiers, that the ladies would look much more robust when entering than when leaving.

One day we were annoyed by one of the bottles breaking, by knocking against the iron bedsteads while in the

Federal ward ; the scent was quite refreshing, so no notice apparently was taken of it. The pockets were sometimes so heavy that we could scarcely carry them, but every one we asked would contribute something for the Confederates, and we had the pleasure of giving to them.

The detectives were as notorious as some of the officials, for instance, a fellow named "Nay," whom Butler had sent out from Washington as a forerunner, as a first-rate, cunning, sly somebody to assist him, was caught stealing \$75,000 worth of goods, and "confiscating" or appropriating them for his own use. A gentleman had the goods stored away. Every thing which pleased him he contrived to lay hold of and appropriate. He was at length caught, and report says sent to the North.

A lady, with an infant almost rolled up in the finest lace, called to see us ; we had to take a second look ; who was it ! but our old washerwoman and paint-scrubber ! only two years had passed. We asked her "how her circumstances had become so changed for the better ?" She told us that her husband (before he died) was "a Union man," and when the Yankees came in, that he informed them where the Confederates had put away certain valuable articles, and they gave him half the proceeds of all !

We have never seen her since.

"Passes" were given kindly enough, and very quickly, when persons would relinquish their houses, furniture, silver, and all their valuables, and go where they would not be heard from, so long as General Butler had his headquarters in the city.

Many spent their all, and gave up all, to get rid of the tyrant's power.

The following freak of fancy we cut from one of the Northern papers (the New York World). He will get "a pass" some day :

HOW GENERAL BUTLER TREATS LADIES.

During the month of June, Mrs. Slocomb, a wealthy lady of New Orleans, applied to General Butler for a pass for herself and family to go to her country residence, but stated frankly that neither she nor her family could take the oath of allegiance. The General responded that inasmuch as they were true *ladies*, though enemies to the country, he would grant their request if they would permit him to occupy their house in town as his residence. To this Mrs. Slocomb and her daughter, Mrs. Urquhart, demurred. Subsequently, however, the following correspondence passed between General Butler and the ladies :

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, June 23, 1862.

MESDAMES : I have the pleasure to inform you that my necessities, which caused the request for permission to use your house during your absence this summer, have been relieved. I have taken the house of General Twiggs, late of the United States army, for quarters. Inclined never on slight causes to use the power entrusted to me to grieve even sentiments only entitled to respect, from the courage and ladylike propriety of manner in which they were avowed, it is gratifying to be enabled to yield to the appeal you made for favor and protection by the United States. Yours shall be the solitary exception to the general rule adopted, that they who ask protection must take upon themselves corresponding obligations, or do an equal favor to the government. I have an aged mother at home who, like you, might request the inviolability of hearthstone and roof-tree from the presence of a stranger. For her sake you shall have the pass you ask, which is sent herewith. As I did myself the honor to say personally, you may leave the city with no fear that your house will be interfered with by any exercise of military right, but will be safe under the

laws of the United States. Trusting that the inexorable logic of events will convict you of wrong toward your country, when all else has failed,

I remain your obedient servant,

BENJ. F. BUTLER, Major-General.

Mesdames SLOCOMB and URQUHART.

To this letter Mrs. Slocomb returned the following reply:

GENERAL BUTLER: Permit me to return my sincere thanks for the special permit to leave, which you have so kindly granted to myself and family, as also for the protection promised to my property. Knowing that we have no claim for any exception in our favor, this generous act calls loudly upon our grateful hearts, and hereafter, while praying earnestly for the cause we love so much, we shall never forget the liberality with which our request has been granted by one whose power here reminds us painfully that our enemies are more magnanimous than our citizens are brave. Most respectfully, yours,

C. A. SLOCOMB.

New Orleans, June 23.

CHAPTER XXIX.

“Home—sweet, sweet home.”

PERSONS not living in New Orleans are not aware what perfect delight “the old inhabitants” took in meeting in the evening and having a friendly confab together. The evenings are so delightful, after the intense heat of the day, that it invigorates to breathe the sea breeze when it sets in, which is about eight o’clock P. M., and the moon shines here in its greatest splendor. Who that has visited this city in the summer, some ten years since, can forget the families seated on their front banquettes until quite late in the night, as though it were their common saloon, and the kindly feeling that each had for their neighbors; it was like a country village. The creole population gave the tone to society, and all moved on joyously and harmoniously. A stranger coming in their midst was received with open arms, and was as much at home as if reared in their midst; every attention paid to their wants and their luggage taken care of—not by a fidgetty, dapper little woman, but by the servants who had been brought up with the family, and who had learned kindness and politeness by having seen it constantly practiced around them. There was no “counting of spoons” in those days when visitors departed.

General Butler put an end to all “confabs;” his General Order of July 11, forbidding persons to assemble in the streets, as it was dangerous, etc., compelled all to disperse. On several occasions he had some of the most respectable citizens arrested and sent to the calaboose.

These are extracts taken from the papers at that time :

UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLAGES.

A number of prominent and highly-respectable gentlemen of this city were last night arrested at the corner of St. Charles and Canal Streets, for being in an unlawful assemblage—that is, according to an official decree this morning promulgated—for being engaged in conversation in an assemblage consisting of over three persons. They were taken before Judge Bell, but the result of the interview there has not transpired at this present writing.

P. S.—Since writing the above, the gentlemen whose arrest is mentioned above have had their case disposed of by Judge Bell. Those of them who showed a disinclination to disperse when ordered to clear out by the police were fined twenty dollars each, and one of them, who drew a sword-cane on the officers, had to pay one hundred dollars. The defence set up was that no military order had, at the time of their arrest, been published, making the meeting of three or more citizens an unlawful assemblage, and that the parties merely demanded of the police the authority under which they were acting.

UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLAGE.

From police regulations instituted last night, it appears that more than two persons talking together, if anywhere on Canal Street, near the Clay statue, is considered an unlawful assemblage. As this new order had not been previously promulgated, it was scarcely credited. The consequence was, a number of respectable citizens were arrested and locked up in the calaboose. We make the statement that it may be a warning to others.

Their names are Henry Florance, H. W. Reynolds and Molten Jenkins. Mr. Florance is a well-known citizen, and has a brother residing in Philadelphia, who owns a large

amount of property in this city, valued at something like half a million of dollars.

TO THE PUBLIC.

PROVOST-MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
New Orleans, La., July 11, 1862.

The assembling together in the streets and public squares of citizens in groups and crowds has become dangerous to the public peace. The police of the city have therefore been ordered to disperse all assemblages of more than three persons, and to arrest and confine all those who refuse immediate compliance with their directions.

General Order No. 82 was the "Order" under which all the rogues sheltered themselves when they cheated owners of property out of their rents.

It was impossible to get them to remove out of their houses, and they would pay no rent; generally, they were of the lower order of people, and were upheld in their impertinence.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 82.
HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, October 17, 1862.

All persons holding powers-of-attorney or letters of authorization from, or who are merely acting for, or tenants of, or intrusted with any moneys, goods, wares, property or merchandise, real, personal or mixed, of any person now in the service of the so-called Confederate States, or any person not known by such agent, tenant or trustee to be a loyal citizen of the United States, or a *bona fide* neutral subject of a foreign government, will retain in their own hands, until further orders, all such moneys, goods, wares, merchandise, and property, and make an accurate return of this same to David C. G. Field, Esq., the Financial Clerk of this Department, upon oath, on or before the first day of November next. Every such agent, tenant or trustee failing

to make true return, or who shall pay over or deliver any such moneys, goods, wares, merchandise and property to or for the use, directly or indirectly, of any person not known by him to be a loyal citizen of the United States, without an order from these headquarters, will be held personally responsible for the amount so neglected to be returned, paid over or delivered. All rents due or to become due by tenants of property belonging to persons not known to be loyal citizens of the United States, will be paid as they become due, to D. C. G. Field, Esq., Financial Clerk of the Department. By command of

MAJOR GENERAL BUTLER.

GEORGE C. STRONG, A. A. G., Chief of Staff.

“A joke has often lost a friend,
But never gained one.”

The wisest men like a little foolishness now and then; and as we have enjoyed so many *pungent* jokes from “headquarters,” we should be allowed to indulge in the same manner in return.

It is only a little harmless one, which we have heard, but it is quite amusing. We will tell it as it was told to us.

In the first place, some mention must be made of the appearance of the “General Commanding.”

He was just such a specimen of humanity as would gladden a physiognomist. He was decidedly *enbonpoint*, as you will perceive by his portrait in the frontispiece. His head was the greatest circumstance of the institution. When viewed from the Prytania Street cars, “when retired his male friends among” (we could not approach nearer without danger), he looked like a ripe pumpkin, for his hair positively refused to grow on the top of his head, “where the hair ought to grow,” but rolled in masses *au derriere*.

But to the joke: An orderly handed in a beautifully embossed note of invitation—from appearance, to a ball, or

some other *recherche* affair. The old General's eyes brightened with evident satisfaction. Rising, pulling down his vest and kicking out his feet to make his pants reach the floor—casting a glance at his figure and drawing himself up with complacency, he folded the note. It was an invitation to a ball, for his wife and himself! and he remarked to one of his officials, "Well, I am really glad that we are beginning to be appreciated; they have been a long time finding out our merits—but I knew it would be so in time."

Rolling across the saloon—the rooms are generally large at the St. Charles—he handed Colonel —— very pompously the note.

The Colonel, more *au fait* in those matters, read the note and smiled.

The General asked the reason, and was told quietly that "such things were better to be as little seen or heard of as possible."

The General swore vengeance. "Till Phillips," who was a former school-mate of Mrs. Butler's, was to have an entertainment, and had dared to send an invitation to them!

No doubt he said "it was infamous," and was not sent to Fort Jackson neither.

We really pitied the man, but the joke was too good to be lost.

He would have cut a sorry figure in a ball room.

CHAPTER XXX.

THIS chapter is to those whom it may concern.

FUN IN CAMP.

Under the heading of "Burial of General Coffee : a solemn scene," the Charleston Courier publishes the following amusing letter from its correspondent in camp :

CAMP OF REGIMENT OF RIFLES,
January 17, 1862.

MESSRS. EDITORS: War does not consist entirely of horrors, and the hard life of a soldier has its occasional gleam of sunshine. A few afternoons ago the colonel of the regiment announced on dress parade that hereafter the coffee rations would cease. During the following evening a procession was formed in the quarters of the Palmetto Riflemen, which began its march through the camp, preceded by four or five in suitable robes. As it wound its way through the streets of the camp, the men fell in and soon swelled its numbers. In the procession was displayed a huge transparency ; on the one side appeared a large coffee-pot running away on two impromptu legs, the body of which was pierced by an arrow. Below it was the legend : "No more *grounds* for complaint." On the reverse side, the picture of a coffee-mill with its handle broken, and below it appeared a scroll with the words, "The last grind." Behind the transparency was borne an old coffee-pot which had evidently seen service. When the last tent was passed, the procession halted by the side of a newly-opened grave, and with serious countenances.

The Rev. Mr. Smanskramerheisen then delivered the fol-

lowing address in the German language. His remarks brought forth many a heart-broken sigh, and at the close of the ceremony there was not a dry eye that could be seen upon the ground :

ADDRESS.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN AND BROTHER SOLDIERS : The soldier's life, more so than any other, subjects one to trouble and inconvenience ; heat, cold, thirst, hunger and hardship of every kind, are incidental to his occupation and profession. Each of you, my comrades, know by experience the value of a true friend. Under such trying circumstances, such a friend has been taken from our midst, and journeys upon that road from whence no traveller returns.

I ask which one of you, my friends and brother soldiers, did not love and cherish our departed friend—Coffee, full of strength ? He joined us in this campaign. Although of a black and swarthy complexion ; his temper though easily excited, and at times he would boil upon slight provocation, yet as soon as the grounds of turmoil settled, he would again become tranquil, and would readily yield to the sweet influence of his admirers, with the milk of human kindness. The grief for his loss gives us great cause to lament and mourn. For some time past we have noticed unmistakable symptoms of his failing strength, and day after day we saw and felt that he was growing weaker, gradually becoming more pale, and soon did lose his healthy color.

Those who enjoyed his society daily, and who had often been inspired by his exhilarating spirits, could scarcely recognize him ; their once warm-hearted, strong-minded and hearty friend, Coffee, they could scarcely distinguish from that enemy of the madman's—Old Joe Rum.

At times though weak and pale, he was not deserted by his friends ; they remembered the good he had done, and

with the hope that he would rally and recover his strength. But, alas! our hopes were blasted, for in the mighty council of the Confederate States his death-warrant was signed. Our friend has departed—we trust not forever. As faithful believers in the resurrection, we feel our friend will revive again on that glorious day when our ports shall again be opened to the world. And this should induce us to hasten that much-desired end.

Let us now perform the last honor to our departed friend. The cold soil now covers his earthly remains; let us never forget him, even though promised another to fill his place—one of sweet disposition, known to us by the euphonious name of Molasses—still unable to fill the void occasioned by the death of our old and true friend Rio! Our hearts naturally sad by the present occasion, are made much more so, when looking around we see who the disease has attacked. Aye, that the hand of death itself is about to snatch away, another old and equally valued friend.

Therefore, upon the grave of our departed one, let us clasp to our bosoms our only remaining and *spiritual* friend, “Bourbon Rye.” In conclusion, we will sing the following lines:

Oh! come my friends and comrades brave,
Come stand around poor Coffee's grave!
With humble thought and quiet tread,
To place in cold and lonely bed,
Our poor friend Coffee, who is dead.

The loss is great, oh! let us sigh,
For whiskey now is very high;
It is, indeed, my honest dread,
That *all our drinks* have forever fled,
For poor friend Coffee now is dead.

We beg the “officers” please to try
If nothing stronger, give us Rye;

For one and all, our wives have said,
That they would *break* you, like a thread,
If any one of us should be dead.

And now, kind friends, we'll bid adieu
To Coffee, Rye and Whiskey, too;
And if our Government nought but molasses can give,
We promise, like Marion, upon potatoes to live.

His education, who has never seen a Louisiana swamp, is vastly incomplete. He has lived his life with no adequate conception of what Webster means when he defines desolation, gloominess, sadness, destitution. Desolation means a Louisiana swamp. For further information "inquire within." Familiar as I have been, in former times, with these vast swamps, during hunting and fishing excursions, I extended my acquaintance yesterday. I went further into the swamp than I ever did before. I went in up to my neck. How far my horse went in I cannot say. The last I saw of him he was still going in.

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER FROM CAMP.

We publish the following letter from a young "Crescent," in camp, to his father in this city, with the greatest pleasure, from the conviction we have that it will be read with the deepest interest by all into whose hands this sheet may fall. We consider it a model letter in every respect; but when we add that the writer lacked a week of being seventeen years of age at the time when, in answer to the call of our gallant Beauregard, he left with the Crescent regiment for the field of battle, we think the feeling with which it will be perused will be one of genuine and universal admiration:

CAMP NEAR CORINTH, April 11, 1862.

MY DEAR FATHER: You have heard of the battle that has been fought near the Tennessee river. The enemy

fought well and contested their ground with bravery, and fell back inch by inch. Last Thursday our regiment had been ordered to work on the fortifications, but had scarcely reached them when notice was received to return to camp and prepare five days' rations. During the afternoon all the troops were in motion and on their march to Monterey, a small town about the distance of eleven miles from the camps. After a long and fatiguing march we arrived late at night where we were to bivouac, and, with nothing but my blanket over me, I slept out in the open air.

Early next morning we were again in motion, and finally reached Monterey, where we remained for some hours. While resting here General Johnston's address was read to the troops, telling us of an expected encounter with the enemy, and hoping every man would act his part well. We were exhausted that night by the marching we had to do, and obtained but little rest during the night, for the rain streamed down upon us, and we had no covering but our blankets and oil-cloths. We did not march such a distance the next day, and we spent a tolerably comfortable night.

Sunday, April 6, I shall never forget, nor the fearful scenes I witnessed then. We were for a long time held as a reserve, and I could hear the battle going on, and even the cheers of the men when they charged. We were, of course, much excited at first by the reports of artillery and musketry, but towards noon had become pretty well accustomed to the sound. About one or two o'clock some one came for us to march, and said that the day might depend upon us. We were immediately in our places, and started at a double-quick for the battle-field. We soon arrived at the first of the enemy's camps, where we obtained plenty of provisions. It seems that the Federals must have been surprised, for the camp was filled with provisions, clothing, cooking utensils, in fact, everything that was wanted. On a fire, I noticed a

pan filled, I suppose, with a portion of some poor fellow's breakfast.

Here we first began to realize the horrors of the day. The dead and terribly mutilated bodies of our foes were all around us. The sight was revolting, and it is painful to my memory to recall it. We went on, passing Beauregard, who directed us to the enemy, and finally were on the field. The shells burst over our heads. Just upon entering on the field, a shell struck one of our drummers, carrying his head from off his shoulders. We were very near a small house, from within and behind which volleys of balls were fired on us. We charged upon the house, and fired a number of times from it; we were unable, however, to maintain our position there, and fell back to our original station in the woods. In coming up to the house, we were greatly exposed, and lost some of our men. The enemy we charged were not only far superior to us in force, but possessed artillery, which they managed with sad effect upon us.

Shortly after, we altered our position to an adjacent hill, where we met General Polk, who, cheering for Louisiana, placed himself at our head, and led us forward. It was here that we flanked the enemy, and forced General Prentiss and about two thousand men to surrender to Colonel M. J. Smith. After the prisoners were taken charge of, we entered another camp of the Federals. The manner in which the enemy were equipped is remarkable; large, commodious tents, the greatest abundance of clothing, and provisions of every kind; indeed, they seemed to want nothing.

It was now growing late, and the enemy were retreating. It was now that we were subjected to a fearful shelling from the gunboats. It was dreadful. There we were extended flat upon the earth, and the shells bursting all over and around us. We were finally told to retire, in an orderly manner, beyond the range of the boats. It was night now

we halted for a moment, and, tired and saddened, I leaned upon my musket, and thanked God for my preservation.

Oh! my father, the thought of what I experienced that day makes me sad, and I almost shudder at the recollection. With what sincerity and gratitude did I thank my Creator, on the evening of that fearful day, that His arm had been over me, and that He had sheltered me, and saved me to you still. That night I spent in the enemy's camp in a large Sibley tent, and slept very comfortably upon a pile of Federal blankets.

Next morning we were marching off to be relieved, when General Hardee sent for us, and we had to expect another day of fighting. On Monday, we were in the very beginning of the fight; the battle began early in the morning, and the field was bravely contested. Several times our lines gave way, but we rallied, and drove the Federals before us.

Our regiment suffered badly. Monday presented but a repetition of the sickening scenes of the day previous. The battle continued all day, and towards evening the firing ceased. About dark, we started on our return to Corinth; it began to rain very hard, and we stopped for the night in some deserted camp. V——t, C——n and I first secured a place in a covered wagon, but one of the men inside grumbled so at our crowding in, that we left, and ran about in the rain, trying to find shelter; we at last found a tent, where we slept, and in the morning found ourselves in a pool of water, and our clothes pretty well wet through.

All that day we continued our march to Corinth, and, after walking fourteen or fifteen miles, I arrived at camp about 4 or 5 P. M., completely broken down. My feet were very sore, and my body pained me considerably; but two days of repose has restored me, and I am now pretty well recovered from the effects of the march.

I passed through both battles, by God's providence, without a scratch. I cannot help contrasting last Sunday with

the one which preceded it—one spent quietly in Mobile, and the other passed in all the confusion and slaughter of a battle.

Day before yesterday I received your letter, which Capt. Wood was kind enough to bring on to me. I regret that I happened to be absent from camp when the captain arrived, so that I missed seeing him ; I should have been very much pleased indeed to have met him, and heard from you. You can imagine how delighted I was to receive a letter from home, and with what eagerness I opened it. I was pleased to find that you were under the impression that the Crescent regiment was held as a reserve, for it must have altogether relieved your anxiety for me.

I am disappointed in not having received my box—I have heard nothing of it. I regret this the more, because it contains letters from dear ma and brother Willie, and my Bible, which I would not willingly lose, for it was given to me when I left home for Mr. Green's. I hope, however, in time to receive it, and I will relish the contents more, perhaps, from being temporarily deprived of it. Please send me two pairs of socks and an oil-cloth. I lost my oil-cloth before going into battle ; it was impossible to double-quick with an unnecessary weight upon my back. Kiss them all at home a thousand times for me—love to all the members of the family—regards to J. C——n. Remember me to the servants. Again, love and a thousand kisses home. How dear you all are to me ! Indeed, you seem still dearer, if that were possible, in these sad times. L. V——t sends his regards to the family.

Your affectionate son,

H. R.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER.

The following letter, directed to 112 Customhouse Street, was intercepted. It gives interesting news relative to Beauregard's army :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
THIRTY MILES SOUTH OF CORINTH, June 1, 1862.

DEAR SHEPHERD: Thank God this army has got out of Corinth, where we were all sick; and if the Yanks will only stay there, but few will ever get away. They were too strong for us; and our generals all believed that a successful evacuation (which has been effected) would be equal to their defeat. Whether so or not, I am convinced we have done that which was best. The ultimate defeat of our foes now depends upon two things—food, *i. e.*, the maintenance of this army, and the burning of *all* our cotton. I regard the latter as indispensable.

I have not received one word from you. Have you no opportunities to write a line? I have written to you twice, as also to my agents, and have told you both to see that my Confederate funds were sent to me. Wherever the army may move, remember that I am always to be found at headquarters of Gen. Bragg.

Saw O. L. H. this morning. So many sick here that only thirty are on duty. All of those you care for are well—Kenner remarkably so; as also Foster. Tell Miss Elise about the last—as also that Willie Fieret and Major Smith are in fine condition—and all three of us quarrel over her every time we meet. How the d—l either is to get her I can't tell, as we can't get to her, nor she to us, if she would.

If possible, do let me hear from you. You cannot conceive my desire to hear of all my friends. As to public news of New Orleans, you can get it quite often. We had the infamous proclamation of that low-flung villain, Butler, about the ladies "*so called*," a few days after it was published. We will hang the skunk yet!

I have enjoyed camp life so much that I intend to see things *through*; and as to our ultimate success, I feel just as confident this day as I ever did. At any rate, I have no desire to live, seeing our degradation, and attempting to

protect my child, without the power to guard myself. Every day I thank God I am no longer in New Orleans—*still free*, and can still d—n and shoot a Yankee.

Look after my interests all you can, my friend. Do for me what is in your power, and what I should surely do for you. Tell Dr. Stone you have heard from me. My love to Madden and Miss Elise, and kiss R. D. for me. It almost breaks my heart when I think of my poor little girl, whom I have heard from once in a month. I don't know when I shall see her again, nor how soon the infernal *cusses* may get where she is.

Don't fail to have sent to me my Confederate bonds, and five hundred dollars in Confederate notes. I am six miles from Baldwin, which is on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and about forty miles north of Okolona.

Your friend, as ever—

You know who, but it is not necessary old

Butler should, under any circumstances.

A FLAG OF TRUCE.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette, writing on the 19th ult. from the camp of General Halleck, on the Tennessee river, records the results of an interview between Colonel Jacob Thompson, as the bearer of a flag of truce from General Beauregard, and General Halleck. We make some extracts :

“The colonel had been sent in by General Beauregard to turn over to General Halleck some sixty-two prisoners, recently surprised and captured near Fort Heiman, Tennessee (and released under parole not to bear arms against the Confederacy till regularly exchanged), and to see what General Halleck would agree to in the way of a general system of exchanges. He was escorted by Beauregard's body-

guard, a fine body of cavalry from New Orleans, under the command of Captain Dreux.

* * * * *

"They had, of course, been stopped beyond our outer pickets, and an hour or more of pleasant talk filled up the interval, while Beauregard's letter to Halleck, and Thompson's request for a personal interview were taken back to headquarters, and answers awaited. Both the colonel and Captain Dreux (who accompanied him) made themselves as agreeable as possible, and there was a sort of tacit understanding, by which both sides avoided unpleasant subjects. The grounds of complaint the South had against the North were alluded to for a moment, but with Colonel Thompson's 'well, well, we can't see it in the same light,' the matter was dropped.

"They were profuse in their expressions of regret that the war should have broken out at all, and particularly bitter against the Abolitionists.

" 'We don't like to fight you Northern men,' said Colonel Thompson; 'it grieves us to think of having to meet men we like as we do you, in battle; we want to fight your abolitionists. I know,' he continued, 'you have very few of them here; but if you could collect a regiment of them, I'd like to pick out a regiment of our fire-eaters, and have them brought out face to face in an open field. I'd be willing to abide by the results, go which way it would. But we don't like to have to fight you.'

" 'I do regret one thing,' he said again, addressing himself to the officer commanding the pickets of the Seventeenth Ohio, Colonel Connell, whom he had known as an Old Line Democrat, 'and that is, that the old Democratic party is permitting itself to be used by the abolitionists, and is now absolutely under their control.'

"Colonel Connell disputed the proposition.

" 'You'll see how it will be when the war is over,' said

Colonel Thompson. 'Even now you can see how Congress is drifting, and the current is sure to set stronger and stronger in the same direction.'

" 'But you might have checked the current if your members had stayed in Congress,' suggested a by-stander.

" 'Oh, no! we might, perhaps, have pushed off the evil day a little further, but that was all. Abolitionism is going to sweep every thing before it, just as we foresaw it would. It was just as well to meet the matter now as any time, but we did not expect you Northern Democrats to help swell the abolition power.'

" 'One of the saddest of all the sad things in this war,' said the colonel again, 'is in cases like this: Lieutenant —— is in our army. He has two brothers with you. One of them, some months ago, was severely wounded at Mill Spring, where he fought, too, and he has never yet been able to learn whether he died or not. Can any of you tell me?' Unfortunately none of us knew, and so the family suspense remains unbroken, notwithstanding the colonel's kindly effort.

* * * * *

"It was pretty hard to lose New Orleans, they said; and Ben. Butler's establishing his headquarters at the St. Charles Hotel was the bitterest pill yet, but still, all this would only give them the energy of desperation. They must fight, because they couldn't afford to fail.

" 'And, gentlemen,' solemnly repeated the martial-looking cavalry captain, 'you may win some victories over us, but you can never subdue us.'

"The secession prisoners at Columbus were inquired after, and the story of their kind treatment was received with great gratification. Colonel Thompson had some relatives among them, and 'could we arrange it so that he could send them a message, or, if possible, a few lines in writing.' True to newspaper habits, I had writing materials with me, and

the colone' at once availed himself of the offer, and sat down on a log to write a letter. He insisted on reading it over to Colonel Connell, to assure him that there was nothing improper in what he had written, and expressed great delight at the opportunity for such certain and speedy communication.

"Meantime our officers had been mingling freely with the rebels, and all manner of good-natured remarks or tart rejoinders were being exchanged. One of our captains and a tall, lank, long-haired, sallow-faced, black-eyed Louisianian, struck boldly out into first principles, and the wrongs of the South, and the theory of secession were most volubly defended and ridiculed. Horse trading was proposed by others, and, but for the 'U. S.' brand, some of our animals might have transferred their allegiance, and have been enjoying another government before sundown.

"At last the officer returned from Halleck's headquarters. The general could not consent that Colonel Thompson should come within our lines as requested, and he would be willing to reciprocate the release of prisoners by returning them an equal number in exchange. Colonel Thompson was evidently chagrined at being allowed to go no further, but he was too politic, as well as too gentlemanly, to manifest any open dissatisfaction.

* * * * *

"The prisoners were marched forward; the rebel cavalry turned them over to our officers; a descriptive roll was produced, and sixty-two released prisoners answered very joyfully as their names were called. Colonel Connell inquired whether they wished them sworn not to bear arms against the Confederacy until regularly exchanged.

"'Oh, we've attended to that already,' said Colonel Thompson, 'and I guess it's pretty well impressed on their minds.'

"Some ale was produced, and rebels and loyalists alike drank out of the same tin cup.

“‘If we could only take you up to our camp we could give you something better,’ said one of our officers.

“‘Oh, never mind,’ replied a rebel, with a quizzical look, ‘we expect to entertain all you gentlemen at our quarters pretty soon, and, depend on it, this party shall have the best old brandy Corinth affords.’

“The leave-taking grew protracted. Each one had something to say or ask. Hands were shaken with marked cordiality all around.

“‘May we meet again under pleasanter auspices,’ said Colonel Thompson, and there was not one of the party that did not fervently echo the wish, and inwardly hope that he might, some day, have an opportunity to do a kindness to this officer of Beauregard’s staff. But at last there was no excuse for waiting longer. Mounting their horses, the colonel and captain waved a final adieu, and with uncovered heads, rode on; the body-guard wheeled in behind them, every man lifting his cap as he passed our officers, and so, under the white flag, the courteous rebels left us. May our balls and shells deal lightly with that party in the coming day!

“We were a little surprised to find their cavalry wearing blue, instead of gray uniforms. Captain Dreux explained that it was an old New Orleans company, organized and uniformed merely as militia, when blue was their color, too, and when New Orleans still belonged to the United States. They had but recently been called into service, and so it happened that they still wore the old uniforms. They were all well mounted, many of them on mustangs, and were all excellent horsemen. They were armed with the sabre, and with a muzzle-loading piece which they called the Enfield carbine.

“Colonel Thompson was dressed in fine gray cloth, with large flourishes of gold lace on the coat-sleeves, and three large stars on the side of his standing coat-collar. Captain

Dreux gave me an insight into these and other insignia of rebel rank, which had always heretofore puzzled me. For all below general officers, they have badges on the coat-collar, instead of shoulder-straps. A colonel has three large stars on each side of his collar; a lieutenant-colonel has two, and a major one. A captain has three small gilt bars on the coat collar; a first-lieutenant two, and a second-lieutenant one. The scroll-work of gold lace on the coat-sleeve indicates a staff-officer."

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

We find that persons in New York can suffer, by physical ailments, as well as ourselves.

A special correspondent of the *Picayune* writes:

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 1862.

Our physicians report a large increase in the number of cases of disease of the brain as compared with former years, and the cause is attributed mainly to the excitement, and, in some instances, suffering, growing out of the war. There are some who make the war, so to speak, their meat and drink; they think and talk of it by day and by night, oftentimes become excited over it, and, during all this period, nervousness and kindred diseases are fastening themselves upon them. Ere they are fully aware of it, perhaps, brain fever sets in, or their nervous system is so shattered that all the future years of their life are threatened with unhappiness and bitter repining.

Then, again, there are those who brood silently over the war; they say but little about it, but their thoughts are almost continually upon it—

"Melancholy sits on them as a cloud along the sky,"

and, sooner or later, this moroseness does its work, and the individual beholds him or herself a living wreck upon the shores of time. But there are hearts which have some rea-

son or excuse for their unchecked grief because of the war. There are hearts to whom no line, or even word of consolation has been received from the "absent one"* upon the theatre of action for over a year, and with the lapse of each day, and no intelligence, the trial becomes greater, the heart sinks deeper, and the noble tenement that once encased it is soon found a mere skeleton, ready for the harvest of death.

PLUNDERING GENERAL TAYLOR'S PLANTATION.

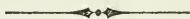
The Montpelier (Vt.) Journal contains a letter from a soldier of the Vermont Eighth, dated Camp Allemands, August 29, in which he states that on the previous Thursday, the property of General Richard Taylor, a son of old General Taylor (by whom it was bequeathed to him), was confiscated, the son being now in the rebel army. The slaves, one hundred and fifty in number, were all declared emancipated, while the plantation was plundered by the Union soldiers. According to the writer :

"It is one of the most splendid plantations that I ever saw. There are on it seven hundred acres of sugar-cane, which must rot upon the ground if the Government does not harvest it. I wish you could have seen the soldiers plunder this plantation. After the stock was driven off, the boys began by ordering the slaves to bring out every thing there was to eat and drink. They brought out hundreds of bottles of wine, eggs, preserved figs and peaches, turkeys, chickens, and honey in any quantity.

"I brought away a large camp-kettle and frying-pans that belonged to old General Taylor, and also many of his private papers. I have one letter of his own handwriting, and many from Secretary Marcy, some from General Scott, and

* Perhaps that "absent one" was busy. Perhaps the "absent one" will bring home some of the plunder.

some from the traitor Floyd. I brought to camp four bottles of claret wine. Lieutenant —— brought away half a barrel of the best syrup from the sugar-house, and a large can of honey. The camp-kettle and pans I intend to send home. They are made of heavy tin, covered with copper. I think I will send home the private papers by mail if I do not let any one have them. The camp is loaded down with plunder—all kinds of clothing, rings, watches, guns, pistols, swords, and some of General Taylor's old hats and coats, belts, swords, and, in fact, every old relic he had is worn about the camp. You and every one may be thankful that you are out of the reach of plundering armies. Here are whole families of women and children running in the woods—large plantations entirely deserted—nothing left except slaves too old to run away—all kinds of the best mahogany furniture broken to pieces. Nothing is respected.”



CHAPTER XXXI.

“Hang out your gilded tapestry in the streets, and light your shrines, and chant your choruses.”

THE joyful news has at length arrived, that we are to be delivered from worse than Egyptian bondage. Butler has been recalled!

The news is too good to be true. We have been so often deceived that we have become slow to believe. As the man in the fable, when a swarm of bees alighted upon him, and he, almost stung to death, begged a friend, who was driving them off, not to interfere, fearing another set might come, more hungry than the first, so we had been so doubly distilled in misery that we feared the successor might be worse than the original.

Butler had for a long time been entreating the "higher authorities" to send him reinforcements—new troops!—for what?

The papers of the day, at the North, say :

"Whatever reverses may attend the occupation of rebel territory elsewhere, the Crescent City, at least, won with so much gallantry, and held with so much firmness (?), will still be preserved to the Union, that purchased it, and made it what it is.

"The capture of New Orleans was, by all odds, the most wonderful and brilliant deed of the war. In these days of dejection and failure, we read the thrilling story with amazement.

"Let us revive the national heart, by a new baptism of flame, in the Department of Louisiana. (!) Give General Butler the men to assume offensive war at once," etc., etc.

This, from the New York Times, was exceedingly rich. Nothing easier than to advise. The reinforcements *were* sent at a late period, and with the troops was sent a general to command them.

We heard of this Banks' expedition when it first started from the North, but supposed its destination was Texas.

Butler heard of it, and as it was a secret expedition—not proclaiming "whence it came, nor whither it was going"—the "Commanding General of the Department of the Gulf," fearing that it might possibly interfere with his arrangements, wrote a very supercilious letter to the President, feeling, perhaps, although in a different degree, a few of the pangs which poor Mumford felt when his fate was sealed. The difference was—one was *innocent*, while his executioner was guilty.

We give his letter :

"I see by the papers (November 29) that General Banks is about being sent into this Department with troops, upon an independent expedition and command.

"This seems to imply a want of confidence in the command of this department—perhaps deserved, but still painful.

"In my judgment, it will be prejudicial to the public service to attempt any expedition into Texas without making New Orleans a base of supplies and co-operation.

"To do this there must be one head and one department.

"I do not propose to argue the question here; still further is it from my purpose to suggest even that there may not be a better head than the one now in the Department," etc.

And so goes on to relate what he has done—has lived in this *awful place* for eight months, "waiting for reinforcements, which the Government could not give until now."

"And now they are to be given to another. I have done as well as I could every thing that the Government asked me to do," etc.

"Permit me, also, to say that toward General Banks, who is selected to be the leader of the Texas expedition, I have none but the kindest feelings," etc.

"If the Commander-in-Chief find me incompetent—(unfaithful, I know he cannot (?))—let me be removed," etc.

"Allow me to repeat again, sir, what I have before said—although the determination may cause my recall—put the Department which includes Louisiana and Texas under one head, and it will be best for the service," etc.

The letter was received too late. Butler's fate had been sealed for upwards of two weeks; so, "hiding in smiles" his real feelings, he received, upon their arrival, General Banks and suite, with complaisance and etiquette.

General Banks, upon his arrival, on the 14th of December, at once called upon his friend Butler, and handed him this little "Order;" and now he may say, in addition:

"That mercy I to others showed, that mercy show to me."

This is the delightful "Order" to old Butler :

GENERAL ORDER No. 184.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, November 9, 1862.

By direction of the President of the United States, Major General Banks is assigned to the command of the Department of the Gulf, including the State of Texas. By order of the Secretary of War.

H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

E. D. THOMAS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

This was the unkindest cut of all ! The papers say : "General Butler's recall takes this community by surprise."

Another paper says : "General Butler tortured the people of New Orleans." No one said, "I am sorry."

On the 16th of December General Butler formally surrendered the command of the Department to General Banks. There was a great deal of good feeling shown upon the occasion. General Butler eulogized his successor, and hoped that his staff and friends would do all in their power to make them feel at home and understand their new position.

No. 106 was the last general order of General B. F. Butler.

It is well to insert it, as it is a curiosity to be preserved. It is the most fulsome stuff.

"The last, the last, the last,
Oh ! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred."

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO THE ARMY OF
THE GULF.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 106.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, December 15, 1862.

SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY OF THE GULF :

Relieved from further duties in this Department by direction of the President, under date of November 9th,

1862, I take leave of you by this final order, it being impossible to visit your scattered outposts covering hundreds of miles of the frontier of a larger territory than some of the kingdoms of Europe.

I greet you, my brave comrades, and say farewell!

This word—endeared as you are by a community of privations, hardships, dangers, victories, successes, military and civil—is the only sorrowful thought I have.

You have deserved well of your country. Without a murmur you sustained an encampment on a sand-bar so desolate that banishment to it with every care and comfort possible has been the most dreaded punishment inflicted upon your bitterest and most insulting enemies.

You had so little transportation that but a handful could advance to compel submission by the Queen City of the Rebellion, whilst others waded breast-deep in the marshes which surround St. Philip, and forced the surrender of a fort deemed impregnable to land attack by the most skillful engineers of your country and her enemy.

At your occupation order, law, quiet and peace sprang to this city filled with the bravos of all nations, where, for a score of years, during the profoundest peace, human life was scarcely safe at noonday.

By your discipline you illustrated the best traits of the American Soldier, and enchained the admiration of those that came to scoff.

Landing with a military chest containing but seventy-five dollars, from the hoards of a rebel Government you have given to your country's treasury nearly a half million of dollars, and so supplied yourselves with the needs of your service that your expedition has cost your Government less by *four-fifths than any other*.

You have fed the starving poor, the wives and children of your enemies, so converting enemies into friends that they have sent their representatives to your Congress by a vote

greater than your entire numbers from districts in which when you entered you were tauntingly told that there was "no one to raise your flag."

By your practical philanthropy you have won the confidence of the "oppressed race" and the slave. Hailing you as deliverers, they are ready to aid you as willing servants, faithful laborers, or using the tactics taught them by your enemies, to fight with you in the field.

By steady attention to the laws of health you have stayed the pestilence, and, humble instruments in the hand of God, you have demonstrated the necessity that his creatures should obey His laws; and reaping His blessing in this most unhealthy climate you have preserved your ranks fuller than those of any other battalions of the same length of service.

You have met double numbers of the enemy and defeated him in the open field, but I need not further enlarge upon this topic. You were sent here to do that.

I commend you to your commander. You are worthy of his love.

Farewell, my comrades! again farewell!

BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Major-General Commanding.

After finishing off in haste, the best he could in his extremity, he returned to Dr. Campbell's splendid confiscated mansion, where he lived, and which no doubt he was loath to leave, packed up, and produced a farewell address, which is too much of a *humbug* essay to be placed in this truthful book. About the same time we had the gratification of seeing in the daily papers:

"Major-General Butler and staff took their departure for the North this morning on the Emma Spalding."

So ended the career of this knavish, heartless adversary. May we never look upon his like again!

CHAPTER XXXII.

— “Never hath this earth
Seen mourning half as mournful as their mirth !”

THE next we hear of Butler is the account, in the papers, of his reception at the North, and his being “lionized !”

“We hear them praising him afar off.”

We give the full account. Those who have suffered in this city cannot realize how a whole community can fawn around such a vile compound of iniquity.

The following is from the New York correspondent of the New Orleans Delta :

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER

NEW YORK, January 10, 1862.

The 8th of January was not celebrated in this city on Thursday as it was wont to be. Tammany has always hitherto taken this day under its special care, and made all the arrangements for whatever public festivities have been accorded to it in later years. But this year, owing to the critical state of the country, and to the fact, also, that the regiment sent to the war under its auspices, and embodying in its ranks many of its own members, has been almost annihilated in the several battles in which it has been engaged, the Sachems decided to omit the celebration, and to make a donation instead to the regiment which bears its name.

It was the original intention of the friends of General Butler to have selected that day for the proposed public reception of that distinguished personage, could he have timed his visit so as to have made it practicable. But that was

rendered impossible, owing to the General's prolonged stay at Washington. He did not arrive until noon of the day in question, and then he proceeded immediately to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Here he was lionized for the remainder of the day. Among the many distinguished persons who called upon him in crowds, General Scott was one of the earliest comers.

In the evening, the committee appointed to tender him a public reception and dinner called upon General Butler in the performance of their duty. The tender was made in the form of a letter, of which the following is a copy:

NEW YORK, January 6, 1863.

Major-General B. F. BUTLER, United States Army:

DEAR SIR—At a meeting of citizens of this city, held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the evening of the 5th inst., for the purpose of expressing the sense of this community in reference to the public services rendered by you to the country, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the loyal patriotism, indomitable energy, and great administrative ability shown by Major-General Benjamin F. Butler, in the various commands held by him in the service of the country, and especially in his civil and military administration of the duties pertaining to his command of the Department of the Gulf, eminently entitle him to an expression of approbation on the part of the citizens of New York.

In furtherance of the views thus expressed, it was also resolved that, in addition to such action as may be taken by our municipal authorities, in extending to you the hospitalities of this city, a public dinner be tendered to you by the citizens, and the undersigned were appointed a committee to communicate with you upon the subject.

We have now the honor to apprise you of the action thus taken, and ask that you will meet with our citizens at a pub-

lie dinner at such time, to be appointed by you, as may be consistent with your official duties and your personal convenience.

In conveying to you this invitation, intended as a tribute of personal respect and esteem, we are well assured that it will not be the less acceptable to you as marked by a still higher significance. The citizens of New York, watching the events of the war with a degree of vigilance and anxiety proportioned to the vast interests and influences which converge toward and radiate from this great commercial centre, have recognized in the course pursued by you, in the service and support of the Government, the principles which they deem most essential and indispensable to its triumph. They share with you in the conviction that there is no middle or neutral ground between loyalty and treason ; that traitors against the Government forfeit all rights of protection and of property ; that those who persist in armed rebellion, or aid it less openly, but not less effectively, must be put down and kept down by the strong hand of power and by the use of all rightful means, and that so far as may be, the sufferings of the poor and misguided, caused by the rebellion, should be visited upon the authors of their calamities. We have seen with approbation that in applying these principles amid the peculiar difficulties and embarrassments incident to your administration in your recent command, you have had the sagacity to devise, the will to execute, and the courage to enforce the measures they demanded, and we rejoice at the success which has vindicated the wisdom and the justice of your official course. In thus congratulating you upon these results, we believe that we express the feeling of all those who most earnestly desire the speedy restoration of the Union in its full integrity and power, and we trust that you will be able to afford us the opportunity of interchanging with you, in the manner proposed, the patriotic sympathies and hopes which belong to this sacred cause.

We are, General, with high respect, your friends and obedient servants,

E. E. MORGAN,
RICHARD GRANT WISE,
CHARLES GOULD,
G. W. BLUNT,
WM. ALLEN BUTLER,
JOHN BLUNT, Brooklyn,
FRANCIS GEORGE SHAW,
R. J. THORNE,
PETER COOPER,
C. H. MARSHALL,

CHARLES KING,
R. H. MCCURDY,
HIRAM BARNEY,
SETH B. HUNT,
E. NYE,
JOHN WADSWORTH,
CHARLES BUTLER,
EDWARD MINTURN,
RUSSELL STURGES,
HAMLIN BLAKE.

To the great regret of the committee, as well as of the citizens at large, General Butler announced his inability to accept the compliment tendered him, for the present, at least, owing partly to the state of his business affairs, which required his early presence at home, but mainly to the fact that Mrs. Butler had just received telegraphic announcement of the death of a near relative, whose funeral in Massachusetts she was desirous of attending. He took occasion to add, however, that on his return from Lowell, which would probably be within a fortnight or so, he would be happy to yield to the wishes of his friends. After entertaining the committee with a long narration of matters and things that had come under his cognizance in New Orleans, General Butler retired to one of the parlors, where he held a levee for the remainder of the evening. Many ladies were present, including Mrs. General Banks.

On the evening previous, the General was stopped while on his route through Philadelphia, and compelled to stay over night at the Continental, where a large collection of distinguished gentlemen were soon gathered. A speech, of course, was what they were after, and a speech they had of considerable length, and delivered in the General's best style.

This speech was principally occupied with allusions to matters in New Orleans, with which your readers are already sufficiently well acquainted.

“When he had finished speaking,” says the North American, “he was conducted to a point where all who desired—and that was all present—were introduced to him. ‘God bless you, Butler—I wish there were more like you,’ was the greeting he received from a venerable gentleman of ninety winters. All greeted him as the men who have earned greatness only are greeted. The General shook hands, not gingerly but heartily, and seemed gratified at the murmurs of approbation expressed concerning his administration in New Orleans in particular.

“While this was going on, Chestnut street was blockaded from the outside by a concourse of people that were clamoring for General Butler’s appearance upon the balcony. They had provided a band of music, and were giving the grand national airs that General Butler has caused to resound in unwilling ears in New Orleans. The whole street was filled, and the windows and balconies of the Girard House were alike filled. ‘Hail to the Chief,’ ‘The Star Spangled Banner,’ and ‘Hail Columbia,’ were given, and after many cheers had been given for General Butler, he, at length, made his appearance upon the balcony. A general shout was raised that must have been audible for a mile distant. Ladies from every window within eye-shot waved their handkerchiefs, and rapturous shouts re-echoed from the entire front of the square.”

A suggestion is made by a lady in one of our New York journals that the Academy of Music should be secured for the occasion of General Butler’s public reception, so that the thousands of women in New York who understand the General’s course, and honor him for it, may have a chance to participate in it.

The next field of operations to which General Butler is to be assigned—for it seems to be admitted on all sides that the country cannot dispense with his services—is still kept a profound secret, if indeed the selection has yet been made. The newspapers, however, are still full of rumors, surmises, and suggestions touching the matter. Several destinations have already been selected for him by newspaper correspondents—as you may already have gathered from my letter of Tuesday—and, what is, perhaps, very remarkable in this age of general fault-finding with all our prominent officials, there is not one of these destinations, diverse as they are in their responsibilities and duties, for which the General is not declared to be pre-eminently fitted. The War Department continues to be talked of in some quarters; but for the rumors touching that matter I am inclined to think there is not the least foundation. Among the new rumors is one to the effect that he is to take the command of the Army of the Potomac, and another that he will return to New Orleans, and assume his old duties, while General Banks enters upon active operations in the field. With regard to his rumored assumption of the command of the Department of the South, the New York Herald says: “We confess to having experienced a decided pleasure when this conjecture was put forth. Charleston, of all other cities, most deserves chastisement and humiliation. General Butler, of all men in the nation, seems best calculated to administer the needed discipline. He has experience in just such work. He appreciates, as few of our officers can, the exact frame of mind of a captured rebel city, and the various ingenious modes of escaping the just inflictions of penalty for treason. No veteran pedagogue ever understood the tricks of truant school-boys better. It is with decided regret, therefore, that we find it now given out from Washington, that General Butler is not going to South Carolina. * * * * The people will not be content to see General Butler withdraw from the public service, for

which he has developed an aptitude the most remarkable." As a pendant to this eulogy, it may be added, on the authority of a Washington dispatch, that a prominent senator told the President the other day that General Butler had shown more brains in the service than all the rest of the three hundred Generals he had made. Another Washington dispatch says the General dined with Secretary Chase on Tuesday evening, and on the following day had a long interview with Secretary Stanton.

In the House of Representatives, on Thursday, a resolution, introduced by Mr. Hutchins, tendering thanks to General Butler for his "able, energetic, and humane administration of the Department of the Gulf," was passed by a vote of 83 against 28. When the resolution was introduced on Wednesday, the Vallandigham-Wood faction intimated a design to resist its passage, and an excited debate over it was anticipated. But the malcontents seem to have come to the conclusion that they would gain nothing by a factious and wordy opposition, and so they contented themselves with simply recording their names against it. The nays were all Democrats, with the exception of Buffinton, of Massachusetts, and Conway, of Kansas.

HIS RECEPTION IN BOSTON AND SPEECH IN FANEUIL HALL— PROCESSION, ETC.

The reception of Major-General Butler, by the citizens of Boston, took place on the 13th inst., and was worthy the gallant officer to whom it was given. He arrived at the depot from Lowell in a special train at 12 m., accompanied by Mayor Horsford, ex-Speaker Goodwin, Representatives Holton, Hill, Howe, Marshall and Barnard, G. F. Richardson, President of the Common Council, and the invited guests. A portion of his staff, consisting of Lieutenant-Colonel Kinsman, Major Strong, Captains Haggerty and Puffer, and Dr. McCormick, also accompanied him. At the

depot, in Boston, he was joined by other members of his staff—Colonels Whelden and Shaffer, Major Bell, Captain Davis, and Lieutenant Clarke. On the arrival of the train, General Butler was greeted with prolonged cheers by the crowds who had assembled to see and honor him. General Butler advanced to the front of the depot, where he was met by General Tyler, Chief Marshal, who briefly addressed him, announcing that the citizens of Boston, approving of his management of affairs at New Orleans, were desirous of meeting him in Faneuil Hall. He concluded by introducing him to Mayor Lincoln, who conducted him to a barouche. As he stepped into the carriage, three hearty cheers were given for "The Hero of New Orleans."

A procession was soon afterwards formed, in accordance with arrangements announced in the Journal of yesterday. It was under the marshalship of General Tyler, with Colonels N. A. Thompson, Robert I. Burbank, Francis Boyd, and William W. Clapp, Jr., as Aids; and Messrs. Carlos Pierce, Eben Cutler, Lester M. Clark, James Dennie, J. Tisdale Bradlee, Samuel Hatch, Henry Crocker, and S. A. Stetson as Assistant Marshals. It was formed in the following order: Police; Chief Marshal General John S. Tyler, with aids, mounted; Hall's Band; the first battalion of the National Guard, Colonel George Clark, Jr., in command, numbering one hundred muskets; citizens; Gilmore's Band; Committee of Arrangements; carriages. In the front carriage, with General Butler, were Mayor Lincoln, Mayor Horsford, of Lowell, and Major Strong, of General Butler's staff. In the other carriages were ex-Governor Clifford, Hon. George B. Upton, Hon. John A. Goodwin, Dr. Winslow Lewis, Captain McKim, and the following gentlemen of General Butler's staff: Major Bell, Colonel Shaffer, Lieutenant-Colonel Kinsman, Surgeon McCormick, Captain Haggerty and Lieutenant Clarke.

The procession moved from the depot through Causeway,

Leverett, Green, Court, Tremont and Beacon Streets, to the corner of Park Street, where it was joined by the members of the Legislature, under the marshalship of Hon. George A. Shaw, member of the Senate, and one of the Committee of Arrangements; and from thence the line of march was continued through Park, Tremont, Winter, Summer, Devonshire, Franklin, Washington, State, Commercial and South Market Streets, to Faneuil Hall. There were numerous decorations and patriotic displays on the route, while crowds lined the sidewalks. At certain points, as in State Street, the demonstrations were exceedingly enthusiastic. These were graciously acknowledged by General Butler.

The hall was tastefully decorated, and numerous patriotic mottoes were displayed in different directions. The galleries, which were opened for the benefit of the ladies, at 11 A. M., were filled by them. The guest, officials, and other characters of note first entered the body of the hall, followed by the multitude. The greeting to General Butler, on his entrance, was enthusiastic, if not tumultuous. This ovation over, General Tyler took the platform and said:

FELLOW-CITIZENS: This is not an occasion when any formal organization is necessary. The heart of Boston has spoken, and its head, our honored Mayor, will present to you our distinguished guest.

Cheers were again given for the General, at the conclusion of which Mayor Lincoln spoke as follows:

We have assembled, fellow-citizens, in old Faneuil Hall, to welcome a distinguished son of Massachusetts. Many of us have been long acquainted with him from his interest in the local affairs of our beloved Commonwealth. For nearly two years he has been away from us, and has achieved a reputation and fame, and come back to us crowned with the laurels of a successful soldier. One of the first to offer his services to the Governor of the Commonwealth at the commencement of the rebellion, he led our gallant volunteers to the

South ; and his services at Baltimore, at Annapolis, at Hatteras, and at New Orleans, are known to the world, and will make one of the most important pages in the history and annals of these times. (Applause.) The proof of his patriotism is shown in the fact that he has periled his life in the service of his country ; and when we remember that for months \$50,000 have been offered for his head, we know how the rebels appreciate him. But, gentlemen, this is, as our Chief Marshal has said, a spontaneous occasion of the people. I know you do not wish to hear me, but you want to hear our distinguished guest, and, therefore, without any further preliminary remarks, except to assure him that we vie with the other cities of the Atlantic border through which he has passed, in applause for his services, I have the pleasure of introducing Major-General Butler.

General Butler responded as follows, as reported in the Journal :

SPEECH OF GEN. BUTLER.

MR. MAYOR—MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN: Your too cordial greeting impresses the heart so as almost to choke the word. Your welcome—so kind, so heartfelt, so applauding—merits more than words, yet merits and has the deepest gratitude man can feel. Nothing in life can be a higher and holier motive than the love of country and the desire to serve it. Nothing in life can be so great a reward as the plaudits of one's countrymen given from the heart. (Applause.) At this hour of our friendly meeting, with the hot feeling gushing up in every vein, you will hardly expect from me any discussion, for the mind is too full of the recollections of the past, and the thought will crowd upon me of those soldiers whom I have left behind, who, alas ! may not receive your welcome, may not receive your plaudits, although they may have more nobly deserved them. (Cheers.) But you may ask me why I am here, instead of being in the

field. To that I have the simple answer: The pawn on the chess-board has no right to know when and where and how he will be moved next by those who have the great game of war in charge. (Applause.) But whenever and wherever the Government may need my services, be it to start to-night or on the morrow—in the direction of South, East, or West—there, as a soldier, I am bound, and as a patriot I am proud to answer and to go. (Loud applause.) And I have said these last words because I feel like apologizing lest some of my companions in arms may say, “Why stand ye here idle?” I wish to assure them and you that this idleness will not continue longer than the service and the good of the country require. I desire further to say to any one who may doubt on the issue that is presented to the country, that there is much more doubt at home than there is among your soldiers in the field. (Applause, and cries of “Good.”) We feel and know our strength; we feel and know the weakness of the enemy; and we do not doubt of the result because of that knowledge, and because of the justice of the war in which we are engaged—a war the like of which has never before been waged on earth. No rebellion heretofore has been against so kind a Government; no rebellion heretofore has been carried on without cause and almost without pretext; and no rebellion heretofore has been treated with the leniency and kindness and clemency with which this rebellion and these rebels have been treated by the most paternal Government on earth. (Applause.) In my judgment, we have exhausted conciliation. (Cries of “Good,” and immense cheering.) And whenever any man asks you to hold out the olive branch of peace, ask him if he is sure it will be accepted; and until those at the South, heretofore our brothers, but now our armed enemies, are willing and ready to accept peace in the Union and as a part of the Union, let no man talk of conciliation and compromise. (Enthusiastic cheering, and cries of “Good.”) When, acknowledging the

sovereignty of the United States over every part of its territory, they ask for peace, then I am willing to conciliate, and forgive and forget, as far as the blood of my kindred and the graves of my brothers will permit me, the wrongs they have done, but not until then. (Applause.) Some may ask me how is this war to be prosecuted? where are the men? The men are already in the field. Where is another set of men? A thousand men are springing up in the South this day, but their army can only be increased by the most relentless conscription of every youth of sixteen and every old man of sixty, and covering all the intermediate ages. But, if I might further recur to a question that has been a thousand times asked me since I arrived home, how is this great war debt to be paid? that speaks to the material interests. How shall we ever be able to pay this war debt? Who can pay it? Who shall pay it? Shall we tax the coming generations? Shall we overtax ourselves? For one—and I speak as a citizen to citizens—I think I can see clearly a way in which this great expense can be paid by those who ought to pay it, and be borne by those who ought to bear it. Let us bring the South into subjection to the Union. We have offered them equality. If they choose it, let them have it. But, at all events, they must come under the power of the Union. (Loud cheers.) And when once this war is closed by that subjugation, if you please, if necessary, then the increased productions of the great staples of the South, cotton and tobacco—with which we ought, and can, and shall supply the world—this increased production, by the emigration of white men into the South, where labor shall be honorable as it is here (applause), will pay the debt. With the millions of hogsheads of the one, and the millions of bales of the other, and with a proper internal tax, which shall be paid by England and France, who have largely caused this mischief, the debt will be paid. (Cries of “That’s right,” and loud cheers.) Without stopping to be didactic or to discuss

principles here, let us examine this matter for a moment. They are willing to pay 50 and 60 cents a pound for cotton; the past has demonstrated that, even by the uneconomical use of slave labor, it can be profitably raised—aye, profitably beyond all conception of agricultural profit here—at ten cents a pound. A single impost of ten cents a pound, which will increase it to twenty cents only, will pay the interest of a war debt double what it is to-day; and that cotton can be more profitably raised under free labor than under slave labor, no man who has examined the subject doubts. By the imposition of this tax, those men who fitted out the Alabama, and sent her forth to prey upon our commerce, will be compelled, by the laws of trade and the laws of nations, to pay for the mischief they have done. (Loud applause.) So that when we look around in this country, which has just begun to put forth her strength—because no country has ever come to her full strength until her institutions have proved themselves strong enough to govern the country against the will, even the voluntary will, of the people—when this Government, which has now demonstrated itself to be the strongest Government in the world, puts forth her strength as to men; and when this country of ours, richer and more abundant in its harvests and in its production than any other country on earth, puts forth her riches, we have a strength in men, we have an amount in money, to battle the world for liberty, and the freedom to do, in the borders of the United States and of the Continent of America that which God, when He sent us forth as a missionary nation, intended we should do. (Cheers.) So, allow me to return your words of congratulation and your words of welcome, with words of good cheer. Be of good cheer! God gave us this continent to civilize and to free, as an example to the nations of the earth; and if He has struck us in His wrath, because we have halted in our work, let us begin and go on, not doubting that we shall

have His blessing to the end. Be, therefore, I say, of good cheer; there can be no doubt of this issue. We feel the struggle; we feel what it costs us to carry on this war. Go with me to Louisiana—go with me to the South, and you shall see what it costs our enemies to carry on this war; and you will have no doubt, as I have none, of the result of this unhappy strife, out of which the nation shall come stronger, better, purified North and South—better than ever before. Now, Mr. Mayor, allow me again to express my cordial, my heartfelt thanks and deep gratitude for the kind reception you have given me. It has answered every calumny from abroad; it will be a balm for the sores of a thousand points of the poisoned arrows of those who circulated base calumnies against the instrument in hopes to injure the cause. It will be to me the most grateful recollection of my life, and with your kind approbation, I can have no doubt in the future of the path of duty which I ought to pursue.

General Butler closed amid tremendous applause. He stepped upon the stand again with a silken Confederate flag, and continued:

MR. MAYOR—In behalf of the Army of the Gulf, allow me to present to you, sir, as the representative of the city of Boston, this Confederate flag, taken from the City Hall of New Orleans. I have not brought it here as a trophy—far from it. I have brought it here that it may be in one of your halls as a memento against the evils of secession forever (loud applause), and that we and our children may see to what extremity secession would reduce any portion of our country, when they see the flag under whose folds the fair ladies of New Orleans, having embroidered it with their own hands, sent forth their brothers and lovers to fight. Keep it, sir, that it may be a warning forever against any attempt upon the integrity of the Union—not for a new incentive to patriotism to the citizens of Boston, but as a

warning to those who shall come here, of the fate that such a banner ought to meet—to be raised not over brave men, but to be given as a warning to the traitors to the country forever. (Loud applause.)

The Mayor, accepted the flag in the spirit in which it was offered, the band playing “Oh, dear, what can the matter be.”

As the General left the platform he was greeted with another demonstration of enthusiastic applause and vociferous cheering, while the band played “Hail Columbia.”

General Tyler here announced that the reception was ended, and gave notice that there would be a serenade to General Butler at the Revere House in the evening.

Three cheers were called for the hero of New Orleans, and given with a will. The audience dispersed, the band performing “Dixie.”

SERENADE AT THE REVERE HOUSE.

General Butler was honored last evening by a serenade performed by Gilmore's Band, in front of the Revere House. This took place at 10½ o'clock; previous to which the parlors of the Revere were thronged with well-known citizens who called to pay their respects and exchange a word with the hero of New Orleans. The band having performed several popular airs, including “Home, sweet home,” General Butler appeared upon the balustrade and briefly addressed the multitude in front, which nearly filled the square. He said he was exceedingly grateful for the manifestation of kind regard which the cheers he had just heard indicated. He would be most ungrateful were not these sounds pleasant. He desired they should accept his thanks for this manifestation of interest for the services he had performed, which he took to be an evidence of their devotion to the Government—a Government that was worthy of their

respect for its equal and just laws—and beneath which to claim to be an American, was equal in other days to “I am a Roman.” The rebellion, he said, must be quelled; rather than it should not be he would be willing to go back to Plymouth and Jamestown and start anew. Treason must be put down at all hazards. In conclusion, General Butler again thanked the multitude and retired amid cheers.

About 11 o'clock General Butler and staff returned to Lowell in a special train.

General Butler will partake of a private dinner at Parker's to-morrow afternoon, tendered him by a number of his friends.



CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE following advertisement, taken from a daily paper, speaks for itself:

FROM THE BOSTON ADVERTISER, JANUARY 11.

BELOW.—“Three ships, two steamers, and one bark.” These vessels will arrive at Long Wharf to-day, about nine o'clock. They contain the immense wealth accumulated by General Butler and staff, while stationed at New Orleans, which is estimated at about six millions of dollars. There are two boots full of diamonds, one tea chest of children's silver mugs, one cradle full of ladies' gold hair pins, two bandboxes of pincushions, one coal hod of mosaic brooches, two clothes-baskets of altar ornaments, seventeen valises of gold and silver watches, twenty-one strawberry boxes of gold rings (stolen from the ladies while walking in the

streets), two sugar boxes of silver door plates and knobs, one stocking full of decanter labels, sixteen cigar boxes of gold pens and silver ever-pointed pencil cases, twenty-one pianos (one for each of the staff), two church organs (a little out of tune), one hack, five poodles, six stallions, and various other articles, too numerous to mention. Col. French, on his return, will bring the remainder of the lot.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

WE take the following from our note-book. It appeared in one of the daily papers. It is pungent, and reads as though it came from the heart :

BANKS AND BUTLER.

Too late, we fear, to undo all the mischief that has been done by his predecessor, but not too late, we trust, to clear the national honor and the cause of the Union from the cloud which has been cast over the one and the other by the conduct of General Butler and his subordinates in New Orleans, Major-General Banks has assumed the command to which this journal many weeks ago announced that he had been called.

While the official disgrace of Butler lends a certain countenance to the allegations put forward against him, the nomination in his place of so honorable, high-minded, and statesmanlike a man as General Banks, holds out a substantial hope that the damaging influence upon popular feeling in the Southwest, of Butler's outrageous and indecent misgovernment, may be measurably counteracted by an

administration at once temperate and firm, forbearing and honest, of the unfortunate city of New Orleans.

The ill-concealed alarm with which the parasites of the deposed General have met the unexpected advent of his successor, is an excellent sign of the temper in which the latter enters upon the difficult task assigned to him.

The following orders, issued by General Banks immediately upon taking formal possession of his post, indicate very clearly that the ignoble army of peculators, confiscators, and devastators, is likely to have serious grounds for something more positive than alarm in the presence of this Daniel come to judgment:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 108.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, December 16, 1862.

All military and civil officers of this department, who are engaged in the superintendence of public works, of any character, or who have assumed to direct and control private or public property, and all other persons engaged on such works or charged with the direction of such property, will report to these headquarters forthwith the character of such works, the number of persons employed, a description of the property held, and the authority upon which proceedings have been based. No claims for compensation for such services will be considered from this date, until such reports have been received at these headquarters.

By command of Major-General BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Lieut. Col., Assistant Adjutant-General.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 109.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, December 16, 1862.

All public sales of property on account of the United States are suspended until further orders.

By command of Major-General BANKS.

All that General Banks might easily have achieved, had the good genius of the Union prompted the Government to take a year ago the step it has taken to-day, it will now tax his tried abilities and his consummate tact to the utmost to accomplish. He has to contend in New Orleans with the worst form of popular hostility—the sullen and dangerous hostility bred of deep distrust and passionate alienation in the hearts of a community which has been taught to identify the flag of the Union with the wanton oppressions, the arbitrary exactions, and the irritating petty tyranny of a venal proconsulate. The course of General Butler in New Orleans was that of a man who had no faith in the future of the cause he represented. He dealt with the city committed to his power as if he believed himself to be the temporary tenant of an authority which nothing but the sword could maintain, an authority foreign to all the permanent interests of the place, hostile to all the habits and institutions of the people, and destined, therefore, to be as ephemeral as it was odious. To call his system of government proconsular is, after all, to do injustice to the rulers who, whatever the excesses and folly of some among their number, did on the whole contrive to weld the provinces over which they presided into the permanent Roman dominion. His models and exemplars may be more fairly sought among those pashas whom the decrepit Government of Constantinople inflicted upon the districts of their empire, and of whom Mr. Layard draws so faithful a picture in his admirable books upon the East. Like them, Butler resolved to keep New Orleans quiet in his time, careless what future and terrible reactions he might be preparing against the Government of the nation. Like them, he abused the commerce of the city to his own profit and that of the clique by whom he surrounded himself, instead of using it, as by a wise and honest administration he might have done, to foster and develop the great and permanent interests by

which alone the loyalty of New Orleans to the Union could have been fortified and secured. As a pasha, he has earned a pasha's reward.

In a general order of farewell, addressed to the "Army of the Gulf," and of which the swelling and bombastic terms contrast most forcibly with the dignified and earnest simplicity of General Banks's contemporaneous order, issued upon assuming the command of the department, Butler thus excuses himself for forbearing to exhibit himself in person at all the stations of his troops :

"Relieved from further duties in this department by direction of the President, under date of November 9th, 1862, I take leave of you by this final order, it being impossible to visit your scattered outposts, covering hundreds of miles of the frontier of a larger territory than some of the kingdoms of Europe."

Reasons more imperative than any consideration of the space to be traversed may be supposed to have had their due influence upon the mind of a ruler who has armed against himself the hand of every man within this "territory larger than some of the kingdoms of Europe," whose blood runs warm in his veins.

Glad to have any change, we received General Banks as kindly as any *invader* could be received. He was a gentleman ; dignified and respectful to all. As comparisons are odious, we do not wish to make them, but we must say that with the quiet, unobtrusive demeanor of the new "Commander of the Gulf" we were quite pleased, and saw a *difference*.

Walking around the city as a private citizen, without parade or show, and appearing to feel, by the "orders" he at once issued, that he thought we had been a much abused people, he gained the confidence of the community. No *guard* was necessary to protect him.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 111.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, Dec. 17, 1862.

All sales of property on account of the United States will be and are hereby suspended until further orders.

By command of

MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Lieut-Col., A. A. G.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 115.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, Dec. 23, 1862.

Upon consultation with Major-General B. F. Butler, and with his concurrence and advice, the Commanding General directs as follows:

1st. The following named persons will be released from arrest immediately upon the receipt of this order at the posts at which they are confined, and upon their giving parole not to commit any act of hostility to the United States, or render any aid or comfort to the enemies of the United States, during the existing war:

AT SHIP ISLAND.

JAMES C. BATCHELDER,	H. M. WRIGHT,
WILLIAM H. SHEPPARD,	P. E. WILTZ, JR.,
FRED. LOSBERG,	B. F. PERRY,
AARON H. DALE,	L. J. DODGE,
EUGENE MORRIS,	JOSEPH BLOOM.

FORT ST. PHILIP.

MARTIN FALLOR.

FORT JACKSON.

PETER KEVENY,	L. DELPIT,
W. J. DELANO,	J. M. WEST,
G. H. STEWART,	CHARLES HOEDY,
MICHAEL BOWEN,	JOHN HICKEY.

FORT PIKE.

DR. THEODORE CLAPP.

FORT PICKENS.

J. DACRES,	R. W. PORTER,
E. N. ROSSEY,	J. CORBIT,
DR. BOOTH,	J. H. HUCKINS,
C. MORSE,	C. BACON,
D. C. LOWBER,	W. KELLY,
C. B. METCALF,	A. FORSYTH,
R. CROSBY,	N. BAUBER,
A. N. BAKER,	W. CUSH,
J. CREEN,	E. A. HAMILTON,
G. T. GRINNEL,	J. D. KERMEY.

PARISH PRISON OF PARISH OF ORLEANS.

HERMOGENE PERRY,	J. DONAHUE,
LEONARD MARINS,	C. HORAN,
L. COLLIS,	R. ALLEN,
GIRL OF MRS. CORNES,	SAM. PETERS,
JOHN LOUISTELLA,	J. FREMAUX,
N. BONAPARTE,	V. FOUIN,
G. MORGENTHINE,	W. E. NILES,
JAMES CUNNINGHAM,	JOHN NEWILLE,
THOMAS RILEY,	PETER FINN,
ANDREW OF REED,	JAMES HAHERTY,

JOHN SHORT,
 K. S. DERRICKSON
 J. J. MITCHELL,
 M. CONDON,
 DIDUI, F. M. C.,
 GEORGE OF WILLIAMSON,
 JIM,
 CAPT. MAURIN,
 A. CATCHING,
 T. HARGIS,
 JOHN WILLIAMS,
 WILLIAM MILLER,
 D. SCULLY,
 W. HAMILTON,
 A. BULGER,
 JAMES GARILTALDY,
 NELSON (slave),
 S. ROBERTS,
 ALFAR OF COSBY,
 JOSEPH RAFFLE,
 LEVY KEYS,
 A. LUCOTTE,
 ROBERT PHILLIPS,
 W. HUNTER,

JAMES DOHERTY,
 J. SHERIDAN,
 J. J. FOLEY,
 J. CAPDEVILLE,
 D. GRAIG,
 S. BOYDET,
 WILLIAM BUCKLEY,
 JOHN DENIS,
 A. REIDER,
 JOHN G. KING,
 W. PULTON,
 M. EAGAN,
 WILLIAM JONES,
 P. SWEET,
 TIM. HALEY,
 JOHN MOONEY,
 PELISE BOYLE,
 C. WILCOX,
 N. DOYLE,
 J. HEROD,
 ED. GREEN,
 JOSEPH LEVY,
 TIM. KNIGHT.

2d. The following named persons will be released from arrest upon taking the oath of allegiance to the United States :

AT SHIP ISLAND.

JAMES BEGGS,
 MICHAEL MURPHY,

FREDERICK A. TAYLOR,
 P. E. WILTZ.

AT FORT PICKENS.

JON. M. MONROE.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.
 RICHARD B. IRWIN, Lieut.-Col. A. A. G.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 118.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, Dec. 24, 1862.

Application for the suspension of the order closing certain churches in the city of New Orleans, have been presented to the Military Governor of the State, and by him referred to the Major-General commanding.

An omission in the church service, assumed to have been made by direction of the church government, is understood to have been the basis of this order. Where the head of the State is also head of the church, an omission like that referred to would be in contravention of political authority, but the Government does not here assume that power, and the case presented does not seem to require a continued intervention of military authority. The order is, therefore, provisionally rescinded, and the churches will be opened as heretofore, on and after Christmas Day. This decision is based upon the negative character of the offence charged.

The Commanding General desires it to be understood, however, that clergymen are subject to the restrictions imposed upon all other men. They well know the extent of their privileges. No appeal to the passions or prejudices of the people, or to excite hostility to the Government, whether in the form of prayer, exhortation, counsel or sermon, nor any offensive demonstration, whether open or covert, can be allowed. As public teachers, ministers should give some guarantee of their purpose to the public.

The Commanding General is indisposed to interfere with the rights of others, or to submit to the interference of others with the rights of the Government, which relies upon its justice and power, and not upon the consent of its opponents, for the success of its measures.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Lieut.-Col., A. A. G.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 117.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF,
New Orleans, Dec. 24, 1862.

1. Owing to the necessities of the service, and to preserve the reputation of the army, all horses, mules, wagons, carriages, and other means of transportation, in the possession of officers, soldiers or employes of the Government in this city, and throughout the department, will be delivered to the Chief Quartermaster, or such officers of his department as he may designate. Horses, wagons, etc., which have been purchased in the State by such parties, must be reported and registered at the office of the Chief Quartermaster. A certified copy of the bill of sale, giving the date, place of purchase, from whom bought and amount paid, with a description of the property, will be deposited at the same time. Officers entitled to horses, and having them in possession, as above stated, may have them appraised and paid for by getting proper authority so to do.

All commanding officers, provost-marshals, quartermasters, and other military agents of the Government, are directed to enforce this order. Every violation or evasion of it will be reported to the Chief Quartermaster.

2. The Chief Quartermaster will cause all seized or confiscated houses not assigned by his authority, to be vacated, without delay. Regimental officers will be provided with quarters near their regiments.

3. All general and staff-officers, regularly assigned to duty in this city, will be paid commutation of quarters and fuel, provided fuel is not issued in kind, and that no such officer occupy a seized or confiscated house, or other building rented for the Government.

4. All houses, irregularly seized, occupied or confiscated, will be disposed of by the Chief Quartermaster, who will, as far as practicable, deliver them to responsible persons, to be

held by them subject to the future disposition of the Government. The Provost-Marshal will give any assistance necessary to carry out this order.

By command of MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.

RICHARD B. IRWIN, Lieut.-Col., A. A. G.

General Banks tried his utmost to revive the drooping spirits of the inhabitants of the city.

Public places of amusement were opened; concerts given, public and private balls, soirées, and dinner parties, but all to no purpose; the iron had entered too deeply into the Southern soul to be expelled by aught that any human being could devise.

Time alone could heal the wounded heart.

All efforts at gayety seemed a mockery of woe—the Northern element with which the city was infested enjoyed itself beyond measure. Mrs. Banks was quite “a bright particular star” in it.

We heard of all the excitement—the feasting and extravagance—a good deal of “the shoddy” about it. The Sutlers’ wives with their diamonds and satins, the ladies dressed in the Flag, etc., etc., and the entertainments given in palatial mansions, which had been confiscated, and their owners reduced to beggary!

The dark brown-stone residence standing at the corner of Prytania and Fourth Streets, the mansion of Pierre Soulé, Esq., on Esplanade, and *many*, many others, if they could speak, could tell tales which, perhaps, would not be so pleasant for some persons to listen to at the present time.

“The rooms were filled, but nobody was there.”

There was one exception. One Northern lady, whose sense of propriety was such, that rather than live in a confiscated house she returned home, leaving her husband, who was one of the officials, to attend to his supposed duty. She could not brook the idea of being “*de trop*.”

At last the old established "Mardi Gras" day arrived ; but alas ! its pleasures had all departed. Here, as in France, it had from time immemorial been kept as a day of amusement and jollity ; but under the clouds which hung over us few felt inclined to indulge.

The following beautiful lines were found in a daily paper, written by a young Southern lady :

A TOUCHING APPEAL.

We give place with pleasure to the following feelingly expressed thoughts, suggested by the approaching Mardi Gras festivities :

In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider. God also set one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him.

Your country is desolate, your cities are burned with fire, your land, strangers devour it in your presence, and it is desolate, as overthrown by strangers.

Rise up ye women that are at ease ; hear my voice ye careless daughters, give ear unto my speech.

For death is come up into our windows, and is entered into our palaces, to cut off the children from without, and the young men from the streets.

Pause, gentle maiden, ere you whirl down the path of pleasure, and drop a sympathetic tear for the old men and women of your land ; they who have laid their victims on the altar, and sacrificed their sons for your protection ! List ! to the wail of anguish which arises from once happy households, now stricken low in grief. Weep ! for the gentle wife who had so fondly hoped to catch again the falling footsteps of him who left her side to battle for his country's cause—now widowed and desolate.

Weep for the lonely mother who, with Spartan heroism, repressed the rising sobs, and sent her fair boys forth to fall,

alas! glorious martyrs on the shrine of liberty. Oh! shall the cold winds alone chant their funeral dirge, and Heaven alone bedew their graves with tears?

Gentle sisters and loving wives, who guard your brothers and husbands near you, lend a listening ear to the agonizing suspense of all who wait around you.

Dance not over these victims, but on the day which precedes the season of fasting and prayer, let no sounds of revelry be heard. In silence let its passage be marked by a calm contemplation of the now desolate aspect of our country, and the dangers which beset us on every side.

The "Old Dominion" stands pulsating, for the cry of victory comes not from the old North State. Brave and fearless Carolina clasps with her right hand her flaming sword, and links her left in that of the martyr State of Georgia. Once smiling Florida now frowns defiance, and through the flowery glades of Alabama there rings a cry for freedom; the vibration strikes the hill-tops of Mississippi, and from the lowlands of Louisiana every heart sends forth a bold response.

"The lone star" trembles, for through the silent swamps of Arkansas the roar of battle and the sighing wail are heard from suffering Missouri. Kentucky cowers in pale affright, for the brave sons of Tennessee have shed a river of blood, in freedom's cause, upon her recreant soil.

War, with its horrors, is in our midst; then does it not better become us to lay aside at such a season all tokens of mirth and festivity, and hallow it by heartfelt supplications to the King of Heaven for His protection in this our day of trial?

Let it be said that by every public demonstration we claimed the strength and power of God's protecting hand. And here, in our city, let it be said, "They helped every one his neighbor, and said to his brother, be of good courage."

"Awake, awake, put on strength, oh arm of the Lord ; awake, as in the ancient days in the generations of old."

Oh, my stricken country ! may the spirit of the good and mighty Washington come forth from its resting-place and hover over you, urging us all to deeds of patriotic virtue and whispering words of good cheer. RACHEL.

The day passed off more quietly than usual. Some arrests were made in the evening.

The foolishness of the masqueraders in the streets could not be tolerated—was not understood by

"Deacon John Auricular.

Who, in the right road, walked perpendicular."

This year, 1867, has been very different ; old times seem to be revived. "Mardi Gras" passed off as usual, and the "Mystick crewe of Comus" was as splendid as in days gone by.



CHAPTER XXXV.

THERE was a great stir and intense excitement at one time during General Banks's administration. A number of "Rebels" were to leave for the "Confederacy." Their friends, amounting to some 20,000 persons, women and children principally, wended their way down to the Levee to see them off, and to take their last farewell.

Such a quantity of women frightened the officials ; they were exasperated at their waving of handkerchiefs ; their loud calling to their friends, and their going on to vessels in the vicinity !

Orders were given to "stand back," but no heed was given; the bayonets were pointed at the ladies, but they were not to be scared. A lady ran across to get a nearer view—an officer seized her by the arm! but she escaped, leaving a scarf in his possession. At last the military received orders to do its duty.

The affair was called the "Pocket Handkerchief War," and has been put in verse which is quite comical.

THE GREATEST VICTORY OF THE WAR!

"LA BATAILLE DES MOUCHOIRS."

FOUGHT FRIDAY, FEBRUARY TWENTIETH, 1863.

Of all the battles, modern or old,
By poet sung or historian told;
Of all the routs that ever was seen
From the days of Saladin to Marshal Turenne,
Or all the victories later yet won,
From Waterloo's field to that of Bull-run;
All, all, must hide their fading light,
In the radiant glow of the handkerchief fight;
And a Pæan of joy must thrill the land,
When they hear of the deeds of Banks's band.

'Twas on the Levee, where the tide
Of "Father Mississippi" flows;
Our gallant lads, their country's pride,
Won this great vict'ry o'er her foes.
Four hundred Rebels were to leave
That morning for Secessia shades,
When down there came (you'd scarce believe),
A troop of children, wives, and maids,
To wave farewells, to bid God-speed,
To shed for them the parting tear,
To waft them kisses as the meed
Of praise to soldiers' hearts most dear,
They came in hundreds—thousands lined
The streets, the roofs, the shipping too,
Their ribbons dancing in the wind,
Their bright eyes flashing love's adieu.

'Twas then to danger *we* awoke,
But nobly faced the unarmed throng,
And beat them back with hearty stroke,
Till reinforcements came along.
We waited long, our aching sight
Was strained in eager, anxious gaze.
At last we saw the bayonets bright
Flash in the sunlight's welcome blaze.
The cannon's dull and heavy roll,
Fell greeting on our gladdened ear,
Then fired each eye, then glowed each soul,
For well we knew the strife was near.

Charge! rang the cry, and on we dashed
Upon our female foes,
As seas in stormy fury lashed,
Whene'er the tempest blows.
Like chaff their parasols went down,
As our gallants rushed ;
And many a bonnet, robe, and gown
Was torn to shreds or crushed,
Though well we plied the bayonet,
Still some our efforts braved.
Defiant both of blow and threat,
Their handkerchiefs still waved.
Thick grew the fight, loud rolled the din,
When *charge!* rang out again,
And then the cannon thundered in,
And scoured o'er the plain.
Down, neath th' un pitying iron heels
Of horses children sank,
While through the crowd the cannon wheels
Mowed roads on either flank,
One startled shriek, one hollow groan,
One headlong rush, and then
Huzza! the field was all our own,
For we were BANKS's men.

That night, released from all our toils,
Our dangers past and gone ;

We gladly gathered up the spoils
 Our chivalry had won!
 Five hundred 'kerchiefs we had snatched
 From Rebel ladies' hands,
 Ten parasols, two shoes (not matched)
 Some ribbons, belts, and bands,
 And other things that I forgot;
 But then you'll find them all
 As trophies in that hallowed spot—
 The cradle—Faneuil Hall!

And long on Massachusetts' shore,
 And on Green Mountains' side,
 Or where Long Island's breakers roar,
 And by the Hudson's tide,
 In times to come, when lamps are lit,
 And fires brightly blaze,
 While round the knees of heroes sit
 The young of happier days,
 Who listen to their storied deeds,
 To them sublimely grand—
 Then glory shall award its meed
 Of praise to Banks's band,
 And fame proclaim that they alone
 (In triumph's loudest note)
May wear henceforth, for valor shown,
A woman's petticoat!

EUGENIE.

A vessel lying beside the steamer, having a number of ladies on board, was started off! It was impossible to return. The ladies were on board all night and the greater part of the next day without food or extra clothing!

No doubt it was considered a "good joke," as "joking" was quite the fashion at Washington.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE "Red River expedition" was the grand finale of General Banks in the Department of the Gulf. It is said that this expedition was undertaken to drive the Confederate army out of Louisiana, and to purchase *cotton* (which was stowed away in large quantities on the different plantations) at a very low price.

The Southern army, under General Smith, was concentrated in Louisiana. Banks's first attack was at Yellow Bayou, where the Confederates were forced to retreat.

General Banks and his troops scoured the whole country. We heard of him in Le Teche, La Fourche (where Butler had confiscated every thing), Bayou Rapides, Bayou de Glaise, and Bayou Cotile. This was the wealthiest portion of the country. There was *sad destruction* wherever their footsteps were heard; houses robbed and burned; cotton, negroes, horses, etc., stolen. A large wagon load of silver; another of cut glass, and the most elegant table furniture, followed in the rear of his army!

After the attack mentioned, General Banks retired to Alexandria, where he had a ball and quite an entertainment.

The Yankee army advancing and the Confederate retreating, until arriving at Nachitoches, where another *entertainment* was given.

Another attack was made at Pleasant Hill; the Confederates still retreated.

A slight skirmish took place at Robinson's Mill. The army then fell back to Moss's field, one mile from Mansfield.

Here an awful, bloody battle was fought. It was the closing battle of the expedition. The Confederates fought

as they ever have fought—bravely. Thousands were slain and many wounded on both sides; but at last the Confederates were victorious!

Banks, "as usual," had the choicest viands and confectionery in the rear of the army, to enable them to have their country "ball and entertainment" when again triumphant; but "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

He who has said "Vengeance is mine, I will repay," overthrew the invaders. Great was their discomfort and mortification!

What feasting the poor Confederates had when the "banquet" fell into their hands! and what rejoicing when the wagons of silver, cut glass, *paper collars*, and stores were captured! They were generously distributed round in the community.

General Banks was at Nachitoches during the battle of Mansfield, and, hearing the evil tidings that his army was beaten, he left all, jumped into his carriage, and took French leave—not stopping to look back.

The Confederate army followed in close pursuit to Pleasant Hill.

Many will remember that *long, straight road* from Pleasant Hill!—the Confederate cannon planted in the rear, and raking the whole extent where the Yankees were retreating at breakneck speed.

Looking back, the "negro brigade" could be seen standing motionless, while the doctors, generals, and privates were "skedaddling."

The Confederates pursued them to Nachitoches, and from there General Banks returned to the city.

The "Red River expedition" reflected no credit upon him; it seemed to finish off General Banks's career.

FINALE.

After passing through such dire events, who can imagine our heartfelt emotions, joined with thanksgivings to Almighty God, for all His blessings to us, when we heard the war was ended—that General Lee had honorably surrendered!

Not to *Northern* foes; we have always thought we could have *vanquished them*. But we could not stand before a combined army of German, Irish, Dutch, French, Spanish, Russians, and English! and, rather than have any more bloodshed, General Lee, so soon as the authority was vested in him, “surrendered”—retiring gracefully, amidst the plaudits of both armies.

For some time we have had comparative peace—but our country is destroyed! And now, there are rumors of other bickerings “borne upon the wings of the wind,” about which we wish to have nothing to say.

We go on our way rejoicing, still trusting in our Heavenly Father, who has brought us through so many and great trials.

Although there may yet be troubles in store for us, and although magnates may be arrayed against us, yet we feel assured, reflecting upon past mercies, that “some unforeseen path will be opened for us among the hills.”

Let “*Nil desperandum*” be our motto.

SKETCHES OF GENERALS LEE AND JACKSON.

The following sketches of Generals Lee and Jackson are very ably written, and are interesting :

GENERAL LEE,

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCES.

General Robert E. Lee, called "The Hero of the Revolution" by his Confederate friends, was, at the earlier period of the war, and still is, commander-in-chief of the Confederate army. This officer was born in the State of Virginia, about the year 1808.

His father was the distinguished General Henry Lee (called by his cotemporaries, familiarly, Harry Lee), the known friend and eulogist of the Father of his Country. In fact, the whole family of Lees always, until now, devoted their energies and ability to the cause of the young Republic and to the union and integrity of government.

The present General Lee, whose name is the subject of this memoir, married the daughter of Mr. Custis, the representative of the Washington family, and by this marriage became the proprietor of the Arlington estates, and, through Mrs. Washington, of large possessions in the County of New Kent, among which was the famous and recently-destroyed White House, on the Pamunkey River, in which Washington and his family passed many days. The young man, who possessed a high order of ability, graduated at West Point, in the year 1829, standing second in his class of forty-six members, among whom we find the names of General C. P. Buckingham, acting adjutant-general of the United States army; O. M. Mitchell, and others now in the service of the Union, and Joseph E. Johnston, a general in the Confederate army.

Shortly after this the subject of our sketch visited Europe, where his manner and acquirements secured him an *entree* to the best society of the European capitals.

During the Mexican war he was entrusted by Generals Scott and Trotten with the important charge of the engineering department of the army in Mexico.

General Lee was formerly a colonel of cavalry in the United States army previous to his joining the Confederates, who made him a major-general.

General Lee graduated with great distinction in the year 1829. He was next, on the first of July, brevetted as second lieutenant of the engineer corps, receiving his commission on the same day.

Among the public duties assigned him in his career, in all of which he exhibited talents of the highest order, are the following:

In 1835 he was astronomer for fixing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan; a first lieutenant in September, 1836; captain in July, 1838; chief engineer in General Wool's army in the Mexican war, in 1847; brevet major for the battle of Cerro Gordo, April, 1847; brevet lieutenant-colonel for the battle of Contreras and Cherubusco, August, 1847; brevet colonel for the battle of Chapultepec, in which he was severely wounded, September, 1847; Superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point, 1852; lieutenant-colonel of cavalry, 1856. On the 16th of March, 1861, he was promoted to colonelcy of the First United States cavalry, and on the 25th of April resigned the service and joined the Confederates.

Of the personal appearance and *physique* of General Lee, one of his admirers and laudators thus spoke not many months ago:

"Speaking of General Lee, he appears to be every inch a gentleman and officer. Personally, in many characteristics, he is a second edition of General Beauregard, bound in a

large volume—being, perhaps, three or four inches taller. He has a broad, expansive forehead, which loses itself in locks of iron gray hair; well-developed intellectual organs, especially the perceptive faculties; a fine profile; a keen, expansive, dark-brown eye, which, undisturbed by any thing behind it, would not be unbecoming to a Quaker, but aroused, looks as it might penetrate a two-inch plank; which, in repose, has an air of military rigidity, but lit up with a smile, seems to contain a sort of intelligent benediction; a nose slightly on the Roman style of architecture, and a mouth, if one may judge from the lines around it—for it is concealed by a heavy iron-gray moustache—full of spirit and determination. Like Beauregard, his manners are affable, courteous, and refined, combining so nicely the *bon homme* of a man of the world with the dignity of position that you can hardly tell where the one begins and the other ends. He dresses in plain black clothes, wears an old black hat, which, in nine times out of ten, is knocked in one side, and in this attire, is the last man in the world who would be taken for General Lee, the first commander-in-chief of the Virginia army.”

GENERAL R. E. LEE'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

Numbers of our readers, who may not have seen the following, will be gratified at its republication in our columns:

GENERAL ORDERS No. 9.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF N. VIRGINIA,
April 10, 1865.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard-fought

battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them.

But feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that could compensate for the loss that would have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen.

By the terms of the agreement, the officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessings and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your courage and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

R. E. LEE, General.

GENERALS LEE AND JACKSON.

A Northern correspondent thus writes of these two Confederate Generals:

Lee is believed to be the brains, as Jackson is the hand and foot, of the rebel army. Lee plans; Jackson executes. In their marches Jackson leads the advance and Lee brings up the rear. Lee will talk to some extent, but Jackson is always silent. Even his friends are unable to obtain from him any clue to his plans. Jackson is described as a man of very peculiar temper and habits. He dresses in the commonest manner, wearing no badge that can indicate his rank. He lives entirely in the field, sharing the half rations of his men, and disdaining the effeminate luxury of a house-roof or good bed. At a recent stopping-place he was induced to occupy a dwelling-house as his headquarters, but he became uneasy at such unwonted comfort, and was pres-

ently found in his old place again among his soldiers. His whole baggage is his Bible and a few maps; and when not on the march he spends his time reading the former or lying on the ground studying the latter. He is of intensely religious habits, and would seem more a type of the old Puritan soldier than any other man in either army.

A lady thus describes the appearance of Stonewall Jackson, as she observed him in Maryland, on his late raid:

While the officers were dashing down the road, and the half-naked privates begging at every door, General Jackson stood sunning himself, and talking with a group of soldiers at the pump across the street—a plain man, in plain clothes, with an iron face and iron-gray hair. Only by his bearing could he be distinguished from his men. He stood as if the commonest of all, marked only by the mysterious insignia of individual presence by which we know, instinctively, the genius from the clown. No golden token of rank gleamed on his rusty clothes—of the shining symbols of which, alas! too many of our officers are so ridiculously fond, that they seem unconscious how disgraceful is this glitter of vanity. They were nowhere visible on old Stonewall's person. When General Jackson had drunk at the pump and talked at his leisure, he mounted his flame-colored horse and rode down the street at the jog of a comfortable farmer carrying a bag of meal.

“STONEWALL” JACKSON.

Have you ever seen General Jackson? Many of your readers, at least, have not. I am not much at pen-and-ink portraits, but I cannot resist the temptation to give you a short and rough sketch of the hero of the Valley. Imagine, then, a man about five feet ten inches high, rather thick set, full chest, broad, stalwart shoulders, and, indeed, the whole

physique indicating what is commonly called a "well-made" man. He is the picture of health, yet there appears no redundancy of flesh. His face is slightly bronzed from the constant exposure of his campaigns. It was said of Cæsar that if he had not been a conqueror, he would have excelled all his cotemporaries as a boxer or athlete; and so I should say of Jackson, he would be a dangerous antagonist at fisticuffs. His appearance at first impresses you with the idea of great powers of endurance, strength, and elasticity of frame. The expression of his face adds to, rather than diminishes, the general effect.

There you see self-command, perseverance, indomitable will, that seems neither to know nor think of any earthly obstacle, and all this without the least admixture of vanity, assumacy, pride, fool-hardiness or any thing of the kind. There seems a disposition to assert its pretensions, but from the quiet sense of conviction of his relative position, which sets the vexed question of self-importance at rest—a peculiarity, I would remark, of great minds. It is only the little and the frivolous who are forever obtruding their petty vanities before the world. His face also expresses courage in the highest degree, and his phrenological developments indicate a vast amount of energy and activity.

His forehead is broad and prominent, the occipital and sincipital regions are both large and well balanced; eyes expressing a singular union of mildness, energy, and concentration; cheek and nose large and well formed. His dress is a common gray suit of faded cassimer, coat, pants and hat—the coat slightly braided on the sleeve, just enough to be perceptible, the collar displaying the mark of a Major-General. Of his gait, it is sufficient to say that he just goes along, not a particle of the strut, the military swagger, turkey-gobbler parade, so common among officers of small rank and small minds.

It would be a profitable study for some of our military

swells to devote one hour each day to the contemplation of the magnificent plainness of "Stonewall." To military fame, which they can never hope to attain, he unites the simplicity of a child, the straightforwardness of a Western farmer. On last Sunday he was dressed as above, and bestrode as common a horse as one could find in a summer day. There may be those who would be less struck with his appearance, as thus accoutred, than if bedizzened with lace, and holding the reins of a magnificent barb, caparisoned and harnessed for glorious war.

But to one who had seen him, as I had, at Cold Harbor and Malvern Hill, in the rain of shells and the blaze of the death-lights of the battle-field, when nothing less than a mountain would serve as a breastwork against the thirty-six-inch shells which howled and shrieked through the sickly air, General Jackson in tatters would be the same hero as General Jackson in gilded uniform. In my simple view he is a nonpareil—he is without a peer. He has enough energy to supply a whole manufacturing district—enough military genius to stock two or three military schools of the size of West Point.

Probably at no period of the war has the religious element in the army been more predominant than it is at present. In many instances chaplains, army missionaries, colporteurs, and tracts have accomplished great benefits; but by far the most cogent influences that have operated upon and subdued the reckless spirit of the soldier, are those which are born in the heart itself upon the field of battle.

It is not strange, therefore, as you go through various camps, even on a week day, that your ears are here and there saluted with the melody of a choir of voices, rich, round, and full, sung with all the seriousness and earnestness of true devotion; or that, before the lights are out in the evening, manly tones are heard in thanksgiving for the blessings of the day, or that the Bible and prayer-books are common

books upon the mess-table; or that, when Sunday arrives, the little stand from which the chaplain is wont to discourse, is the centre of a cluster of interested and pious listeners.

In many of the regiments much of this kindly influence is due to the pure and elevated character of the officers. Wherever these are found, you invariably also find a neat, well-disciplined, orderly, quiet command, as prompt in the camp as they are brave upon the field. Now and then you may hear a taunt about "our praying captain," or "colonel," but even these thoughtless expressions come from men who venerate their officers, and would follow them to the death. As you know, some of our ablest generals are men who have dropped the gown of the Christian for the apparel of the soldier.

General Jackson never enters a fight without invoking God's blessing and protection. The dependence of this strange man upon the Deity seems never to be absent from his mind, and whatever he does, or says, it is always prefaced, "By God's blessing."

In one of his official dispatches he commences, "By God's blessing, we have to-day defeated the enemy."

After a battle has been fought the same rigid remembrance of Divine power is observed. The army is drawn up in line, the General dismounts from his horse, and there, in the presence of his rough, bronze-faced troops, with heads uncovered and bent awe-stricken to the ground, the voice of the good man, which but a few hours before was ringing out in quick and fiery intonations, is now heard subdued and calm, as if overcome by the presence of the Supreme Being, in holy appeal to the "sapphire throne." Few such spectacles have been witnessed in modern times, and it is needless to add that few such examples have ever told with more wondrous power upon the hearts of the men.

During the war many beautiful pieces of prose and poetry

appeared in print. We placed them in our scrap-book, and think *now* "they will be appreciated."

EVILS MOST TO BE DEPLORED.

War is the greatest of all calamities. It contains in itself the most direful evils mortals are subject to. It is the fruitful source of all manner of sin and misery. Its course is marked by tears, and anguish, and blood. The heart of wife, mother, sister, is tortured by anxiety for the objects of their love and pride, who have gone forth to the conflict, and the agony of suspense is often changed for the keener agony of actual bereavement. The rich are brought down to want, and those whose prosperity is still untouched by the hand of the destroyer realize painfully the uncertainty of worldly substance. Those blessed with a competency, accustomed to generous living, now find their income barely adequate for the stinted maintenance of their households.

This judgment develops the baser passions of human nature. We might suppose, overlooking for the moment the sad fact of inborn depravity, that a war waged in defence of natural rights, of liberty, land, honor, virtue, life, appealing as it does to the noblest and strongest feelings of the heart, would call into active play only the better qualities and traits, and that we should witness no exhibitions of selfishness, falseness, and sordidness. But while the strife in which we are engaged affords numerous and bright instances of tenderness, generosity, fortitude, and courage, its course has been marked by manifestations of the vilest and meanest attributes and instincts. We have seen the healthful and strong choosing rather the delights of home than the privations and perils their country called upon them to endure and confront. *We have seen those who were foremost in urging on the movement that led to this war, refusing to take up arms, under the false plea of physical inability.* And infinitely worse than this, these troublous times have

brought prominently before a suffering people a race of heartless, unprincipled, avaricious creatures, who, dead to the inspiration of our holy and glorious cause, are devoting all their cunning and energy to the increase of their substance. It is to these human cormorants, who prey upon the necessities of the needy whose straitened circumstances call for sympathy and assistance, and who are suffering because they who maintained them are fighting for independence, that we owe many of the evils that grievously try our patience and fortitude.

The evils of this calamitous dispensation fall with heavy weight upon our noble soldiers. We talk about the discomforts we suffer—about scantily furnished boards and diminished incomes—about enforced separation from those who made home a joy; but we should be ashamed of our complaints when we consider the hardships, toils, privations, and sufferings they are enduring, on whose obedience and valor depend the issue of this conflict. Performing the most arduous labors, subsisting on the coarsest fare, whose sameness is unvaried for months, exposed to heat, and cold, and rain, sleeping on the damp ground, with no covering but the blue arch of heaven, keeping watch and ward while footsore and weary with toil and marching, these gallant defenders of our cause, against a numerous and ruthless foe, are, by far, the greatest sufferers from this cruel war.

And these noble spirits are exposed to greater evils than any of the multiform ills we have glanced at. Vices grow rankly during the inaction of camp life. Temptation to sin lurks in the hours of idleness, and having nothing to do, and weary of the dull monotony of the unvarying routine, the tempter finds easy access to willing ears. And the sin indulged in again and again, the remonstrances of conscience, trained and enlightened by the teachings of piety, put to silence, the youthful transgressor becomes the victim of vicious habits whose power can be broken only by divine

grace. Lips unused to profane words in a short time drop oaths and blasphemies, unclean stories are listened to with increasing interest; and a taste is formed for the grosser pleasures, which will be indulged when opportunity presents itself. These moral evils are the evils we most heartily deplore, and their existence causes us to regret the more deeply the existence of this strife. It is these that make war the greatest of all calamities.

ROLL CALL.

“Corporal Green,” the Orderly cried;
“Here!” was the answer, loud and clear,
From the lips of a soldier who stood near;
And “Here!” was the word the next replied.

“Cyrus Drew!”—then a silence fell—
This time no answer followed the call
Only his rear-man had seen him fall,
Killed or wounded, he could not tell.

There they stood in the falling light,
These men of battle, with grave, dark looks,
As plain to be read as open books,
While slowly gathered the shade of night.

The fern on the hill-sides were splashed with blood,
And down in the corn, where the poppies grew,
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;
And crimson-dyed was the river's flood.

For the foe had crossed from the other side,
That day, in the face of a murderous fire .
That swept them down in its terrible ire;
And their life blood went to color the tide.

“Herbert Cline!”—At the call there came
Two stalwart soldiers into the line,
Bearing between them this Herbert Cline,
Wounded and bleeding, to answer his name.

"Ezra Kerr!"—and a voice answered "Here!"

"Hiram Kerr!"—but no man replied;

They were brothers, these two; the sad wind sighed,
And a shudder crept through the corn-field near.

"Ephraim Deane!" then a soldier spoke:

"Deane carried our regiment's colors," he said,

"When our ensign was shot; I left him dead
Just after the enemy wavered and broke

"Close to the roadside his body lies;

I paused a moment and gave him to drink;

He murmured his mother's name, I think;
And Death came with it and closed his eyes."

'Twas a victory—yes; but it cost us dear;

For that company's roll, when called at night,
Of a hundred men who went into the fight,
Numbered but twenty that answered "*Here!*"

UNRECORDED HEROES.

When the present war shall be over, what a glorious history may be written. Not that the world will teem with histories of it. But I speak not of generals and commanders, who, under the inspiration of leadership and with the magnetic eyes of the world upon them, shall have achieved their several triumphs—but of those who have laid aside the plough, and stepped from behind the anvil, and the printing press, and the counter, and from out the shop, and with leaping pulses, and without hope of reward, laid an honest heart and a strong right arm on the altar of their country; some to languish, with undressed wounds, defying taunts and insults, hunger and thirst, their places of sepulchre even unknown, and their names remembered only at some desolate hearthstone, by a weeping widow and orphans, and whose last pulse-beat was "for their country." By many a cottage fireside shall old men tell tales to wondering child-

hood that shall bring forth their own precious harvest; sometimes of those who, inclosed in meshes too cunningly woven to sunder, wore hated badges over loyal hearts, and, with gnashing teeth and listening ear and straining eyeballs, bided their time to strike! Men who planted, that the tyrant might reap; whose wives and children went hungry and shelterless, that he might be housed and fed! Nor shall woman be forgotten, who, with quivering heart and smiling lip, bade God-speed to him than whom only her country was dearer, and turned bravely back to her lonely home, to fight the battle of life, with no other weapon than faith in Him who feedeth the ravens. All these are the true heroes of this war; not alone they who have memorials presented, and, if they die, pompous monuments erected, but the thousands of brave fellows who know, if they fall, they will have mention only among the "list of killed and wounded." Who, untrammelled by precedents, shall write us such a history?

THUS WE GO.

We have heard of several occurrences lately in connection with the Federal troops now in our city which are vouched for by responsible parties as entirely reliable. Many of the incidents are laughable, others grave and affecting. We will relate but a portion of them.

A highly respectable lady was called to her door by the ringing of the bell the other morning. She was there met by a handsome officer in a neat uniform, with hand outstretched:

"Aunt, don't you know me? I come as a friend."

Here he was cut short by the lady starting back as from a fiend.

"I know you not in that uniform; you are no friend or blood of mine; begone this instant."

The officer suddenly retired; the lady, withdrawing to her

chamber, gave vent to her feelings in bitter tears, and was so affected as to border on alarming illness. It had been but a year or two since she was on a visit to the officer's parents, her own blood relations, and the fond memory of the past, and bitter realities of the present, entirely overpowered her womanly sensibilities.

An old gentleman was sauntering along the street, his mind intent upon the present troubles, when he was brought to a sudden halt in front of a Federal officer, with the remark—

“Give me your hand, old friend; how do you do?”

The old man gave but one look—such a look!—and placing both his hands beneath his coat-tail, replied in simple but emphatic words, “I don't know you, sir,” and on he passed.

Two splendidly uniformed officers were enjoying a ride in our street cars, and were greatly astonished to find that although they were frequently stopped by ladies, yet not one had got in. This occurring so often, they at last inquired of the driver:

“Sir, what is the meaning of this; why is it that the ladies never get in the cars?”

“Sirs,” replied the driver, “you are Federal officers, and they don't exactly like your company.”

Each officer stared at the other—mute and grave astonishment—at last their risibilities could be contained no longer, and they burst into a wild laugh. Their merriment in part subsiding, one of them spoke—

“We are not Federal but French officers, are entirely too gallant to deprive the ladies of their ride, and will therefore retire.”

And suiting the action to the word, they left the cars and proceeded on their way on foot, meditating on “the course of human events.”

A carriage was driven rapidly to a house in the First District, where, on stopping, a Federal officer alighted and inquired for the house of a brother of an officer in the Confed-

erate service. No one knew ; of course they did not. But his directions enabled him soon to suppose he was "at the right door." He was slightly mistaken, however. He entered the yard of a house wherein resided a lady whose son is with General Beauregard. The lady, on hearing who was at her door, sprang from a sick bed, whereon she had been long confined, and rushing to the door in great alarm, seized the officer's hand and arm. Another lady, but a few doors apart, whose husband is also with the General, reached the spot in very few bounds, and seized the officer by the other hand and arm.

"What do you here? tell me of my son."

"What do you know of my husband? Is he dead or alive? Quick, quick, sir, speak!"

The officer stood perfectly affrighted, turned pale, and some say trembled—well he might. Gathering self-possession at last, he spoke :

"Ladies, for Heaven's sake, let me go ; I know nothing of your son or husband. I am looking for Mr. ——, and if he does not live here, I wish to know it."

He did not live there ; and he retired more suddenly than he came.

THE DETERMINATION OF THE SOUTH—THE PEOPLE AND THE WAR.

We are delighted with the displays of patriotism of which our exchanges continue to bring us the evidences from all parts of the Confederacy. The contributions for the relief of the soldiers, and the soldiers' families; the readiness to endure all manner of privation and loss when necessary to resist the enemy ; the indomitable spirit which cries never give up, and which is but energized by disaster—all show that the courage and resolution of our population are, if possible more unbending and enthusiastic than when the war

upon us was first commenced. Let those manifestations abound more and more. Our privations may increase—let our cheerful endurance keep full pace. The wants of our soldiers will be more numerous and urgent, now that winter is upon us—let every dwelling be a workshop for their supply. Our cities may be summoned—let Fredericksburg be quoted for answer. They may be bombarded—let glorious Vicksburg be the animating example.

Our soldiers in the field it is impossible to praise too much or to cherish too highly. It is one of their highest merits that they are not soldiers from their love of war and carnage, but from love of country. Some of the most gentle-spirited and modest youths of the land are among the bravest heroes of the army. They all long for home and its sweets. But, obedient to the voice of duty and the instincts of manliness and patriotism, they are braving the hardships and discomforts of a soldier's life and the perils of the terrible field of battle, and they have won amid those bloody scenes a renown for courage that has drawn the praises of the world, and will prove a heritage of undying fame for their country.

A foreign officer, who was at the siege of Lucknow, and who has seen much of fighting and of fighting men, says that the Confederate soldiers are the best men in the world. Another, who was at Sebastopol, says that nowhere but here are raw troops seen to fight with the courage and efficiency of veterans. Surely, if any stimulus was needed to prompt towards our soldiers those deeds which an affectionate pride inspires, it is abundantly furnished in their noble spirit and in their pre-eminent fame, worthily won in the most glorious of causes.

But, to the credit of the people, it can be truly said that the soldier is never forgotten. The home which he loves loves him truly and dearly. There is, perhaps, no hour in no day in which he is not in the thoughts of all those whom he has left behind him, and whose prayers constantly ascend

for his safe return. It will be a day of mutual transport and joy when, the battles all fought and the grand victory won, the broken families shall be reunited and bask in the sunshine of peace. May the day soon come!

Meanwhile let us all, in camp and in council, in field and at fireside, continue the display of those qualities which, under the blessing of Providence, have brought us safely to the present stage of the war. We quoted on yesterday the following from a London paper: "Never, we assert with the utmost confidence, was there known a people so heroic, so brave, so prudent, so devoted." Superlative praise! We must not fall below it now. We must not prove unworthy of it. Rather let us, by new deeds of virtuous heroism and new manifestations of prudent counsels and patriotic devotion, add additional brightness to our present fame. Let each stimulate each, and all encourage all, as we travel the rough road whose length we do not know, but whose end is certain.

APRIL 20, 1864.

Three years ago to-day
We raised our hands to heaven,
And on the rolls of muster
Our names were thirty-seven;
There were just a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven,
As we took the oath of service
With our right hands raised to heaven.

Oh, 'twas a gallant day,
In memory still adored,
That day of sun-bright nuptials
With the musket and the sword!
Shrill rang the fifes, the bugles blared,
And beneath a cloudless heaven
Twinkled a thousand bayonets,
And the swords were thirty-seven.

Of the thousand stalwart bayonets
 Two hundred march to-day ;
 Hundreds lie in Virginia swamps,
 And hundreds in Maryland clay ;
 And other hundreds, less happy, drag
 Their shattered limbs around,
 And envy the deep, long, blessed sleep
 Of the battle-field's holy ground.

For the swords—one night, a week ago,
 The remnant, just eleven,
 Gathered around a banqueting board,
 With seats for thirty-seven ;
 There were two limped in on crutches,
 And two had each but a hand
 To pour the wine and raise the cup
 As we toasted, " Our flag and land ! "

And the room seemed filled with whispers
 As we looked at the vacant seats,
 And, with choking throats, we pushed aside
 The rich, but untasted meats ;
 Then in silence we brimmed our glasses,
 As we rose up—just eleven,
 And bowed as we drank to the loved and the dead
 Who made us thirty-seven !

L. V.

*Private 5th Co. Bat. Washington Artillery of New Orleans,
 killed at Jonesboro, Ga., September, 1864.*

" Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori. "

With night had ceased the fearful struggle,
 And naught was heard along the lines
 But the carriers' solemn tread,
 As they bore to the surgeon's glittering knife
 The wounded, or to the earth returned
 Those whom she claimed—the dead.

And among the latter a comrade dear,
Who in his country's cause had fallen
Facing the foe;
A woman's face, but a lion's heart,
He had, like a warrior, in the breast
Received the blow.

And far away on Georgia's soil
He awaits the last roll-call of Heaven
Calmly, without dread,
Whilst o'er his grave the birds are singing,
And the murmuring pines are softly chanting
Requiems for the dead.

THE END.

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